THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJAB



IFH INSTITUTE OF FOLK HERITAGE ISLAMABAD

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

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you want we will pack ourselves off at once." Then said Kankâlî:

"*Dharg hai Rájá Jai Singh, jis dharm wanjáio!*
Dharg hai Rájá Jai Singh, jis nám gawáio!
Dharg hai tore karan ko bich nás jab hot!"

"Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that went back on his word!
Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that lost his (good) name!
Cursed be thou to be destroyed by thy own act!"

Saying this Kankâlî returned to Râjâ Jagdeo's house, where she joined the head to the body, and then she said to Rânî Phûlmâde: "my daughter let us pray to God (*Khudâ*) together, and if it be His will that you again enjoy wedlock the Râjâ will live." For she said:

"*Jab Khudá ki Kachahri ká velá hotá hai, jab sawál ke sawál ká velá hotá hai, aur us Kachahri men un ki do'á muhtaját hoe.*"

"When it is the hour for God to hold his Court, then is the hour for the prayer of the suppliant, for then his prayer prevaileth in the Court (of God)."

In the morning Kankâlî told Rânî Phûlmâde to see if God had heard their prayer, and when the Rânî went to awaken the Râjâ he sat up and spake. And Rânî Phûlmâde gave heart-felt thanks to God.

No. XXX

RÁJÁ NAL,

AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGÂDHRÎ IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This poem is a *swâng* of the same description as those previously given, and is performed or sung in precisely the same way.]

[The tale of Nala and Damayantî has been so often edited and translated from the Sanskrit that it needs no special explanation here, except to point out that the present version closely follows—but in a vastly inferior fashion—the legend as related in the *Mahâbhârata* up to the point where Nala and Damayantî are driven into the forests. After this the bard wanders off into other stories and ends lamely and abruptly.]

[The part played here by the gods as superior heroes under an abstract God—mentioned under various names—just as ordinary mortals could be, points to the vast difference that really exists between the popular Hinduism of modern days and the religion of the authors of the *Mahâbhârata*, &c.]

[According to the bards Rangâchâr the Brâhman relates the tale as Vrihadaśva does in the *Mahâbhârata*. This Rangâchâr has already turned up as the narrator in previous *swângs*.]

[There is a common modern story current in chap-books and very popular in the Panjâb called *Nal Daman*, based on the *Mahâbhârata* legend. These versions of *Nal Daman* are translations or renderings of a Persian work of the same name, which in its turn is an adaptation of a Sanskrit variant of the tale. An abstract of this tale will be useful here to be read with the Sanskrit and modern bardic versions.]

[The *Nal Daman* story is as follows. Râjâ Nal sees Daman in a dream and falls in love with her, and a similar dream comes to Daman. Her nurse, or duenna, attempts to dissuade her from falling in love with Nal, and so does her father the King of Badar (Vidarbha) when he hears of it. A swan then carries the correspondence which ensues between Nal and Daman, and at last her father, finding it useless to separate them, has them married at his house. Nal takes her to his country and gambles away his property to his younger brother, who turns them both out into the deserts. In the deserts Nal loses his last covering in attempt to catch a bird for food, and is also unsuccessful in attempting to catch some fish. After this he loses Daman, and being driven mad by the bite of a serpent, wanders to the country of Ratbaran (Rituparna of Ayodhaya). Upon this there is a diligent search made by Brâhmans, and Nal and Daman are finally united.]

TEXT.

Swâng Râjâ Nal kâ.

Jagat jot Jwâlâmukhî, dharte terâ dhyân!
Kirpâ apnî kîjîyo; karo chhand kâ gyân!

Bhawânî, man ichhâ bar pâûn!
Karo budh pargâsh, simarke Nal kâ swâng banâûn.
Hath joṛ âdhîn hovegî, charnoṅ sîs niwâûn.
Maiṅ tumharî âdhîn, Mâtjî; man ichhâ bhar pâûn.

He Mâtâ rî, maiṅ mûrakh hûṅ, mand 'aqal mujh ko hai thoṛî.
Karo kirpâ jag, Mât, saran maiṅ lenî torî.

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Nal.

O Jwâlâmukhî,* light of the Earth, let me worship thee!
Grant me thy grace; give me knowledge of verse!

O Bhawânî† fulfil my heart's desire!
Give me the light of wisdom, that worshipping thee I may sing the legend of Nal.
With joined hands will I honor thee, laying my head at thy feet.
I am thy worshipper, O Mother; fulfil my heart's desire.

O mother, I am but a fool and little wisdom have I.
Have mercy on me in the world, Mother, for I am thy servant.

---

* Any fire coming from the earth, or a volcano, supposed to represent the fire in which Satî the wife of Śiva burnt herself. Here meant in a general way for Devî and brought in because of the celebrated shrine to Jwâlâmukhî in the Kângṛâ District.

† Meant for Devî as above.

Maiṅ liâ hûṅ saran, bhûjâ tum pakaṛo morî.
Kahte Balmukand, hâth tumharî hai dori !

Muktâl.

Arî Sârad Mahârânî,
Tû hai Châr Jûg meṅ jânî,
Jis ke baiṭhî kanth
Bahisht kî us se nishânî.

Gurû.

"Man kî dugdhâ tyâg de ; suno hamârî bât.
Is chintâ ko dûr kar : kyâ soche din rât ?
Dukhî maiṅ jag meṅ dekhî sârî.
Nal Râjâ par bipat paṛî ; ṃaiṅ tujh se sunâûṅ, piyârî ?
Haiṅ sâth ghoṛâ aur hâthî, ho gaî saḅ se tayyârî.

I am thy servant, do thou lead me by the arm.
Saith Bâlmukand,* my honor† is in thy hand !

Refrain.

O Queen Sârad,‡
Known throughout the Four Ages !
To whose throat thou comest
Hath the signs of Heaven.

Gurû.§

" Put away the sorrows of thy heart ; hear my words.
Put away these griefs afar: why dost grieve day and night ?
Throughout this world have I seen grief.
On Râjâ Nal there fell great sorrow, as I will tell thee, friend.
Horses and elephants had he and gave up all, but

---

* Bâlmukand is evidently here the Gurû or spiritual adviser of Judishtar and represents the sage Vṛihadaśva, who repeats the story of Nala to Yudhishṭhira to soothe his grief in the orthodox legend of the *Mahâbhârata*.

† *Lit.*, rope.

‡ The Goddess of Learning: see Vol. I., p. 122.

§ Bâlmukand, or Vṛihadaśva, now addresses the grief-stricken monarch Judishtar, or Yudhishṭhira.

Tere sang to châr bîr, jinheṅ Jarâsandh se mâre.
Ai Râjâjî, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj dharm kâ karnehârâ.
Lîâ jûe meṅ jît, râj se bâhar nikâlâ:
Gîâ banoṅ ke bîch, tyâgke sab parwârâ.
Damwantî thî sâth, hûâ phir us se niyârâ!"

Judishṭar.

"Suno Bipr Gurdeojî, maiṅ sab lîâ bichâr.
Kaho bât Nal Bhûp kî, muṅh se karo bistâr."

Gurû.

"Suno, man ab chit lâke.
Kahûṅ Nal Râjâ kî bithâ, dukhî hûâ ban meṅ jâke.
Damwantî thî sang, kahûṅ tum ko chit lâke.

Thou hast four brothers* that slew such men as Jarâsandh.†
O Râjâ, the great lord Râjâ Nal obeyed the law.
He was beaten in a gambling match and driven from his kingdom,
And went into the forests away from his household.
Damwantî was with him and then he was separated from her!"

Judishṭar.

"Hear, O Brâhman Gurû, I have considered all they say.
Tell the story of King Nal, giving the details with thy lips."

Gurû.

"Hearken with heart and soul.
I tell the sad story of Râjâ Nal and the sorrow he suffered in the forests.
Damwantî was with him as I tell thee with all my heart.

---

* *viz.*, Arjuna, Bhima, Nakula, and Sahadeva, who with Yudhishthira are the heroes of the *Mahâbhârata*.

† Killed in combat by Bhima according to the well-known legend.

Kyûṅ socho din rât? kahûṅ tum ko samjhâke.
Khelo chaupuṛ sar sat kî bâjî lâke.
Yeh chaupuṛ kâ khel, ḍâr pâṅsâ chit lâke."

Pahilî Sakhî.

"Nikhâd Des ke bîch meṅ Bîr Sen ik bhûp.
Tâ ke ghar Nal putr hai kâmdeo kâ rûp:
Kâmdeo kâ rûp birâje, adh-budh sobhâ pâe.
Chaupuṛ khel bahot se jâne, rath bidhyâ charâî.
Sobhâ kahûṅ kahâṅ tak? mû par kahî na jâe.
Nal Râjâ sâ hûâ, na hogâ, Tîn Lok ke mâhîṅ!"
Ai Râjâjî, sau Râjâ ke bîch mâno koî chand-râje:

Why dost grieve day and night? I tell thee, admonishing thee.
Play at *chaupuṛ** with a pure heart.
This is the way to play *chaupuṛ*, throwing the dice with care."

First Maid.†

"In the country of Nikhâd‡ one Bîr Sen§ is king.
In his house is a sòn Nal as beautiful as Kâmdeo:||
Adorned with the beauty of Kâṃdeo and innumerable charms.
Very great is his skill at *chaupuṛ*¶ and in the art of war.
How far shall I speak of his virtues? They cannot be fully told.
A Râjâ like Nal has never been, nor will be, in the Three Worlds!
O Râjâ, he was like a majestic moon among a hundred Râjâs:

---

* See Vol. I., pp. 243-245. This is advice to Yudhishṭhira. Both he and Nala came by all their sorrows through inordinate gambling.

† These maids are attendants on Yudhishṭhira.

‡ *i.e.*, Nishadha, probably the modern Bhîl country.

§ Vîra Sena, the father of Naḷa.

|| *i.e.*, Kâma, the God of Love.

¶ His skill in gambling is always reckoned among Nala's *virtues*!

Sûr-bîr, balwant, sher jûṅ ran meṅ gâje.
Paṛhâ Bed Purân, sat kâ pâsanhârâ:
Râjâ Indar samân Sabhâ ke bîch nihârâ."

Dûsri Sakhi.

"Kis Râjâ ke bâgh meṅ ho rahî 'ajab bahâr?
Âm, anjîr, angûr, sab nimbû, seû, anâr,
Bâgh meṅ khil rahî khûb chambelî!
Marwâ mohan, Madan phûl, aur khil rahî 'ajab chambelî.
Hans roz chugne âve tahâṅ mil mil dâṛâ kelî:
Roz bâgh meṅ sair kare Rânî aur sang sahelî.
Kis bâgh meṅ hans chugne ko âe?
Lîe Râo ne dekh turt pakaṛan ko dhâve.
Dene motî ger hans jab chugne lâge,
Lîâ hans ik pakaṛ, aur hans sab bhâge."

A hero and a warrior, roaring as a lion in the field of battle.
He had read the *Vedas* and *Purâṇas* and was an encourager of virtue:
Looking like Râjâ Indar in the midst of his Court."*

Second Maid.

"What Râjâ's is the garden that blooms so beautifully?
Mangoes, grapes, figs, limes, apples, pomegranates,
And jasmines are in full bloom in the garden.
Sweet marjoram and Cupid's flower and lovely jasmines are blooming.
Swans come daily in flocks together, where
Daily the Rânî wanders in it with her maids.
Whose is the garden where the swans have come to feed?
The Râjâ has seen them and ordered their immediate capture.
The pearls are thrown before the swans and they have begun to feed,†
(Lo!) one swan is caught and the rest have flown away."

---

* Indar Sabhâ, or Indra's Court, is the conventional expression for all that is beautiful and lovely.

† See Vol. II., pp. 88-89.

Hans.

"Râjâ, nâ mârîye, haus hamârâ nâm.
Dekhat maiṅ chhoṭe lageṅ, baṛe saṅwâr le kâm.
Baṛe saṅwâr le kâm, aur, Jî, sâch bât batlâûṅ.
Damwantî ik Rânî; kahîye, tum ko us se milâûṅ.
Jaldî mujh ko chhoṛo, Râjâ, us Rânî pe jâûṅ.
Tujh bin nahîṅ aur ko byâhe, aisî bât sunâûṅ.
Ai Râjâjî, Tîn Lok ke bîch nahîṅ koî aisî Rânî.
Chale hans kî châl; kahe mukh imrat bânî;
Mirg nainî; madh bharî; chandar mâṅ mukh kî jotî;
Nâ Indrâsan bîch Nâg kanyâṅ kî jotî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Maiṅ tujh ko mârûṅ nahîṅ, man meṅ dhar le dhîr.
Sun, re hansâ bâware; kyûṅ hotâ dilgîr?

---

*Swan.**

"O Râjâ, slay me not, for swan is my name.
In form I am small, but I can do thee great service.
Great service can I do, and, Sir, I will tell thee a true thing.
There is a Rânî Damwanti; say, and I will join you together.
Quickly let me go, Râjâ, that I may go to the Rânî.
I will tell her to marry none but thee.
O Râjâ, within the Three Worlds there is no such Rânî.
Her gait as a swan's, sweet words speaks she with her lips;
Eyes as an antelope's, her youth in its prime; her face bright as the moon;
No Nâg's daughter in Indra's Court bright as she!"†

Râjâ Nal.

"I will not slay thee, take courage in thy heart.
Hear, foolish swan; why art sad?

---

* The story of Nala now begins by the captured swan addressing him after being caught, as related by the maid.

† A confused allusion here to the Apsarases or nymphs of Indra's heaven. Indrâsan = Indar-sabhâ: *c.f.* line 42 and for a note on the Nâgs or Nâgas see Vol. I., p. 414, &c.

Kyûṅ hotâ dilgîr, piyâre? Us kâ bhed batâ de.
Jis Râje kâ hai woh beṭî, us kâ darshan dikhâ de.
Sobhâ kare baṛî mukh setî; us kâ nâm batâ de.
Bhûlûṅ nahîṅ ahsân, hans re, jo tû mujhe milâ de.
Hâṅs re, jâ piyârî ke pâs, merâ sab hâl sunâo.
Damwantî ke pâs âj ham ko le jâo.
Taiṅ sab barnan karâ, sunat jîûrâ ghabarâyâ.
Dîjîye darshan dikhâe; tujhe yeh hî samjhâyâ."

Hans.

"Râjâ Deo Nikâdh meṅ Bhîm nâm bakhiyât:
Sûrbîr, dharmâtmâ, Damwantî kâ tât.
Bât maiṅ kab lag karûṅ bakhiyânî?
Us piyârî ke badan bîch meṅ bharkar tolî jawânî.

Why art sad, my friend? Tell me the reason.
Show me that Râjâ's daughter.
Thou hast praised her greatly with thy lips; tell me her name.
I will not forget thy kindness, O swan, if thou bring me to her.
O swan, go to my love and tell her of me.
Take me to-day to Damwantî.
Thou hast told me all, and hearing it my life has become restless.
Show her to me: thus I conjure thee.*"

Swan.

"In the land of Nikâdh† there is a Râjâ named Bhîm,‡
Hero and sage is he and father of Damwantî.
How long shall I sing her praises in words?
In that loveling's body doth youth blaze forth.

---

* The inconsequence of this speech is carried on throughout the poem and is characteristic of it; due, no doubt, to the story being so well known to the audience.

† Should be Vidarbha, the modern Birâr.

‡ Bhima of Vidarbha, father of Damayantî; not to be confounded with Bhima the Pândava.

Us ko châhe rakhe deotâ, dharmrâje gyânî!
Chand kiran se jotî, Rânî aisî rûp dîwânî.
Râjâjî, sundar mûṛat, banî bîch mahiloṅ ke sohî,
Hans gun, mukh chand, rikhî jan man ko mohî:
Deo, dait, bhûpâl, nahîṅ ghar aisî nârî!
Nâ maiṅ kânoṅ sunî, nâ dûjî maiṅ nihârî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Are hans, wahâṅ le chalo, jahâṅ hai sundar nâr.
Uṛkar chhin meṅ jâ milûṅ, nahîṅ pankh dîe Kartâr!"

Râgnî.

Hans, uṛke abhî jâo,
Khabar piyârî ke tum lâo.

It is meet that some god wise as Dharmrâj* should wed her!
The beauty of the Princess is bright as the beams of the moon.
Sir Râjâ, beautiful of form she has become the ornament of the palace.
Qualities of the swan, face as the moon, charms to conquer sages!
In no home of god, or Titan, or king is such a maid!
Nor have mine ears heard, nor mine eyes seen a second to her."

Râjâ Nal.

"O swan, take me whither is this beauteous maid.
Had God† given me wings I would fly to her in a moment."

Song.

Swan, fly off at once
And bring me news of my love.

---

* *i.e.*, Yama.

† Observe the vast difference made here throughout between 'God' as represented by such words as *Kartâr*, *Kartâ*, &c., in this poem and the 'gods' of mythology as represented by *deo*, *deotâ*, &c., and how the two expressions are used concurrently. This poem is a valuable lesson in the actual religion of the every day Hindû.

Zarâ mât der ab lâo;
Us se jâke yeh samjhâo:
Woh sundar mujh se, piyârî,
Basar gaî sudh sab mârî.
Piyâlâ zahar kâ pîûn:
Binâ piyârî nahîn jîûn.

Hans.

" Us piyârî ke rûp kâ kab lag karen bakhânî?
Rikhî, munî aur deotâ dekh ḍigî hain dhyânî!
Kanwal mukh chandar birâje;
Sab sakhîon ke bîch nâr beṭî wahî sâje;
Gal motîon ke mâl; nâk nâk besar sohe;
Shîsh phûl sab dekh, sab man ko mohe;
Bhichhwe aur pâzeb jâno rânbandî gahnâ;
Dekhat sab base hue; bane jûn mirg ke nainâ!"

Make no delay
And go and tell her this:
That I love her beauty
And have lost my wits (for her).
I will drink a cup of poison
Rather than live without my love.

Swan.

" How long shall I praise the loveling's beauty?
Prophets, sages and gods have looked on it and lost their (power of) devotion!
Her lotus* face glorious as the moon:
An ornament amidst all her maids:
Garland of pearls round her neck; lovely rings in each nostril;
Flowers on her head captivating the hearts of all who see her;
Anklets and toe-rings and jewels on her forehead;
All who see her are ravished; eyes as of antelopes!"

---

* Conventional metaphor for beauty and auspiciousness applied to feet, eyes, face, &c.

Râjâ Nal.

"Are hans, jâo, tumheṅ maiṅ to dîâ uṛâe.
Hâth joṛ tum se kahûṅ, milo ḍâr meṅ jâe.
Abhî Bedarbhain-nagar meṅ jâo:
Us piyârî ke pâs jâeke merâ hâl batâo,
Hâe-hâe-kar prân tajûṅ; nahîṅ mat na der lagâo.
Jo tumharâ bas chale, hans re, pâs mere le âo."

Muktâl.

Hans ne lîe uḍârî:
Gîâ jahân haigî piyârî.
"Nâ nindrâ, nahîṅ bhûkh,
Soch mujh ko hai bhârî."

Hans.

"Sun, Rânî, is jagat meṅ hor na-tum sî nârî:
Mulk mulk meṅ ham phireṅ sab dekhâ sansâr.

Râjâ Nal.

"O swan, go, for I let thee fly.
With joined hands I tell thee to join thy flock.
Go now to the City of Bedarbhain*
And go to my love and tell her of me.
My life goes out in sighs; make thou no delay.
If it be in thy power, O swan, bring her to me."

Refrain.

The swan flew away
And went to where the loveling was.
"Without sleep and without food," (said he)
"Great is my anxiety."

Swan.†

"Hear, Rânî, there is no maid like thee in the world:
And I have wandered from land to land and seen all the world.

---

* *i.e.*, Vidarbha. † To Damayantî.

Jagat men aur nahîn Rânî aisî.
Indar Lok kî nâr Urbasî so nahîn hai terî jaisî !
Chand Kiran Râjâ kî sûrat nâ man men bhâî.
Nal Râjâ sâ rûp kisî se main jag men dekhâ nâhîn.
Ai Rânîjî, is duniyâ ke bich sabhî pe joban âyâ;
Aur kisî kâ rûp mere man ko nahîn bhâyâ.
Terâ jaisâ rûp âj Nal ûpar chhâyâ:
Us ko le to biyâhe, tumhen main yeh bar sunâyâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Sun Râjâ ke rûp ko dil to gîâ le âe;
Birâ agin ut pat hûî man mere ke mâhîn,
Hans, ab sunke bachan tumhâre.
Kaun des kâ Râjâ Nal hai ? Sachî bât batâ, re !

There is no such Rânî in the world (as thou),
Not even Urbasî* in Indra's land is such as thou !
Râjâ Chand Kiran's† beauty did not please me,
But I have seen no beauty in the world like Râjâ Nal's.
O Rânî, all have youth in this world,
But no other's beauty hath pleased my heart.
Nal's beauty is as thine,
So do thou marry him, I tell thee."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Hearing of the Râjâ's beauty my heart is ravished;
The fire of separation (from my love) is ablaze in my heart,
O swan, from hearing thy words.
In what land is Râjâ Nal ? O tell me true words !

---

* Urvasî, a celebrated nymph at Indra's Court, here called by its classical name of Indraloka.

† Confused allusion to the legend of Râjâ Chandarbhân, (see *ante*, p. 78ff.) and perhaps to that of Satyabhâmâ, wife of Krishna and mother of Chandrabhâna, who accompanied her husband to the Indraloka on the occasion of his stealing the *pârijâta* tree.

Taiṅ ne âj birâ kî phâṅsî dîe gale men, piyârc!
Ab to der kare mat, hansâ, Nal Râjâ pe jâ, re!
Hans re, us Râjâ pe jâîye, 'arz kahîye yeh merî:
Janam janam yeh bât kabhî bhûlûṅ nahîṅ terî.
Yeh hî bât tum kaho pâs Râjâ ke jâe:
'Tujhe suembar bîch baregî Rânî âî.'"

Hans.

"Sundar des Nikâdh hai; Bîr Sen nirp nâm:
Sûrbîr bal mâhîṅ sab ke sâre kâm:
Sab ke sâre kâm; putr us kâ Nal Râjâ.
Sundar râj samâj; bajeṅ chhattîs bâjâ.
Sir par mu aṭ birâj, gale motîṅ kî mâlâ:

Thou hast placed the noose of separation round my neck to-day, O my beloved (swan)!
Make no delay now, my swan, and oh, go to Râjâ Nal!
O swan, go to the Râjâ and tell him this my say.
And I will never forget the obligation to thee through all my births.*
Do thou go to the Râjâ and tell him this:
'The Rânî will choose† thee in the midst of her *swayaṁvara*.'"‡

Swan.

"Lovely is the land of Nikâdh; Bîr Sen is the king's name:
A warrior whose might is at the service of all:
At the service of all; Râjâ Nal is his son.
Lovely is his kingdom where the 36 kinds of music are played.§
A glorious crown on his head, a garland of pearls round his neck:

---

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.
† *Lit.*, wed.
‡ The ancient custom of public choice of a husband constantly alluded to in legends.
§ Conventional expression: see Vol. I., p. 176.

Âbhûkhan singâr, sîs par surkh dushâlâ.
Kâmrûp autâr, kahâṅ lag upmâ gâûṅ ?
Nâ aisâ koî bhûp, tujhe, Rânî, samjhâûṅ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Are hans, jaldî jâo, zarâ na lâo der,
Nal Râjâ kâ nâm sun lîe, birâ ne gher."

Ragnî.

"Gher birâ ne lîe, piyâre.
Khabar jaldî se jâ lâ, re !
Barûṅ Nal Râo ko, hansâ :
Nahîṅ is meṅ kuchh sansâ !
Sunî ta'rîf maiṅ, piyârî,
Milan amblâkh hai mârî !"

Jewels and ornaments and red kerchief over his head :
An incarnation of Kâmrûp* is he : how far shall I sing his praises ?
There is no such king (elsewhere) I tell thee, Rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"O swan, go quickly and delay not at all.
The hearing of Râjâ Nal's name hath surrounded me with (the pain of) separation."

Song.

"Separation hath encompassed me, O my beloved (swan).
Go and tell me (of him) quickly !
I will wed Râjâ Nal, O swan :
There is no doubt in this !
Hearing his praises, O my beloved (swan),
Hath smitten me with a desire to meet him !"

---

* The Indian Cupid.

Sakhî.

" Din din pîlî ho gaî, sunîye, Râjkañwâr.
Kyâ tere tan soch hai ? Kaho mukh bachan uchâr.
Kahe mukh bachan uchâr ; kaun dukh ne tû gherî ?
Nit uṭh rahe udâs, zarâ dhartî nahîn serî.
Kyâ upjâ man khiyâl ? Hâl to kah de sârâ.
Kah de man kî bât : kahâ yeh mân hamârâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Arî sakhî, maiñ kyâ kahûñ apnî kî bât ?
Nâ jânûñ mujh se kyâ hûâ ; soch rahî din rât.
Sakhî, merî bhûkh piyâs uṛ gaî sârî :
Din nahîñ chain ; nain nahîñ nindrâ ; soch mujhe thî bhârî ;
Sûkat badan ; agin tan biyâpî ; hos nahîñ âtî mujh ko ;
Hâl be-hâl hûâ, sajhnî ; maiñ kyâ samjhâûngî tujh ko ?"

Maid.

" Day by day dost thou turn pale, Princess.
What is the care in thy heart ? Tell me with thy lips.
Tell me with thy lips : what grief hath encompassed thee ?
Sorrow remaineth ever and thou hast no ease at all.
What idea is in thy mind ? Tell me all the story.
Tell me the desire of thy heart, I say to thee."

Rânî Damwantî.

" My maid, how shall I tell thee of myself ?
I cannot tell what has befallen me ; I grieve day and night.
My maid, hunger and thirst have left me altogether ;
No joy by day ; no sleep to my eyes ; heavy is my anxiety ;
My body dries up ; fire is in my soul ; my wits come not to me ;
I am miserable, my maid ; how shall I tell it thee ?"

Sakhî.

"Mahârâj, tumharî sutyâ nit uṭh rahat udâs :
Ham se kuchh bolî nahîṅ, nâ jîwan kî âs.
Bahut behâl hai Kaṅwârî.
Pûchho us ko jâe ; 'araz yeh bât hamârî.
Bhojan dînâ tiyâg, rahe nahîn jal kî piyâsâ.
Phir us kî, Mahârâj, kaun jîwan kî âsâ ?"

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Sun, bândî, tumhare bachan ham ne lîe bichâr ·
Âj suembar maiṅ rachûṅ : Râm utâre par !
Khushî hogî Damwantî mahârî !"

Yeh hî bachan sunke bândî, sab khushî hûe nar nârî.

---

*Maid.**

"My Lord, thy daughter is ever in sorrow :
She will say nothing to me, and there is no hope of her life.
Very miserable is the Princess.
Go and ask her why ; this is my prayer.
She hath given up her food and thirsts not for water.
So, my Lord, what hope is there of her life ?"

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Hear, my maid, I have heard thy words.
To-day will I prepare for her *swayaṁvara* : God† prosper it !
And my Damwantî shall be happy !"

Hearing this the maid and all the attendants were pleased.

---

* Addressing Bhîma, Damayantî's father.
† Râm cannot mean Râma Chandra here in any way except as God in the abstract, as Nala could never have looked him as 'God,' being either his ancestor or his immediate descendant.

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Kal ko dût bhejke, sârî kar dûṅ abhî tayyârî.
Hor kâm so pîchhe karnâ, kahûṅ khushî yek hî mahârî."

"A, Châran, jaldî jâo patrî lekar hâth:
Sab Râjoṅ se jâcke, yeh hî kaho tum ḅât.
Jâcke patrî khol dikhânâ.
Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar, sab se yeh kah ânâ.
Pûrab, Pachham o Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirânâ.
Rachâ suembar sab Râjoṅ kâ kul ko yehâṅ se ânâ.
Châran, jaldî jânâ,
Zarâ nahîṅ der lagânâ.
Sab Râjoṅ ko sang
Apne leke ânâ."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"I will send out the messengers* to-morrow and make all the preparations.
Other things I will do later, this is my desire, I tell thee."

"O Châran†, go with the writing in thy hand:
Go to all the Râjâs and tell them of this.
Go open the scroll and show it them.
Go and tell them all that Damwantî's *swayaṁvara* is being prepared.
Go to the East and West and South and North and the four quarters.
The *swayaṁvara* is prepared and all the Râjâs must come.
Châran, go quickly
And make no delay.
And all the Râjâs
Bring back with thee."

---

* To call the guests for the *swayaṁvara*.

† The family bard, who would, according to modern custom, carry the message.

Châran Bhâṭ.

"Hukm dîâ soî karûṅ, jâuṅâ parbhât.
Chàr dasâ ke bîch maiṅ pahunchûṅ râtoṅ rât:
Sabhî Râjoṅ ko jâe sunâûṅ.
Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar patrî khol dikhâûṅ.
Pûrab, Pachham, Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirâûṅ.
Karke khabar sabhî Râjoṅ ko pâs tumhâre âûṅ."

Mahîloṅ se Nal chal paṛe, sune dût ke bain,
Piyârî ke dekhe binâ nek paṛe nahîṅ chain.
Indar bât Nârad ko samjhâve.

Indar.

"Tum ho âp dayyâ ke sâgar, beṛâ pâr langhâve.

Chàran, the Bard.

"Thou hast given the order and I obey, going at dawn,
I will reach each of the four quarters night by night,
And tell all the Râjâs.
I will show the writing, that Damwantî's *swayaṁvara* is prepared.
East, West, South, North, in the four quarters will I wander,
And giving the news to all the Râjâs will I return to thee."

When Râjâ Nal heard the messenger's words
Happiness left him because of not seeing his love.
Then Indar said to Nârad,*

Indar.

"Thou art the ocean of grace, make me to succeed.†

---

* This is one of the many confusing passages in this poem. The scene abruptly changes, and the messenger of Bhîma has now reached Nala. In the *Mahâbhârata* when the gods hear of the *swayaṁvara* they determine to attend as suitors, and make Nala act as their go-between to secure Damayantî's favour for one of them. Line 189 introduces this scene here.

† *Lit.*, take my boat across: a conventional phrase in this sense.

Man ichhâ pûran ho ; merî jî yeh bhed batâve.
Ai Râjâ, sab kahâṅ chale ? Man kî sunâ merâ miṭâve."

Nârad.

"Bidar nagar ke bîch meṅ Bhîm Sen bikhât.
Baṛâ balî woh Râo hai, Damwantî kâ tât.
Damwantî kâ tât hai, us kî saj rahî aswârî.
Baṛe baṛe jodhâ âe haiṅ, faujâṅ niyârî niyârî.
Suno, Indar Mahârâj, kahe maiṅ tumheṅ hisas sârî :
Bîr gaî bâghoṅ ke andar, sundar sajî sawârî."

Indar.

"Damwantî ke wâste sab âe yeh bhûp !
Ab us kâ barnan karo ham se adhik sarûp :
Ham se adhik sarûp karo tum barnan sâre !

That the desire of my heart be fulfilled; tell her the meaning of this.
O Râjâ,* where are all these† going ? Remove the doubts in my mind."

Nârad.‡

"In the land of Bidar§ is the celebrated Bhîm Sen.
A powerful Râjâ is he and father of Damwantî.
He is the father of Damwantî and this is his cavalcade.
Great warriors have come and many are following.
Hear, my Lord Indar, for I tell thee all the story :
The crowd hath gone within the garden, and beauteous is the cavalcade."

Indar.

"All these kings come for Damwanti's sake !
Tell me now of her wondrous beauty :
Tell me all the tale of her wondrous beauty !

---

* The gods are always addressed as Râjâ throughout.
† *i.e.*, the guests to the *swayaṁvara*.
‡ The introduction thus of Nârada, the messenger and adviser of the gods, is strictly in accordance with the classical legend.
§ *i.e.*, Vidarbha

Yeh sune ḳî bât, yeh hî abhlâkh hamâre.
Tum, Nârad, rikhe râî, sabhî ghaṭ ghaṭ kî jâno
Hâth joṛkar kahûṅ, hameṅ sab bât bakhâno."

Nârad.

"Damwantî ke rûp kâ hotâ nahîṅ bakhân:
Chandar kalâ mukh, nain mîrg, râj-sutiyâ ko jân.
Nahîṅ upmâ ham se kahî jâe.
Us piyârî ke bich suembar chalo âp haṃrâî.
Nâ koî tere surg-lok meṅ aisî nâr banâî!
Baṛe bhâg jag meṅ us ke, jo us ko le biyâhî!"

Indar.

"Sunkar tumharî bât ko abhî chalûn tat-kâl.
Sunkar tumharî bât ko ho giâ hâl be-hâl.
Kâm ab mere tan meṅ chhâyâ.
Jâke darsan karûṅ jo us ke, jab sîl ho kâyâ.

Hearing of this, this is my desire now.
Thou Nârad, chief of the sages, knowest the secrets of all:
With joined hands I say, tell me all the story."

Nârad.

"Damwantî's beauty cannot be told:
Face as the moon, eyes as the antelope's, know her for a king's daughter.
I cannot tell her praises.
Go thou thyself to the loveling's *swayaṁvara.*
Not in thy heavens is there such a maid!
Happy his fortune in the world that weds her!"

Indar.

"Hearing thy words I go now at once.
Hearing thy words I am become restless.
Love hath entered into my body.
I will go and see her that my body may have rest.

Dharamrâj, Agnî pe jâûṅ, dil meṅ uṭhâûṅ mâyâ;
Sâth Baran ko leke apnî karûngâ man kâ châyâ."

"Ik kâm merâ karo, suno, Râo Nal Bhûp.
Châr deotâ âte balî, jog kalâ dhar rûp.
Râo, tum Damwantî pe jâo:
Hamre dût bano, Mahârâjâ, us ko jâ samjhâo;
Indar, Dharm, Jal, Agnî kâ tum jâke nâm batâo.
Koî deotâ bar le in meṅ se, aisî jâe sunâo.
Râo, tum jâldî jâo,
Usî Rânî se kaho:
Apnâ maqsad chhoṛ,
Dharm apne pe raho."

I will go to Dharmrâj and Agnî and tell them what is in my mind;
I will take Baran with me and fulfil the desire of my heart."*

"Hear, O Râjâ Nal,† and do me a service.
Four powerful gods are coming to the *swayaṁvara*, changing their forms by (virtue of) contemplation.‡
Râjâ, go thou to Damwantî,
Become our messenger, Mahârâjâ, and go and tell her,
And mention Indar, Dharmrâj, Jal,§ and Agnî (as suitors).
Tell her to select a husband from among the gods.
Râjâ, go quickly,
And tell the Princess
To give up her own desire
And be true to the right."

---

* Dharmarâjâ = Yama. The presence here of the gods Indra, Yama, Agni, and Varuṇa is in strict accord with the classical legend.

† Indra now goes to Nala to ask for help in the matter of procuring Damayantî as his bride.

‡ Adverting to the classical notions of the power of penance and contemplation.

§ For Jalapati, Lord of the Waters, an epithet of Varuna.

Râjâ Nal.

"Ap kah, soî karûṅ: suno, Indar Mahârâj
Tum ho châroṅ deotâ, karo shakl kâ kâj !"

Râgnî.

"Tum hîṅ Jagdîs, jug dhyânî,
Tumharî bât maiṅ mânî.
Mahil kis tarah maiṅ jâûṅ ?
Baṛan wahâṅ kaun bidh pâûṅ ?
Raheṅ ḍeoṛhî pe rakhwâlî ;
Jâeṅ bidh kaun se, piyârî ?"

Indar.

"Kirpâ hamârî se tujhe koî na dekhe nar nâr,
Jâo mahil ke bîch meṅ, ai Nal Râjkaṅwâr,
Mahil meṅ nâ koî tumheṅ pahchâne
Dekheṅ nahîṅ aur koî wahâṅ se, ik Damwantî jânî.
Ab nâ der kare, Râjâjî, bachan hamârâ mâne,

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said and so will I do: hear, oh Indar Mahârâjâ:
Ye four are gods, do ye (good) service to all !"

Song.

"Thou art a Lord of the Earth, contemplative for ever,
I obey thy word.
How shall I go into the palace ?
How shall I find a way of entrance there ?
There are guards upon the doorway ;
How shall I go in, my friend ?"

Indar.

"By my grace nor man nor woman shall see thee.
Go into the palace, O Prince Nal.
No one in the palace shall recognize thee.
None shall see thee then, but Damwantî shall know thee
Make no delay, Sir Râjâ, and obey my word.

Châr deo ham raheṅ Surg meṅ châron Bed bakhâne."

Râjâ âe mahil meṅ Nârad ke ḍarbân.
Khabar kisî ko nâ hûî, kirpa karî Bhagwân.
Dekhkar Damwantî jhaṭ âî;
Kahe Damwantî:

Rânî Damwantî.

"Kaun tû haigâ? de ham ko batlâe!
Kahâṅ se âyâ? kahâṅ jâegâ? hosh tujhe nâhîṅ?
Mere mahil meṅ ân, dîwâne, nahaqq jân gaṅwâe!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânîjî, sun lîjîye, patî birtâ tû hai nâm!
Maiṅ deotoṅ kâ dûṭ hûṅ, Nal Râjâ hai nâm."

Râgnî.

"Nâṃ Nal Râj hai merâ,
Kîâ maiṅ mahil meṅ pherâ.

We four gods remain in heaven studying the four *Vedas*."

The Râjâ entered the palace as Nârad's messenger.
No one knew of it by the grace of God.
Seeing him Damwantî came at once;
And spake Damwantî:

Rânî Damwantî.

"Who art thou? tell me!
Whence camest thou? whither goest? Hast no sense?
That thou comest, fool, into my palace to lose thy life for nothing!"

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, hear; thy name is virtue!
I am the messenger of the gods and Râjâ Nal is my name."

Song.

"My name is Râjâ Nal,
And I have wandered over the palace.

Dharmrâjâ, Baran, Agnî,
Jo chauthâ Indar hai, Rânî,
Mujhe bhejâ tumhâre pâs.
Kahûṅ maiṅ bât, un mânî,
Unhoṅ ne jo kahâ mujh ko.
Yeh sunkar, chit meṅ dhar le:
Un hîṅ charoṅ ke mâṅ se
Ik to deotâ bar le!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Maiṅ to tumharî nâr hûṅ, *tum* hamrî bhartâr!
Merâ to *yehi* nem hai, barwan Nal Rajkaṅwâr!"

Râgnî.

"Nem maṅ mâṅ yeh hî dhârî!
Tum hîṅ prân kî piyârî.
Tujhe jo tiyâgke jâûṅ,—
Bachan sat ke maiṅ samjhâûṅ,—

Dharmrâj, Baran, Agnî,
And the fourth (of these) Indar, O Rânî,
Have sent me to thee.
I tell thee, and do thou hear,
What they said to me.
Hear this and ponder it in thy heart:
From out of these four
Do thou wed a god!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"But I am thy wife and thou my husband!
And *this* is my hope, to wed the Prince Nal!"

Song.

"This is the hope of my heart!
Thou art the love of my life!
If I be separated from thee,—
And I tell thee true words,—

Nahiṅ Indar ko barûṅ jâke.
Marûṅgî zahar bis khâke.
Na jîûṅgî, suno, Sâîṅ;
Prân chhin meṅ tajûṅ mâhîṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok ke deotâ padmî Indar samân!
Kyûṅ un ko bartî nahîṅ? tû ho gaî nâdân!
Tû ho gaî bâorî, Baran sarîkhâ nahîṅ dûjâ!
Indar samân nahîṅ koî Râjâ, sab kareṅ un ko pûjâ!
Dharmrâj, Agnî ko bar le; châroṅ deotâ hai bhârî!
Maiṅ to nir manukh zât hûṅ: kyûṅ tû bhûl gaî, piyârî?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Patî birtâ jo ṇâr hai, mâne kul kî ân.
Maiṅ to tumharî dâs hûṅ, tum mere Bhagwân!
Tum mere Bhagwân, piyâ; maiṅ pati birtâ hûṅ nârî,

I will not go and wed Indar.
I will take poison and die.
I will not go, listen, my Lord;
I will give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

"A glorious god of heaven like Indar!
Why will thou not wed him? thou art gone mad!
Thou art become foolish, there is no second to Baran!
There is no Râjâ like Indar, whom all worship!
Wed Dharmrâj or Agnî; all the four are great gods!
I am but one of mankind: why hast forgotten thyself, my love?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"I am a virtuous woman and care for my family honor.
I am thy slave and thou my God!
Thou art my God, my love; and I a virtuous wife.

Dharm gîâ, kyâ rah gîâ? Râjâ, ho jug meṅ un kî hârî.
Jab se bât kahî hansâ ne, jab se prît lagî mârî,
Jo mujh ko tum nah baro, to prân tajûṅ chhin meṅ piyârî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Woh chāroṅ haiṅ deotâ, Tîn Lok ke nâth.
Tum un ko bar lo; abhi mân hamârî bât.
Mân hamârî bât, piyârî; yeh hai prem kahânî.
Indar Râjâ biyâh karwâo to hogî Indrânî.
Aisâ Râo aur nahîṅ dûjâ; tain man mâṅ kyâ jâne?
Tû us ko bar le, Rânî, ho jâgî paṭ-rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Paṭ-rânî to ho gaî ik piyâ se prem!
Pati birtâ jo hâr hai, un kâ yeh hai nem.
Un ke yeh hai nem piyârî, sat dharm maiṅ nâ hârûṅ.

If duty go what remains? Râjâ, such are ruined in the world.
From the time the swan spake hath love conquered me.
If thou wed me not I will give up my love in a moment, my love."

Râjâ Nal.

"Those four are gods, lords of the Three Worlds.
Wed thou (one of) them; hear now my words.
Hearken to my words, my love, for they be words of love.
If thou marry Indar thou wilt then be Indrânî.*
There is no Râjâ second to him; what hast thou in thy mind?
Marry thou him, Rânî, and be his chief-queen."

Rânî Damwantî.

"A chief-queen am I from the love of one husband!
This is the hope of virtuous women.
This is their hope, my love, and I will not go back from my duty.

---

* The name of Indra's wife; she is, not otherwise of any importance as a goddess

Bîch suembar âj tumhârî phûl-mâl gale meṅ ḍârûṅ.
Ik bachan tum se hûâ merâ, ab dûjâ kyâ purakh barûṅ ?
Jo tum tiyâg jâoge mujh ko, khâe kaṭârâ âj marûṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok kâ bâs ho, man meṅ karo bichâr.
Tum man meṅ yeh soch lo, sundar Râjkaṅwâr.
Sundar Râjkaṅwâr, tumheṅ ho chitr sugar, sun le, ṅârî.
Indar Râj se biyâh karwâo, yeh hî bât mâno hamârî.
Sundar rûp banâ hai us kâ, gal sûhâ, motî mâlâ.
Yeh hî bât tum karo, piyârî, pîyo prem ras kâ piyâlâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Prem nem un kâ rahe, jin kî dhur se pît.
Prem kahânî kaṭhan hai, koî birlâ jâne rît."

To-day at the *swayaṁvara* will I throw the flower-garland round thy neck.*
I gave thee my word once, how can I now wed another ?
If thou desert me I will stab myself with a dagger and die."

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou wilt become a dweller in Heaven, ponder it in thy mind.
Think of this in thy mind, my beauteous Princess.
Beautiful Princess, be sagacious and wise, and hear, my girl.
Marry Râjâ Indar, and hear these words of mine.
Beautiful is his form, red kerchief round his neck, and necklace of pearls.
Do thou this, my love, and drink of the cup of love."

Rânî Damwantî.

"The hope of love is their's whose love is from the beginning.
The tale of love is difficult, and few know its ways."

---

* In token of accepting thee as my husband.

Râgnî.

"Rît birlâ koî jâne."
Bachan Râjâ nahîn mâne.
"Sîl gun rûp main nârî,
Dharm ko nâ tajûn, piyârî.
Tum hîn Mahârâj ho mahârî!
Bachan main ne sahe thâre.
Suno, main dâs hûn thârî,
Ik pal nâ rahûn niyârî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, ṭum chatar bano, mat nâ bano nâdân.
Châr deo ko tum baro, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Kahâ hamârâ mân, tujhe main bahut bâr samjhâe.
Merâ kahâ mâno tum, Rânî, achhî bât sunâî.
Sun, Rânî, gyân hamârî ik samajh nahîn âî.
Dil kâ soch dûr kar, piyârî; 'aql kahân ganwâî?"

Song.

"Few know its ways."
The Râjâ would not listen to her words.
"I am a woman of virtue and uprightness,
And I will not give up my duty, my beloved.
Be thou my Lord!
I have listened to all thy words.
Hear me, I am thy slave.
And not a moment will I remain away from thee!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, be wise and be not foolish.
Wed one of the four gods and mind my words.
Mind my words as I have often conjured thee.
Hear my words, Rânî, for I have spoken well.
Hear me, Rânî, my wisdom hath not entered thy understanding.
Put thy fears afar, my love; where hast lost thy sense?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Barûṅ na tum bin aur ko; marûṅ âj âp ghât!
Satî hûṅ, sâl rachûṅ: chalûṅ tumhâre sâth!
Chalûṅ tumhâre sâth, prân chhin meṅ kho dârûṅ!
Jo ab ke yeh kaho, kaṭârî tan meṅ mârûṅ.
Tum hoke gunmân, bât yeh kaun sunâî?
Maiṅ to tum bar lie, jân ke kanth gusâîṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ; suno, Indar Mahârâj.
Damwantî pe maiṅ gîâ âj âp ke kâj.
Gîâ âp ke kâj âj; yeh suno hamârî bânî.
Bahut bâr us ko samjhâe, nahîṅ mântî Rânî.
Wâ to kahe, 'barûṅgî Nal ko,' ho rahî 'ishq dîwânî.
Samajh bichâr, suno, Mahârâjâ, yeh tû sach jânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"I will wed none but thee; I will die at once!
I will be *satî*, I will prepare my pyre (rather than not) go with thee!
I go with thee, (or) I destroy my life at once!
If thou speakest again as now I will strike a dagger into my body.
Being wise, how canst say such things as these?
I have accepted thee as my husband, the lord and husband of my life."

*Râjâ Nal.**

"With joined hands I beseech thee; hear, my Lord Indar.
I went to Damwantî to-day on thy behalf.
I went on thy behalf; hear these my words.
Often did I conjure her, but the Princess would not listen.
Said she, 'I will wed Nal,' and remained mad with love.
Think of it and hear, my Lord, knowing this for the truth."

---

* Returning to Indra.

Indar.

"Sab deotâ, yeh hî karo: dhâro Nal kâ rûp.
Phir Rânî kis ko bare hamrâ dekh sarûp?
Hamrâ dekh sarûp!"

Sabhî ne yeh man bîch bichâre
'Chalo suembar bîch jahân haigî Damwantî piyârî,
Bahut bâr Nal ne samjhâe, nâ mânî woh nârî.
Us kâ sat digâe chalenge.' Yeh hî bât man dhârî.
Jab Râjâ Bhîm ne denî sabhâ lagâe,
Sakhî bejhkar mahil meṅ Damwantî lîe bulâe.
Damwantî lîe bulâe, lîe phir phûl-mâl karâe.
Sab dewat Nal rûp dekhke, jab man meṅ ghabarâî.

---

*Indar.**

"All ye gods, do this: put on the form of Nal.
And then which of us shall the Princess wed, seeing us all (alike)?
Seeing us all alike!"

They all pondered this in their hearts:
'Let us go to the *swayaṁvara* where is the lovely Damwantî.
Often has Nal conjured her, but the maiden would not listen.
Let us go and destroy her honor.' This they had in their minds.
When Râjâ Bhîm began to collect the assembly,
He sent a maid into the palace and called Damwantî.
He called Damwantî and made a flower garland.
When (the maiden) saw all the gods in the form of Nal she was confused in her mind.

---

* To the other gods.

'Bîch suembar phire dekhtî : 'Mahmân kahîṅ jâe ?'
Dekhâ sabhâ kâ rang nâr ne dîe Harî bulâe.

Rânî Damwantî.

"Ai, Prabhû Dînânâth, ab sunîye merî pukâr.
Is sanghaṭ meṅ sukh karo, Tin Lok Kartâr."

Râgnî.

"Prabhûjî, sidh lîjîye merî,
Terî maiṅ charan kî cherî.
Deo Nal rûp sab dhârâ:
Merâ sat râkh, Kartârâ!
Barûn Nal Bhûp ko, Sâmî;
Merâ sat râkh tum, Sâîṅ!
Tajûṅ maiṅ prân mahiloṅ meṅ!
Merâ sat sîl ho pûrâ!"

Wandering about the *swayaṁvara* looking (for him she said to herself): 'Where has *the* guest gone?'
Seeing what had passed in the assembly the maiden called on Harî.*

Rânî Damwantî.

"O God, the Lord of thy Servants, hear now my prayer.
Give me thy blessing in this trouble, thou Creator of the Three Worlds."

Song.

"O Lord, give me relief, for
I am a worshipper at thy feet.
All the gods have put on the form of Nal.
Preserve thou my honor, O God!
I would wed the King Nal, O Lord:
Preserve thou my honor, O Lord!
I will give up my life in the palace!
Keep whole my virtue and honor!"

---

* *i.e.*, Vishṇu = God.

Dharmrâj.

"Soch kare mat, bâwarî, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Jâ, tujh ko yeh bar dîâ, mile bhûp surgyân.
Mile bhûp surgyân, nâm Nal se tum bachan uchâro.
Us Râjâ ke gale bîch tum phûl-mal ab ḍâro.
Sadâ sîl terâ rahe jag meṅ, sat kabhî nahîṅ hâro.
Man ânand karo tum, piyârî; man meṅ yeh hî bichâro."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Sunke tumharî bât ko mâlâ lîe uṭhâî.
Ab ḍâlûṅ gal bîch meṅ Nal Râjâ ke jâe!"

Râgnî.

"Piyâ gal mâl maiṅ ḍârûṅ,
Jo tan man âj sab wârûṅ!"
Gale meṅ ḍârke mâlâ,
Khushî hoke pîâ piyâlâ.

---

*Dharmrâj.**

"Be not anxious, foolish (maid), and here my words.
Go, I have granted thee this boon, that thou find this wise king.
Find this wise king and call out the name of Nal.
Put the flower garland on the Râjâ's neck.
May thy virtue remain for ever in the world and thy honor be never injured.
Keep thy heart happy, my lovely (maid); and ponder this in thy heart."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hearing thy words I take up the garland.
And I go and place it round the neck of Râjâ Nal!"

Song.

"I place the garland on my love's neck,
And I sacrifice my body and soul to him!"
Putting the garland round his neck
She drank of the cup of happiness.

* Some confusion here. Damayantî prays to God in the abstract, and yet is answered by Varuna as in the classical legend.

Lage bâje jabhî bajne,
Lage chintâ sagal tajne.
"Bulâo bipr, tum Râjâ,
Hûe man ke pûran kâjâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Ham ko rukhsat dîjîye, Bhîm Sen Mahârâj.
Sab kâran Har ne kare; rahe hamârî lâj!"

Râgnî.

"Lâj Har ne râkh lîe mahârî!
Kareṅ ham nagar kî tayyârî.
Der kîje nahîṅ, Râjâ:
Karo hamrâ yeh hî kâjâ."
Suembar sab hûâ sundar,
Bane jahâṅ bhûp ke mandar.

And the music began to play,
And all her sorrow to depart.
"Râjâ, send for the Brâhman,
For the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

Râja Nal.[†]

"Now let us depart, O Mahârâjâ Bhîm Sen.
God hath done all there was to do; may my honor be preserved!"

Song.

"God hath preserved my honor!
Let us make ready for my city.
Make no delay, Râjà:
Do this service for me."
Beautiful was the *swayaṁvara*,
Held at the royal palace.

---

* To marry us. † The marriage is now over.

"Bidâ dîjo hamen Râjâ;
Kare Har ne merî kâjâ."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Khûb bât tum ne kahî, hamen kîâ parwân.
Ab tumharî tayyârî karûn, he nirp chitr sujân.
He nirp chitr sujân, karo tum abhî chalan kî tayyârî.
Jo kuchh bât kahî hai tum ne, mân lîe main thârî.
Singârûn faujân, rath, hâthî; sang karûngâ thârî.
Yeh rath âj singâr, kîâ main khâtir siraf tumhârî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Mâtâ, mujhe na bhûlîye, lîjîye beg bulâe.
Woh din kab phir hovegâ, milûn tumhen main âe?"

Râgnî.

"Milan merâ kaun bidh hove?
Nain bhar bhar sakhî rove.

"Bid us farewell, Râjâ,
For God hath done our desire."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Well hast thou spoken, I accept thy words.
I will make preparation for thee, O wise and intelligent prince.
O wise and intelligent prince, make thee ready to go at once.
I have obeyed all that thou hast said.
I will prepare thy cavalcade and chariots and elephants.
This chariot have I adorned for thee alone to-day."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Mother, forget me not and quickly call me home.*
When will the day come that I meet thee again?"

Song.

"How shall I meet thee again?
My maidens' eyes are full of tears.

---

* These speeches between mother and daughter are conventional.

Milûngî phir kab, Mâî?
Lîjîye beg bulwâe.
Phir tumheṅ kahâṅ milûṅ, Bahinâ?
Merâ jal se bharâ hainâ."

Mâtâ Rânî Damwantî kî.

"Suno, Kaṅwar, merî lâḍlî, tujhe bin mahil andher.
Jaldî bulwâûṅ tujhe, nâ karne kî der.
Ik 'araz maiṅ karûṅ, bachan merâ sun lîje.
Sâs susar kî ṭahil, pati kî agyâ kîje;
Rakhîye kul kî lâj; tujhe yeh hî samjhâûṅ.
Jâo sâs ghar, la'l, terê pe wârî jâûṅ.
Baiṭho rath ke bîch, matî nâ der lagâo.
Kushal khem soṅ, la'l, sâs ghar apne jâo."

Kûnch kîâ Râjâ chale, dînâ rath hakwâe.

When shall I meet thee, Mother?
Call me quickly home.
Sister, when I shall meet you?*
My eyes are full of tears."

Damwantî's Mother.

"Hear, Princess, my darling, without thee is the palace dark.
Quickly will I call thee and make no delay.
One word have I to say, hear it.
Serve thy husband's parents and obey thy husband;
Preserve the honor of thy family; thus do I conjure thee.
Go to thy husband's house, my beauty; I am thy sacrifice.
Sit thee in the chariot and make no delay.
With joy and delight, my beauty, go to thy husband's house."

The Râjâ commenced his march and drove off in his chariot.

---

* Classically Damayantî was an *only* daughter.

Mahil Râjâ chale, âe nagar ke mâhîn :
Âe nagar ke mâhîn ; nagar meṅ ghar ghar paṛî badhâî.
Mandar se sab nârî milkar sâj artâ le âî.
Râjâ âe mahil bîch meṅ sundar sej bichâî.
Ganpat kirpâ kare ; ânke râj kare chit lâe.

Kâljug.

" Kirpâ, Nâth Nârad, rakhîye ; kahâṅ gae the âj ?
Sab ham se barnan karo, ai gunî sand samâj.
Ai gunî sand samâj, hameṅ kaho sâch mukh bânî.
Châr deotâ milke tum to kahâṅ gae the, gyânî ?
Ye ichhâ pûchhan kî merî ; kaho, bât un mânî.
Hâth joṛke maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ, mukh se kaho bakhânî."

Stage by stage the Râjâ entered his own city :
Entered his own city and congratulations came from every house in the city.
All the women of the palace brought *ártá** for the bridegroom.
The Râjâ entered the palace and made the marriage bed.
Ganpat† was propitious ; so (the Râjâ) ruled with joy.

Kâljug.‡

" Grant me thy grace, Lord Nârad ; whither wentest thou to-day ?
O sage of the assembly,§ tell me the whole tale.
O sage of the assembly, tell me the truth with thy lips.
Whither went all you four gods together, my wise one ?
I ask thee the wish of my heart : tell and I will hear thy words.
With joined hands I ask thee, tell me with thy lips."

---

* The ceremony of carrying a tray of powdered rice to meet the bridegroom at the bride's house. It is introduced here as having been performed at the bridegroom's house by poetical license.

† *i.e.*, Ganeśa, the God of all beginnings.

‡ Kali, as the personification of the Kali-yuga, the present wicked age. Here Kali is employed as a god just as are Indra, Agni, &c. There is a complete change of scene here, and Kali is addressing Nârada asking him what has happened at the *swayamvara*. The legend still follows the classical story.

§ Nârada is the Nestor of the Indian Classics, as well as the messenger of the gods.

Indar.

" Bhîm Sen Mâhârâj ne rachâ suembar ân :
Damwantî ke wâste kîe bare samân.
Kîe bare samân, ajî, ham'usî dekhke âe.
Châroṅ deo gae wahâṅ se, tujh ko bachan sunâî.
Nal Râjâ biyâh le gae, us ko sundar bhawan banâe.
Bahut dân Râjâ ne dînâ, birham bhoj karwâe."

Kâljug.

" Char deotâ chhoṛke purakh barâ jo nâr,
Us ko chahîye ḍanḍ ; kuchh hameṅ lîye bichâr.
Hame ne lîye bichâr, unheṅ kuchh ḍanḍ ki karûṅ tayyârî.
Khotâ kâm kîâ nârî ne, man meṅ nahîṅ bichârî.
Baṛâ dukh dûngâ maiṅ un ko, yeh ablâkh hamârî.
Nal Râjâ se biyâh karâ, jin bât na bhûjî thârî."

---

*Indar.**

" Bhîm Sen, the Mahârâjâ held a *swayamvara* :
And made great preparation for Damwantî's sake,
Made great preparation, sir; I have just come from seeing it.
The four gods went there, I tell thee.
Râjâ Nal took her away in marriage, as beautiful was he as a god.
Great gifts gave the Râjâ (Bhîm Sen) and great quantities of food."

Kâljug.

" Throwing over four gods, the woman that married a man
Must be punished ; I have an idea.
I have an idea, and will prepare a punishment for her.
An evil thing did that woman, keeping no thought (o grace) in her heart.
Great trouble will I bring upon her, this is my desire.
She has married Râjâ Nal, who disregarded thee."

* Answering for Nârada.

Indar.

"Jab ham ne agyâ dîe, tab ḍârî gal mâl.
Dîn Râjâ dharmak haiṅ, bolo bachan sambhâl.
Bolo bachan sambhâl, unhen kuchh ḍanḍ nahîṅ denâ bhâî.
We Râjâ gunmân bare haiṅ, yeh tum ko maiṅ samjhâî.
Jab us ko ham se dîe agyâ, jab Râjâ Nal râj bare.
Un ko ḍanḍ kabhî nahîṅ hogâ; nahîṅ bachan hamâre bujh kare."

Jab Kâljug wahâṅ se chale, âyâ Dwâpar pâs.

Kâljug.

"Ik kâm merâ karo, yeh hî mujh se biswâs.
Yeh hî mujh se biswâs; chalo tum Nal Râjâ nagarî mâhîṅ.

Indar.

"When I besought her she put the garland round his neck.
The Râjâ (Nal) is faithful to his duty, think over thy words.
Think over thy words, he is not worthy of any punishment.
The Râjâ is very virtuous, I tell thee.
When I besought her she married Râjâ Nal.
She should never be punished; she valued not my word."

Then Kaljug went away thence and came to Dwâpar.*

Kaljug.

(And said): "Do me a favour, this is my request.
This is my request; go thou to Râjâ Nal's city.

---

* The Dwâpara-yuga is the Third Age of the world in which righteousness is diminished by half. Dwâpara is here, as in the classical legend, personified as a god of evil like Kali.

Us kâ nâm bakâhat Nal kâ hai. Yeh hî bat maiṅ samjhâî:
Tum Puskar ke baṛo peṭ meṅ; maiṅ Nal pe jâûṅ, Bhâî."

Dwâpar giâ peṭ meṅ us ke; na mâyâ Prabhû kî pâî!
Sîl, dharm aur gyân tajâ nâ, nâ Kâljug par jor paṛâ.
Bârâṅ baras Kâljug ko ho gae, bahut apnâ jor karâ.
Ik din Râjâ baiṭh palang pe, dhoe pair soche nâhîṅ.
Dâû lagâ us din Kâljug kâ, bâs ûdar kînâ jâe.
Baṛat sâr jab peṭ ke andar, turt Râo ki bidh harî.
Chaupuṛ sâr mangâyâ Râo ne; jab khelan kî tayyârî karî.

Râjâ Nal.

"Ai bhâî Puskar, mere man meṅ uṭhe bichâr.
Ye hî bàt tum se kahûṅ, khelo chaupuṛ sâr.

His name of Nal is well known. This is my say:
Do thou go into Puskar* and I will go into Nal, Brother."

Dwâpar entered (Puskar's) belly; unfathomable are God's works!
(Nal) never forgot his honor and duty and religion, and no chance befell Kaljug.
Twelve years passed over Kaljug, and greatly did he try.
One day the Râjâ sat on his bed and forgot to wash his feet (first).†
That day was Kaljug's opportunity and he entered his belly.
As soon as he had entered into his belly the Râjâ forgot his (religious) wisdom at once.
The Râjâ sent at once for the *chaupuṛ* board and began to make ready to gamble.

Râjâ Nal.

"O brother Puskar, I have an idea.
This do I say to thee, play at *chaupuṛ* with me.

---

* Pushkara, brother of Nala.

† Forgot a ceremony and thus gave Kali, as the god of evil, a chance of entering him.

Khelo chaupuṛ sâr, piyârî; yeh hî bât man bhaî.
Jît hâr kî bâjî rakh do, chaupuṛâñ bichhâe.
Yeh solâh haiñ dâû hamâre; tujh ko dîâ dikhâî.
Chaupuṛ khel der nahîñ kîje, yeh hî bât samjhâî."

Puskar.

"Tum to hamare bharât ho, jânûñ piṭâ samân.
Âp bachan mujh ko kîâ, soî karûñ parwân.
Soî karûñ parwân, hâth pâshâ* maiñ thâyâ.
Lekar Gurû kâ nâm, zamîn par âp ṭharâyâ!
Satrâh aṭhârâh bîch jît lîe bâjî thârî!
Lag bâjî pe dârî jît ab howan hâr hamârî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Dûjî bâjî pe lagâ mâl khizânâ âj.
Phir gero phâñsâ hâth se, phir lagâûñgâ râj.

Play at *chaupuṛ* with me, my beloved (brother); this is in my heart.
Put down the stakes and spread the *chaupuṛ*† board.
This is my throw, sixteen; I show it thee.
Don't delay in this game of *chaupuṛ* I tell thee.

Puskar.

"Thou art my brother and I hold thee as father.
As thou hast spoken, so must I obey.
So must I obey and lift up the dice in my hand.
In the name of the Gurû‡ I throw them on the ground!
I win the game from thee with seventeen and eighteen!
Winning the stake by a throw is in my fate!"

Râjâ Nal.

"On the next game I stake my hoards and property.
Then I will throw the dice with my kingdom for stake.

---

* For *phâñsâ*.

† For the technicalities of *chaupuṛ*, see Vol. I., pp. 243 ff.

‡ Allusion to the now almost universal belief in the supernatural powers of the Gurûs, or mythical spiritual guides, chiefly represented by Gurû Gorakhnâth.

Phir lagûṅgâ râj, khizânâ lagûṅ mâl kâ, Bhâî.
Sab lag dûṅgâ râj piyârî, der karûṅ kuchh nâhîṅ.
Lag dûṅgâ tambû sab ḍerâ, yeh mere man bhâî.
Jît hâr yeh hî bâjî khelûṅ man chit lâe.
Dekh paṛe satrâh athârâh, bâjî jît uṭhâî!
Honhâr ke yeh hî bas meṅ, nâ kuchh pâr basâî!"

Puskar.

"Jît hamârî ho gaî is pâṅsâ meṅ âj.
Aur nahîṅ bâqî rahî, yeh hîṅ sakal de râj.
Yeh hîṅ sakal de râj, piyârî, kyûṅ mujh ko samjhâve?
Jis kâ phâṅsâ paṛe jît kâ, so bâjî le jâve.
Karanhâr Kartâr wahî hai phâṅsâ jî jitâve.
Jis par mihaṛ kare ughrâî, so bâjî ko pâve.
Yeh sâṅs man bîch, piyârî, kyûṅ ghabarâve?
Honhâr haṭe na, piyârî, jo kuchh âṅkh likhâve."

Then will I stake my kingdom, (now) I stake my hoards and property, Brother.
I will stake all my kingdom, my beloved (brother), I will make no delay.
I will stake my camp and tents, this is in my mind.
I am bent on losing or winning this game.
See the seventeen and eighteen, thou hast (again) won the game!
This was in the power of fate, no power (of ours) avails!"

Puskar.

"I have won (again) to-day at this game.
Nothing is now left thee but thy kingdom.
Nothing but thy kingdom, my beloved (brother); why say more to me?
Whose dice win wins the game.
It is whom the Lord favors that wins the game.
On whom His kindness falls, will win the game.
Why art thus confused in thy mind, my beloved (brother)?
What fate hath written cannot be blotted out, my beloved (brother)."

Râjâ Nal.

"Râj pâṭ sârâ lagâ is bâjî ke bîch.
Khûb tarah jânâ hameṅ, yeh phâṅsâ hai nîch!"

Râgnî.

"Râjâ, maiṅ dîâ sârâ!
Bachan mâno yeh hî mahârâ:
Uṭhâiyo hâth se phâṅsâ;
Dâû pûrâ âyâ khâsâ.
Yeh hî samjhâutâ tum ko,
Sat hârûṅ nahîṅ mujh ko.
Der kîje nahîṅ, bhâî,
Jo bâjî jîtke âi!"

Puskar.

"Râj, mâl, faujâṅ, sabhî taiṅ ne dîe lagâe;
Jît hamârî ho gaî aur lago kuchh âj.
Aur lago kuchh âj, Râojî, jîtâ râj tumhârâ.

Râjâ Nal.

"All my rule and kingdom is on this game.
Well do I know that this gambling is a low thing!"

Song.

"Râjâ (Puskar), I have staked it all!
Hear these my words:
Take up the dice in thy hands;
Thou shalt have full opportunity for a throw.
Thus do I tell thee,
I will not go back on my word.
Make no delay, brother,
To win the game!"

Puskar.

"Thou hast staked thy kingdom, wealth and armies and all:
And I have won them, stake something more to-day.
Stake something more to-day, Râjâ, for I have won thy kingdom.

Râj pâṭ kî bâjî, Râjâ, ab ko ham se hârâ.
Sab kí hai yeh bât jûe meṅ, taiṅ ne nahîṅ bichârâ?
Ab kyâ mahil bîch meṅ, Râjâ, âj rahâ hai thârâ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Tab tan ko bistar lage aur amîrî ṭhâṭh!
Bâjî se haṭâ nahîṅ, yeh hî hameṅ hai âṇṭh.
Yeh bî hameṅ hai âṇṭh, âj yeh hâr singâr lagâ sârâ.
Nâ pîchhe rakhnâ kuchh mujh ko, yeh hî nem man par dhârâ.
Jo ab kî bâjî tum jîto, hor hameṅ ho jâ hârí,
Aur bât maiṅ kyâ kahûṅ tum se? Maiṅ adhîn rahâ thârî!"

Puskar.

"Tere pe kuchh nâ rahâ, sab taiṅ dîâ harâe.
Khel hamârâ ho chukâ, kahî tujhe samjhâe.
Ik bâqî rahî jân tumhârî.
Kuchh na rahâ aur ab tum pe, tum baṛe khilâṛî.

Kingdom and rule, Râjâ, thou hast lost to-day to me.
It is always thus in gambling, hast thou not thought it?
What has now remained to thee in the palace, Râjâ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Then I stake the garments on my body and my lordly jewels!
Let the game be not stayed, this is my desire.
This is my desire, to-day I stake my necklace and jewels.
I will keep nothing back, this is the desire of my heart.
If thou win the game to-day and I lose,
What more shall I say thee? I am at thy mercy!"

Puskar.

"Thou hast nothing left, thou hast lost thy all.
The game is over, I tell thee.
Nothing but thy life remains.
Nothing else remains to thee, and thou hast earned the name of a great gambler.

Yeh to bât hâth Sâḥib ke: jît raho, châhe hârî.
Ab kî bâjî meṅ, Râjâ, to lag Damwantî nârî.
Ai Râjâjî, sab baiṭhe ho hâr, ik bâqî rahî nârî:
Aur dûjî, Mahârâj, rahe yeh deh tumhârî.
Nahîṅ râj se kâm âp chaupuṛ men hârâ.
Ab is nagarî bîch nahîṅ rahâ kuchh tumhârâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Sunkar tumharî bât ko, tan meṅ uṭh gaî âg, bhâî.
Khainch dudhârâ hâth meṅ, deûṅ jhaṭ shîsh uṛâî.
Deûṅ jhaṭ shîsh uṛâî, âre, maiṅ na chhoṛûṅgâ, bhâî!
Tere prân chhin meṅ kho dûṅgâ, aisî bât sunâî.
Taiṅ ne âj karî hai aisî samajh mûrakh man, bhâî.
Ik din kâl kaṛhâ siṛ ûpar; yâ mere man, bhâî."

Winning or losing is in the hands of God.*
In the present game, Râjâ, stake thy wife Damwantî.
O Râjâ, thou hast lost all, only thy wife remains:
And, too, remains, Râjâ, this thy body.
Thou hast nothing to do with rule, having lost at *chaupur*.
No longer canst thou remain in this city."

Râjâ Nal.

"Hearing thy words my body is aflame (with wrath), brother.
I take the dagger in my hand to strike off thy head at once.
I will strike off thy head at once, and O! I will not leave thee (alive), brother!
I will take thy life in a moment, thus do I say.
Thou hast acted to-day as a man of little sense, brother.
Death will hover over thy head some day; this is in my mind, brother."

---

* Observe the Musalmân word here.

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, Nal Râjâ, Mahârâj.
Jo tum mâroge aise tumhârâ hot akâj.
Tumhârâ hot akâj, aise mat marîyo, Râjâ.
Shakal bigṛe terâ kâjâ"

Râgnî.

"Jagat mâṅ pât ho bhârî.
'Aqal kahâṅ gaî, piyâ thârî?
Tumheṅ samjhâutî bârî.
Bât mâno yeh hî mahârî:
Jûâ mat khelîye, Sâîṅ!
Zarâ lajjâ nahîṅ âî,
Dharm apne se na hâro.
Aise mat jân se mâro!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Tu ne kahî, so maiṅ sunî, yeh papî chaṇḍâl!
Maiṅ us ko chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ, â gîâ us kâ kâl.

Rânî Damwantî.

"With joined hands I pray, O Râjâ Nal, my Lord.
It will be evil for thee to strike him thus.
It will be evil for thee, strike him not thus, Râjâ.
All thy (good) works will be of no avail."

Song.

"It will be a sinful thing in the world.
Whither have thy wits gone?
Often did I conjure thee!
Hear my words:
Play no more, my Lord!
Thou hast felt no shame:
Destroy not thy good works.
Slay him not thus!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said, I have heard, this is a wicked sinner!
I will not leave him (alive, the time of) his death hath come.

Â gîâ us kâ kâl, piyârî, lâkh bâr samjhâyâ.
Aise bachan kaṭhor boltâ, nahîṅ larzî hai kâyâ!
Nahîṅ kuchh is meṅ merâ, sir par kâl ghumâyâ.
Nâ jîwat chhoṛûṅgâ is ko, dil meṅ yeh hî ṭharâyâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Yeh to tumhârâ putr sam, tum us ke ho tât!
Man meṅ soch bichârîye, tumheṅ nâ châhîye bât.
Tumheṅ nâ châhîye yeh bât, Râojî, âp gunî kul meṅ dânâ.
Got ghât karnâ nahîṅ, Râjâ; jagat yeh tânâ.
Jo tû us ko mâr gaṅwâo, bahutâ dukh jag meṅ pâo.
Yeh hî mâno, piyâ mere, hâth matî us ke lâo?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Us ne mukh khoṭî kahî, gaî jigar ko khâe.
Maiṅ us ko chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ, sun, Rânî, chit lâe.

His death hath come, a thousand times have I besought him.
Such evil words doth he say and his body trembleth not!
It is no (fault) of mine, he hath brought death on his own head.
I will not leave him alive, this have I determined."

Rânî Damwantî.

"This is as thy son, thou art as his father.
Ponder it in thy mind, this should not come from thee.
This should not come from thee, thou that art the wisest of thy race.
Slay not a kinsman, Râjâ, that the world jeer at thee.
If thou slay him great will be thy grief in the world.
Hearken to this, my love, lay not thy hand upon him!"

Râjâ Nal.

"His evil words have eaten into my heart.
I will not leave him (alive), hear, Rânî, with thy heart.

Sun, Rânî, chit lâe hamârî kasab kîâ is ne bhârî.
Baṛâ dasṭ yeh hai, âb mânî, sabhî bât khoî mahârî.
Aisâ bachan kahâ mukh setî, samajh nahîṅ âî us ko.
Mahâ kapaṭ kî khân birhâ hai, tû bâlak kahtî jis ko."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, piyâ; man chit lâe:
Is kâ kyâ hai mârnâ, krodh kare mar jâe ?"

Râgnî.

"Dharm aur sat mat hâro!
Matî, Râjâ, is se mâro!
Tumheṅ maiṅ bahut samjhâyâ,
'Aqal terî nahîṅ âyâ!
Mâl aur râj ik nârî.
Khushî hoke tumheṅ hârî!
Kîâ kyûṅ krodh phir, Râjâ?
Samajhke kîjîye kâjâ!"

Hear, Rânî, with thy heart, he hath done me a great wrong.
Very wicked is he, and hear, he hath disgraced me utterly.
Such words hath he said with his lips as thou canst not understand.
He is a very pit of the greatest deceit, whom thou callest a child!"

Rani Damwantî.

"With joined hands I pray, my love, with all my heart.
What good is it to slay him, and die of thy anger?"

Song.

"Destroy not thy religion and thy honor!
Slay him not Râjâ!
Often do I conjure thee,
And sense cometh not to thee!
Wealth and kingdom and eke a wife
Hast thou lost joyfully!
Why art angry after that, Râjâ?
Be wise and do thy duty!"

Puskar.

"Râj bîch rahnâ nahîn, rahâ na tumharâ kâm.
Mere râj meṅ ab tumheṅ khânâ nimak harâm ;
Khânâ nimak harâm : are, tum dwârpâl, ab jâo.
Sabhî râj meṅ abhî daṇḍhoṛâ jaldî se paṭwâo.
Mere râj meṅ mat nâ rakhîyo, jahâṅ châhe wahâṅ jâo.
Itnâ kâm karo tum jâke, mat nâ der lagâo!"

Râṇi Damwantî.

"Bâbal mere ke jâo, sun, re tû rathwân.
Ghoṛe rath wahâṅ le jâo, kahâ merâ yeh mân.
Kahâ merâ le mân, karo jaldî se tayyârî.
Ik kaniyâṅ, ik sût, soch mujh ko hai bhârî.
In ko tum le jâo mât merî ke tâîṅ.
Ham ko to banoṅ bâs likhâ karmoṅ ke mâhîṅ.
Kahîyo shakal aḥwâl mât merî pe jâke,
Maiṅ kahtî, kar joṛ âj tum ko shamjhâke."

Puskar.

"Thou canst not stay in this kingdom, thou hast no more business here.
Thou canst no longer with right stay in *my* kingdom ;
It is no longer right to stay : go and be a doorkeeper.
Go and be a crier throughout the kingdom.
Stay not in my kingdom, go whither thou wilt.
Go and do this without any delay!"

*Rânî Damwantî.**

"Hear, thou charioteer, go to my father.
Hear my words, take the chariot and horses there.
Hear my words and be ready quickly.
I am in great anxiety for my daughter and my son.
Do thou take them to my mother.
As for me it is written in my fate that I wander in the forests.
Go and tell all the story to my mother,
I beseech thee to-day with joined hands."

---

* Damayantî now sends her children to her parents for safety.

Rathwân.

"Âp kahâ so hî karûñ, maiñ jâûñ tath-kâl.
Ab yehañ se tayyârî karûñ, mat nâ ho be-ḥâl.
Mat nâ ho be-ḥâl, piyârî, yeh hí tujhe samjhâûñ.
Bâlak rath ke bîch biṭhâ, maiñ terî mâtâ pe jâûñ,
Tere tan kâ maiñ ḥâl terî mâtâ ko jâe sunâûñ.
Man meñ dhîr dharo tum, Rânî, sârî khabarâñ lâûñ."

Rath ko bîg jotâeke kîâ kûnch makân.
Pahunchâ nagar meñ Bhîm kâ, jahâñ Rânî surgyân.
Jahâñ Rânî surgyân, jâeke sârî bhitâ sunâî.
Sut kaniyâñ donoñ wahâñ chhoṛe, Nal kî bât batâî.
Suranpâl îk Râo baṛâ thâ us pe pahunche jâe.
Rath ghoṛe donoñ hîñ chhoṛe Râo chale ban mâîñ.

Charioteer.

"As thou hast said so will I do and I will go at once.
I will go hence now, so be not grieved.
Be not grieved, friend, I tell thee.
I will put the children into the chariot and go to thy mother,
And will tell thy mother what hath befallen thee.
Have patience in thy heart, Rânî, and I will tell thee all that happens."

Quickly preparing the chariot he went homewards.
He reached the city of (Râjâ) Bhîm, where dwelt the wise Rânî.*
Where dwelt the wise Rânî: he went and told her all the trouble.
Leaving the boy and maid there he told the story of Nal.
He went to the great Râjâ Suranpâl.
Leaving the chariot and horses the Râjâ went into the forest.†

---

* Damwantî's mother.

† (?) A confused reference to Rituparṇa of Ayodhaya, whose service Vârshṇeya the charioteer entered after seeing Damwantî's children home, according to the *Mahâbhârata* story.

Rânî Damwantî.

" Suno, piyâ, kyâ sochte, râj dîâ sab hâr ?
Chalo kisî ban khand meṅ, ham ho gae lâchâr.
Ham ho gae lâchâr, yeh hî 'araz sun lo mahârî.
Soch kaî se kyâ hotâ hai ? Âp karo ban kî tayyârî
Itne din kâ râj likhâ thâ, so tum bhog lîâ, sâîṅ.
Abhî es râj bîch nahîṅ rahnâ, maiṅ kahtî tumhare tâîṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

" Sach bât tum ne kahî, lîe yeh hî mân.
Ab yehâṅ rahnâ nahîṅ, karam rekh parwân."

Ragnî.

" Nahîṅ dukh meṅ koî sâthî,
'Aqal merî rahî jâtî !

---

*Rânî Damwantî.**

" Hear, my love, why grieve at losing all thy kingdom ?
Let us go to some forest land, for we are helpless.
Hear my prayer, for we are become helpless.
What is the use of grieving ? Make ready for the forest at once.
Thou hast enjoyed all the days of royalty written in thy fate.
Thou canst not now remain in this kingdom, I tell thee."

Râjâ Nal.

" Thou sayest truly and I obey.
We cannot now remain here, the lines of fate are powerful."

Song.

" I have no friend in my woe,
And my senses leave me !

---

* Speaking to her husband again.

Karam gat yeh hove, Rânî,
Nahîn yeh bât main jânî!
Râj chhoṛâ âe ban men:
Bhûkh byâpî mere tan men.
Tîn din ho gae chalton.
An jal na karâ ham ko!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Is peṛe pe kadam ke baiṭhî ik kapût.*
Isî mâr bhachhan karo, aur upâo nahîn hot.
Ai Râjâjî, nâ kuchh banat upâe tarkhânî ân batâe.
Tan beâkul ho giâ, bhûkh ne prân ganwâe.
Ab hamare tan bîch chalan kî tâqat nâhîn.
Mâro yeh hî kapût, karen bhojan ham khâe."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, jabhî tumharâ bachan hamen kiâ parwân.
Mârûn turt kapût ko nische le jân.

This must be the work of fate, my Rânî.
I did not know at all that this could be!
Leaving my kingdom and wandering in the forest
I feel the pangs of hunger in my body.
Three days have passed in walking,
And we have had nor water nor food!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"I see a pigeon under this *kadam*† tree.
Let us kill and eat it, there is no other plan.
O, Râjâ, there is no other plan;
My body has become restless, hunger is slaying me.
I have no power to walk within my body.
So kill this pigeon and let us eat it."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, I have approved of thy words.
I will strike the pigeon and take its life.

---

* For *kabûtar*.

† *Qadam* according to the *Munshîs*. It is the *kadamba*, or *nauclea cadamba*, a favorite tree with fragrant blossoms.

Yâ nische le jân, piyârî, aur sistar kuchh hai nâhîṅ:
Dhotî ger usî ke ûpar maiṅ pakaṛûṅ 'us ko jâe.
Ger dîâ dhotî maiṅ, lekar uṛ gîâ woh, piyârî!
Ab soche! Kuchh ban meṅ nahîṅ âtâ, jab tak ho hamarî hârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Bipat kâl biptâ hameṅ kyûṅ dînî, Raghu Râî?
Yâ to hamare prân lo, yâ tum karo, Jî, suhâî."

Râgnî.

"Bipat meṅ nâ koî sangî!
Piyâ kâyâ hûî nangî!
Prabhû, sidh lîjo merî!
Bipat ne in kî gherî!
Saran ham ne lîe thârî!
Chalî ab jân yehâṅ mahârî!

Know this for certain, my love, I have no other arms;
So I will throw my loin-cloth over it and take its life.*
I threw my loin-cloth over it and it flew away with it, my love!
Now think! I can get nothing in the forest, and am undone until I do!"†

Rânî Damwantî.

"Why hast added trouble in a troublous time, O God?‡
Either take our lives, or save us, Lord."

Song.

"We have no companion in our misery!
My husband's body hath become naked!
Lord, help me!
Thou hast encompassed him with grief!
I seek thy aid!
My life will depart from me here!

---

* There is a break here and Râjâ Nal has tried to catch the pigeon before he speaks again.

† Because he was now stark naked.

‡ Raghû Râî = Râm = God.

Thâre bin na koî, Sâmi!
Karo rachhyâ Garuṛ-gâmî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, nagar Bidarbh kâ yeh mârg le jân.
Jahân tere pitmât hain, kare âp pahchân.
Kare âp pahchân, piyârî, yeh mârg sundar khâsâ.
Garjat singh, hîâ merâ larze, yeh hî kahûn tumhare pâsâ:
Ban kâ rahnâ bahut kaṭhan, hai is men dukh, sun le, Rânî.
Kaun karam men rekh lekh hai? Nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî jânî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Yeh ham ne jâne piyâ, kis ke mân aur bâp?
Hamen chhoṛke ban bikhe raho akelî âp."

I have none but thee, Lord!
O rider on Garuṛ,* help us!"

Rájá Nal.

"Rânî, this is the way to the city of Bidarbh.†
Where are thy parents, do thou recognise it.
Recognise it, my love, this beautiful road.
The lions roar and my heart trembles (for thee) and I tell thee this:
Dwelling in the forests is hard and full of troubles, hear thou this, Rânî.
What lines are written in our fate? The mysteries of the Lord are not to be known!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"What do I know, my love, of father and mother?
Leave me and I will dwell alone in the forests."

---

* The fabulous bird Garuḍa and vehicle of Vishṇu of whom Râma was an *avatâra* or incarnation.

† Vidarbha is, however, Birâr, a country and not a town.

Râgnî.

"Piyâjî, hameṅ tiyâg na jâîyo.
Sang hamare piyâ rahîyo.
Piyâjî, nâdân mat mahârî,
Mujhe karîyo matî niyârî.
Akelî maiṅ jîûṅ ban meṅ,
Prân apnî tajûṅ chhin meṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî aisî nâ kaho mukh se bachan kathor.
Maiṅ tujh ko kaise tajûṅ ? Prîtî chand chakor."

Râgnî.

"Prît ab lag nahîṅ jânî,
Tajûṅ kaise tujhe, Rânî ?
Tu hî prânoṅ se hai piyârî,
Karûṅ kaise tujhe niyârî ?

Song.

"O husband, desert me not.
Live with me, my love.
O husband, I am a simple woman,
So desert me not.
If I dwell alone in the forest,
I shall give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, say not such harsh words with thy lips.
How could I leave thee ? Our love is as the moon's and the partridge's."*

Song.

"My love for thee is not yet satiated,
How could I desert thee, Rânî ?
Thou art the love of my life,
How could I desert thee ?

---

* It is commonly said that the *chakor* or Indian red-legged partridge is violently in love with the moon.

Tere bin ḳyâ merâ jînâ?
Baṛâ dukh yeh hameṅ dînâ!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Prân piyâ bin na bacheṅ, paṛ gaî prem zanjîr.
Bât tumharî sunat hî chale nain se nîr.
Tere bin kaun sahe dukh sukh mahârâ?
Prân tajûṅ chhin meṅ, pîtam, jo tû ho jâ ham se niyârî.
Kand, mûl, phal, phûl ṭorke màiṅ tumhare khâtir lae!
Bhojan kar, Mahârâj hamâre, yâ tum ko châhîye, Sâîṅ!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî ghabarao matî, man meṅ bândho dhîr.
Sab sahâî hamarî kareṅ, sadâ bhajo Raghbîr."

Râgnî.

"Bhajo Raghbîr ko, piyârî.
Kabhî hove nahîṅ hârî.

How could I live without thee?
Great is the trouble given me!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"I cannot live without my husband, the chain of love hath bound me.
At thy very words the tears flow from my eyes.
Who shall bear my joys and sorrows but thee?
I should die in a moment, love, if thou desertest me.
Branches and roots and flowers and fruits I bring for thee!
Eat, my Lord, as doth beseem thee, Husband!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, be not distressed and be patient in thy heart.
Ever call on Raghbîr,* for he will always help us."

Song.

"Call on Raghbîr, my love,
And thou shalt never be undone.

---

* *i.e.* Râm = God.

Râm jag ke hai Kartârâ,
Dhyân un kâ hameṅ dhârâ.
Bipat meṅ sukh kare woh hî,
Aur dûjâ nahîṅ koî?"

Râjâ us ban meṅ phire âe mitr ke pâs.
Bahot âdar us ne kîâ, Râjâ bhae udâs.
Dekhkar udâs kîâ âdar bhârî.
Das pâṅch rât mahiloṅ ke bîch guzârî.
Khûṇṭî pe hâr dharâ Rânî jâe.
Woh nigal gaî khûṇṭî, nahîṅ mâyâ pâî!
Jab Rânî gaî rus parî, mahiloṅ jâe,
Râjâ ne ân âp Rânî uṭhâî.

Râm is the Lord of the world
And I have worshipped him.
He will bring joy in the midst of trouble,
And there is none other!"*

The Râjâ wandering in the forests came upon a friend.
He showed him great kindness and the Râjâ was sorrowful.
Seeing his sorrow he showed great kindness.
Eight or ten nights passed in the (friend's) palace.
The Queen's necklace had been placed upon its peg.
The peg swallowed up the necklace and the mystery was not solved.
The Queen went angrily into the friend's palace,
And the Râjâ (friend) came and mocked the Rânî (Damwantî)

---

* The bard, having so far followed the classical legend with fair success, finishes off his legend in his own way and very tamely.

Rânî.

"Tumharâ yeh yâr sang us kî nârî,
Lînâ in hâr, bât tum se bichârî!"

Nal ne jo bât sunî hâr kî âke.

Râjâ Nal.

"Bhâve ne karm-rekh kyâ likhî jâke?"

Sunke yeh bât, râh ban ke lînâ.
Pingal ke des gaman phirkar kînâ.

Râjâ Nal.

"Bipat kâl biptâ hameṅ kyâ dîe Dînâ Nâth?
Isî dusoṭî bîch meṅ nâ koî hamare sâth."

The Queen.

"This your friend hath a wife with him,
That hath stolen my necklace, be thou certain!"

When (Râjâ) Nal heard of the matter of the necklace,
(he said):

Râjâ Nal.

"What hath Fate written in our lines?"

Hearing of this he went into the forest,
And wandered into the country of Râjâ Pingal.*

Râjâ Nal.

"O Lord of the World, what misery is this that thou
hast added to our trouble?
In the midst of our troubles there is none for us!"

---

* This story is also told of Harischandra and his wife when in similar trouble. For a note on Pingal see Introduction to the next legend.

Râgnî.

" Bipat meṅ nâ koî sâth!
Taje gajpâl se hâth,
Hûâ banoṅ bâs maiṅ rahnâ!
Hamâre karm kâ lahnâ.
Hamârî khabar le, Sâmî,
Hameṅ bhojan kî hai hânî!
Nahîṅ tan pe basham mahâre!
Râj ho taj chalan niyârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

" Suno, piyâ, tum se kahûṅ, yeh hî bât samjhâe,
Karam rekh miṭṭe nahîṅ, kîje lâkh upâe;
Kîje lâkh upâe; karam yeh likhî hai hamârî.
Is dusoṭî bîch Râm hamare rakhwâlî.

Song.

" In our trouble there is none for us!
I have deserted my elephant,*
And am a dweller in the woods!
It is the decree of my fate.
Have remembrance of me, O Lord,
For I have need of food!
I have not even clothes to my body!
Leaving my kingdom I am become a lonely wanderer!"

Rânî Damwantî.

" Hear, my love, I speak to thee, this do I tell thee.
The lines of Fate are not to be blotted out, try thou a thousand plans;
Try thou a thousand plans: this was written in our fate.
God is our protector in these troubles.

---

* On which Râjâs always ride.

Karo gyân, sat, sang; jagat jhûṭî hai mâyâ.
Sat mat chhoṛo âp tumheṅ yeh le samjhâyâ.
Jo sat doge chhoṛ, dharm kî ho jâ hânî.
Dukh sukh ik hî rûp mânte haiṅ munî gyânî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Gyân dushṭ ânâ kaṭhaṅ, suno, patî nirp nâr.
Kaun pâp pîchhe kîe, jo yâ biptâ dîe ḍâr?"

Râgnî.

"Bipat ham pe pa î bhârî.
Khabar lo ân, Girdhârî!
Suno, tuṃ prân kî piyârî,
Bipat kî bât hai niyârî.
Kahûṅ tum se sabhî sârî.
Surt meṅ bâjî hameṅ hârî:

Have wisdom and virtue and good company: this world is a false illusion.
Give not up thy virtue, I tell thee.
Give up thy virtue and thy good deeds will suffer.
The wise sages have known that pain and pleasure have but one form."

Râjâ Nal.

"Knowledge is difficult and cometh hardly, hear, my wise and virtuous wife.
What sin can I have committed before* that I am given this trouble?"

Song.

"Great is the trouble upon me.
Have remembrance of me, O Girdhârî!†
Listen, thou beloved of my life,
The story of my sorrow is a strange one.
I tell it thee all.
In my folly I lost the gambling match:

---

* *i.e.*, in a former life. † *i.e.*, Kṛishna = God.

Phir sat Indar ne lînâ.
Barkhâ ne dukh baṛâ dînâ.
Bât kahtâ nahîṅ jhûṭî;
Nigal gaî hâr ko khûṇṭî;
Bunî tîtar uṛî mahârî:
Rekh ṭalte nahîṅ ṭârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Jo honî so ho lîę, dûr karo afsos.
Likhâ Karam so hî bhognâ, kis ko dîje dosh?
Kis ko dîje dosh; piyâjî? Ûchhâ Karam hamarâ, sâîṅ.
Râj chhuṭâ banoṅ bâs diwâyâ; nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî pâî.
Karnî maiṅ kuchh chûk paṛî hai, dukh dîâ bâlepan meṅ.
Ik tarah merâ bhâg balî hai, Prabhû, donoṅ sang rahe ban meṅ!

And then Indar tested my virtue.*
Greatly hath his rain afflicted me.
I say nothing false;
The peg swallowed up the necklace;
My roasted partridge† flew away;
The lines (of Fate) move not for putting away!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"What was to be has been, put away thy sorrows afar.
What Fate hath written must be endured, and who is to be blamed?
Who is to be blamed, my husband? An evil fate is ours, husband.
The Lord made us give up our rule and dwell in the forests; His mysteries are unfathomable.
I have forgotten some (religious) duty and He gave me trouble in my youth.
In one way my fate is happy, O Lord, that we are both together in the forest!

---

* Apparently by making the weather wet.
† He must mean pigeon, see line 587 ff.

Jo tum se kabhî bichhṛan hotâ, bahutâ dukh phirtî, sâîṅ.
Ab merâ patî bharat-bhang nahîṅ; din rât parwan tumhare tâîṅ.
Chalo, piyâ, kisî nagar meṅ, chhoṛo ban kâ bâs.
Yehâṅ ab chit lagtâ nâhîṅ, ham nit raheṅ udâs.
Ham nit raheṅ udâs, bâs nagarî meṅ kîje.
Aisâ kâran karo, dharm hamarâ nahîṅ chhîje.
Mân yeh hî updes; kirpâ kar châlo, jî, âgâri.
Tum hamare bhartâr, chalûṅ maiṅ sang tumhâre."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânîjî, sun lîjîye, yeh Pingal kâ des.
Mâl râj Mahârâj hai yehâṅ ke Awadh nires.
Yehâṅ ke Awadh nires, piyârî, mahâ balî hai Râjâ.
Âṭh pahar din rât nagar meṅ bâje chhattîs bâjâ.

Had I been ever separated from thee, in great grief should I have wandered, my husband.
Now is my virtue secure, as I live day and night with thee.
Let us go, love, into some city and give up dwelling in the forests.
I am no longer happy here and always in sorrow.
I am always in sorrow, so let us dwell in the city.
Act so that our (religious) duty be not affected.
This is the desire of my heart: be kind, love, and go on (to the city).
Thou art my husband and I go with thee."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, hear me, this is the land of Pingal,*
The great lord of this land and wealthy is the lord of Awadh:
The lord of this (land of) Awadh, my love, is a mighty Râjâ.
Day and night continuously the thirty-six kinds of music are played.†

---

* See above line 658. † See above line 134.

'Âm khâs meñ lagî Kachahrî, jis kâ baṛâ samâjâ.
Sab pûran partâl Râo ke, chhatar mukaṭ sir râjâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Khûb bât tum ne kahî, hirde gaî samâe.
Jo biptâ Prabhû ne dîe, so ham bhoge âe.
So bhoge ab âe, piyâjî, sunîyo 'araz yeh hî mahârî.
Aur kâm ham se nahîñ bantâ, yeh biptâ Prabhû ne ḍârî.
Tum telî ghar jâe pâṭ par baiṭh, karo simran bhârî.
Maiñ to âp Râo ke mahiloñ jâe banegî panhârî."

Râjâ telî pe rahâ, Rânî râjdwâr:
Sabhî nagar us ko kaheñ Râjâ kî panhâr.

He holds a Court in public and private (audience), which is very grand.
Very glorious is this Râjâ, with diadem and umbrella* over his head."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Well hast thou said, it is gone into my heart.
We have gone through all the trouble that the Lord hath given us.
We have gone through it all, my love, hear this prayer of mine.
No other plan have I in this trouble that the Lord hath put upon us.
Go thou into an oilman's, turn his mill (for him)† and do heavy work.
I will go into the Râjâ's palace and become a water-bearer."

The Râjâ went to the oilman, the Rânî to the palace:
And all the city knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier.

---

* The oriental sign of royalty.
† *Lit.*, sit on the driving-rod (behind the oxen to drive them).

Râjâ kî panhâr kaheṅ, sab bât nagarî meṅ nar nârî.
Râo pâṭ hâṅke telî ke, soch rahî man meṅ bhârî.
Tîn dinâṅ Râjâ ko ho gae, an khâyâ na jal pîâ.
Na telî ne pûchhâ us ko, "kaun kâm tû ne yeh kîâ?"
Chauthâ din hûâ ḍalî ik khal kî ṭhâke mukh pâî;
Mâre lât telî râjâ ke, nikal bâhir mukh se âî.

Râjâ Pingal.

"Yeh bhojan kis ne kîâ, ai Rânî surgyân?
Such batâ ham se abhî, gyân-rashk, gun khân:
Gyân-rashk, gun khân, hameṅ yeh kaho sach mukh bânî.
Mere mahil ke bîch adhik hai tû sundar, Paṭ Rânî.

They knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier; all the men and women in the city knew it.
The Râjâ drove the oilman's mill, and had heavy grief in his heart.
Three days passed over the Râjâ and he nor ate corn nor drank water.
Never asked (of him) the oilman, "what work hast thou done?"
The fourth day the Râjâ put a grain of oil-cake* to his mouth;
When the oilman kicked him and knocked it out of his mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.†

"Who cooked this dinner, O wise Queen?
Tell me the truth now, O pit of wisdom and virtue:
O pit of wisdom and virtue, tell me the truth with thy lips.
Thou art the greatest beauty of my palace, thou First-Queen.

---

* Very coarse food, fit only for cattle.

† Change of scene: Damayantî has now become the water-bearer of the palace and the Râjâ of it is addressing his Queen.

Tere hâth kâ yeh nahîn bhojan, sun le 'ishq dîwânî.
Main pûchhûn hûn bât, sach sab ham se kaho bakhânî."

Rânî.

"Mujh ko fursat nâ hûî, hûâ mahil men kâr.
Yeh bhojan us ne kîâ, jo tumharî hai panhâr.
Jo tumharî hai panhâr, Râojî, suno haqîqat sârî.
Us piyârî ne mahil bîch, bhojan kî karî tayyârî.
Mere tan men hûî mândagî, main ho gaî lâchârî.
Yeh bhojan us kîâ nârî ne, main yeh bât bichârî."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Râjâ Nal ke mahil men hai Damwantî nâr.
Us ne hamare wâste bhojan kîâ tayyâr.
Bhojân kîâ tayyâr, sawâd aisâ ham ne wahân pâyâ.
Aisâ hî bhojan is piyârî ne, aisâ âj banâyâ.

This dinner is not of thy cooking, hear me, thou mad with love (of me).
I ask it of thee and tell me all the truth."

The Queen.

"I had no time as I had work in the palace.
And it was thy water-carrier that cooked this dinner.
It was thy water-carrier, Râjâ, hear the whole truth.
It was that loveling that cooked the dinner in the palace:
As my body was wearied and I became helpless,
The (water-carrier) woman cooked this dinner, I tell thee."

Râjâ Pingal.

"There is the Lady Damwantî in the palace of Râjâ Nal.
(Once) she prepared a dinner for me.
She prepared a dinner for me and its taste was like this.
Such a dinner hath this loveling made to-day.

Yâ hai koî Râjâ kî nârî, tumheñ bhed na pâyâ:
Bipat kâl meñ hûî, piyârî, tujh ko yeh hî sunâyâ."

"Ai sundar, tû kaun hai? Kaho hameñ sach bât.
Yeh ham pûchhat haiñ tumheñ; kaun tumhârî zât?
Kaun tumharî zât? hameñ tu hâl sunâ de, piyârî!
Dekh tum ko râj-sutiyâ, tû nâ haigî panhârî.
Apne man kî bât kholke, kaho haqîqat sârî.
Yeh ham se tû sach batâ de; kaun zât hai thârî?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Bîpat kâl kî bât hai, kyâ kahûñ tumhare sang?
Narwargaṛh ke Râo kî maiñ hongî adharang.
Ai Râjâjî, maiñ hongî adharang, bât yeh suno, Jî, hamârî.
Diâ hai dusoṭâ Râm bipat ham pe yeh ḍârî,

This is some Râjâ's wife, thou didst not understand:
She hath fallen into some trouble, my love, this do I proclaim to thee."

"My beauty,* who art thou? Tell me the truth.
This do I ask thee; what is thy caste?
What is thy caste? Tell me thy story, my dear!
Thy appearance is of a king's daughter, thou art no water-carrier.
Tell me the secret of thy heart, and tell me the whole truth.
Tell me the truth; what is they caste?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"My story is of trouble and death, how shall I tell it thee?
I am the wife of the Râjâ of Narwargaṛh.†
O Râjâ, I am his wife, hear my tale.
God hath thrown into this exile and trouble

---

* Addressing Damwantî.
† Narwâr, now a town in the Gwâlior state and much decayed, represents the ancient Nishadha.

Nal Râjâ Mahârâj, jinheṅ kî maiṅ hûṅ nârî.
Peṭ bharan ke kâj rahî tumharî panihârî!
Damwantî merâ nâm, patî sang ban meṅ âî.
Sab biptâ kî bât tumheṅ maiṅ ân sunâî."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Kahâṅ tumhârâ Râo hai? dîje sach batâe.
Rânîjî, Mahârâj ko ham lâveṅ ab jâe.
Ham lâveṅ ab jâe, piyârî, us kâ bhed batâo.
Hameṅ soch ho gaî bhârî, zarâ der mat lâo.
Pichhlî bât hameṅ sab, Rânî, bâr bâr samjhâo:
Ḥâl aḥwâl hameṅ sab, Rânî, sâr ḥâl sunâo."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hameṅ ban meṅ se ânke, yeh hî kîâ bichâr.
Râjâ telî ke rahe, maiṅ tumharî panhâr.
Maiṅ tumharî panhâr rahe mahiloṅ meṅ âe.
Bipat kâl kî bât, tumheṅ maiṅ ân sunâî.

The Lord Râjâ Nal, whose wife I am.
To fill my belly am I become thy water-carrier!
My name is Damwantî and I came into the forests with
my husband.
And now have I told thee all the tale of my sorrow."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Where is thy Râjâ? Tell me the truth.
O Rânî, take me at once to the Mahârâjâ.
Take me at once, my dear, tell me where he is hidden.
I am very anxious and so delay not at all.
The remainder of thy story, Rânî, tell me by degrees:
And thus tell me, Rânî, all thy tale."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Coming out of the forest this is what we determined.
The Râjâ went to the oilman's and I became thy water-
carrier.
I became thy water-carrier and came into the palace.
I have told thee the story of my trouble.

Jo Prabhû ne dukh dîâ, soî ham bhongeṅ sârâ,
Yeh Kartâ kâ ânkh nahîṅ ṭartâ hai ṭârâ."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj,
Chalo nagar ke bîch meṅ, kîje shakal samâj:
Kîje shakal samâj âp ke, maiṅ hûṅ agyâ-kârî.
Hâth joṛ kah karûṅ bintî chalîyo sang hamâre.
Baiṭhe râj karo gadî pe, ham hâzir hain thârî.
Ân rahe telî ke ghar meṅ, yeh kyâ bât bichârî?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Ai Rânî, tum se kahûṅ bichhṛan sanjog.
Jo Brahmâ ne likh dîâ, soî bhogne bhog!"

Râgnî.

"Likhî ṭaltî nahîṅ ṭârî!
Suno, Rânî, 'araz hamârî.

The trouble the Lord gave me, I have borne it all.
The fate of the Lord delays not for putting off."

*Râjâ Pingal.**

"With joined hands I say, my Lord Râjâ Nal,
Come into the city, make all thy preparation:
Make all thy preparation, I am thy servant.
With joined hands I beseech thee come with me.
Sit on the throne, I am thy servant.†
In coming into the oilman's house what was thy intention?"

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî (Damwantî), I tell thee that the separation and communion,
Which God wrote down for us, we have borne!"

Song.

"What is written delays not for putting away!
Rânî, hear my words.

---

* Having gone now to Râjâ Nal.
† Observe the use of *hâzir*: see Vol. I., p. 370.

Dusoṭâ paṛ gîâ bhârî,
So hî ham ne sahî sârî.
Bipat Râjâ koî detâ,
So hî maiṅ shîsh par dhartâ.
Kareṅ faryâd kisî setî?
Soch din rât yeh rahtî;
Likhâ jo Karam kâ bharnâ:
Hameṅ phir râj kyâ karnâ?"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Jo janamâ is jagat meṅ dukh sukh us ke sâth.
Chaudah baras ban meṅ phire Bhâve bas Raghu Nâth."

Râgnî.

"Phire ban bîch Raghu Râî.
Dîâ dukh Kevakî Mâî:
Bipat Raghû pe paṛî bhârî.
Kare banoṅ bâs kî tayyârî.

The hard exile that fell upon us,
We have borne it all.
Even had some Râjâ given me this trouble,
That (too) would I have borne.
With whom shall we quarrel?
Day and night this is my thought:
The decree of Fate must be borne:
And what again have I to do with empire?"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Who is born into the world hath joy and pleasure with him.
For fourteen years did Fate cause Raghû Nâth* to wander in the forests."

Song.

"Did Raghû Râî wander in the forests.
Mother Kevakî gave him that trouble:
And heavy grief fell upon Raghû,
And he went to dwell in the forests.

---

* *i.e.*, Râma; allusion to the well-known tale in the *Râmâyaṇa*.

Bipat Pahlâd ko hûî,
Jis se jâneṅ haiṅ sab koî.
Bipat sir pe parî, Râjâ,
Karo yeh dûr sab saṅsâ."

Rajâ Nal.

"Ai Rânî, tum pe kahûṅ yeh biptâ kî bain.
Bhâve bas ban meṅ âe, nek parî nahîṅ chain."

Râgnî.

"Chain parî nahîṅ, Rânî.
Chale biptâ meṅ zindagânî.
Koṭ Narwar taje bhârî.
Gharî dukh kî sahî sârî.
Bât woh hâth nâ âtî.
Bipat meṅ kaun hai sâthî?
Amar jag meṅ nahîṅ koî.
Dîâ dukh maiṅ sahâ soî."

Trouble fell upon Pahlâd,
As every one knows.*
Trouble (too) hath fallen on thy head, Râjâ;
So put away all thy sorrows afar."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, I say to thee words of sorrow.
It was Fate drove us to the forest, this joy seemeth not well to me!"

Song.

"Rânî, I am not at ease.
My life departeth in sorrow.
I have given up great Narwar Fort.
Every moment have I suffered grief.
I cannot recall my word.†
Who is a companion in sorrow?
No one is immortal in the world.
The trouble given me have I borne."

---

* The story of Prahlâda is explained in Vol. II., p. 5.
† In the gambling match to his brother Pushkara.

Râjâ Pingal.

"Is meṅ kis kâ dosh hai? nahaqq karo biyog.
Dukh sukh tan ke sâth haiṅ; kîe Karam kî bhog.
Kîe Karam kî bhog, Râojî, yeh biptâ sab par hoî.
Râm Chandar kî Sîtâ nârî tiyâg dîe ban meṅ soî.
Bûkh piyâs ke tarâs se jin jâe rahe Bâlmîk rikh ke pâsâ.
Baiṭhe râj karo, Mahârâj, pûran Râm kareṅ âsâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Man kî man mâṅ rakhîye, nâ kuchh chalâ upâo;
Bhâve ne ban meṅ ân dîâ tarâo."

Râgnî.

"Kahâṅ merî nâr Damwantî?
Binâ us bât nahîṅ bantî;
Bipat meṅ sang rahî mahârî.
Bachan us ne nahîṅ hârî:

Râjâ Pingal.

"What blame is there in this? Thou sorrowest without cause.
Pain and grief are with all; it is the decree of Fate.
It is the decree of Fate, Râjâ, all have this sorrow.
Sîtâ, Râm Chandar's wife, was deserted in the forests.*
In the misery of hunger and thirst she lived with Bâlmîk the saint.†
Enjoy thy kingdom, Mahârâjâ, and God fulfil thy hope."

Râjâ Nal.

"Let us keep our desires to ourselves, no plans avail;
Fate hath given us trouble in the forests."

Song.

"Where is my wife Damwantî?
Without her I can do nothing,
That accompanied me in my troubles.
She disregarded not my words,

---

* Allusion to the tale of Sîtâ's exile in the *Râmâyaṇa*.

† Vâlmîki, the author of the *Râmâyana*, who received the banished Sîtâ at his house at Chitrakûta.

Patî birt nâr hai merî.
Rahi merî charan kî cherî.
Bichhar gaî prân kî piyârî.
Mere se ho gaî niyârî:
Jagat men dharg merâ jînâ:
Nahîn yehân an jal pînâ!"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Damwantî hai mahil men, chalo us ke pâs.
Râj karo sukh chain men, mat na hot udâs.
Mat nâ ho udâs, Râo, main do kar jor kahûn sârî.
Dûr karo ab soch dilon kî; sang chalo, Râjâ, mahâre,
Karan-hâr Kartâ wahî hai, yeh hî bât main samjhâûn.
Ab nâ der karo, Mahârâjâ, sang chalo, main le jâûn."

Râjâ âe mahil men, sab kâ hûâ milâp.
Dekh apnî nâr ko Râjâ karat bilâp.
Râjâ karat bilâp, Râo Pingal mukh bol kahî bânî.

That is my virtuous wife.
She was ever my slave.
And the beloved of my life is separated from me.
She is parted from me:
It is useless for me to live in the world:
I can neither eat nor drink (more) here!"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Damwantî is in the palace, go thou to her.
Rule at ease and pleasure, and be not sorrowful.
Be not sorrowful, Râjâ, I tell thee all (the story) with both hands joined.
Put away the sorrow of thy heart afar, Râjâ, and come with me.
The Lord is the Doer, this do I tell thee.
Make no delay, Mahârâjâ, let me take thee with me."

The Râjâ wen into the palace and met them all.
And the Râjâ shed tears to see his wife.
The Râjâ shed tears and Râjâ Pingal spake with his mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.

"Garh-matî haiṅ nâr dûî kî; yeh lejo, nische jânî.—
Jo merî ho jâgî kaniyâṅ, tumhare sût hoga, Râjâ
Us sang biyâh karûṅ, kaniyâṅ kâ saka' karei hamarî
kâjâ."

Kirpâ hûî Jâgatamb kî, dharûṅ tumhârâ dhyân
Joṛî ân milâ dîe haṭke Śrî Bhagwân:
Jagat meṅ kîje merî sahâî.
Damwantî aur Râjâ Nal haiṅ haṭke dîe milâe.
Jaisî chand chakor kiran kî prît banî chhab châhî,
Sur munî jan sun kâd kane, terî mâyâ kînî na pâî.
Sâng sampûran karke, Mâtâ, pîchhe bhaneṭ banâî.
Kahte Bansî Lâl, kul, Mât, tû Châr Jugoṅ meṅ dohâî.

Râjâ Pingal.

"Both our wives are pregnant: know this for certain:
If mine be a girl and thine a prince, Râjâ,
I will marry her to him, and the girl shall fulfil our
desires."

Earth-mother, thou hast been gracious and I worship
thee.
The Holy God hath rejoined the pair:
Be Thou (also) my saviour in the world!
Damwantî and Râjâ are again joined together.
As the partridge desires the glory of the moon's rays,
So heroes and saints delight in Thee, but have not
fathomed Thy mysteries!
I finish this my lay, Mother, and then I worship thee.
Saith Bansî Lâl,* Mother, thou art worshipped through-
out the Four Ages.

---

* The author of the poem, see Vol. I., pp. 122, 209, 366; Vol. II., p. 2.

No. XXXI.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ ḌHOL,

AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÂL VILLAGE, NEAR AMBÂLÂ.

[This legend has not, as far as I know, any foundation in the classics like the preceding one, though Ḍhol is always described as the son of Nala. Nala's son classically was Indrasena, and Ḍhola is a very unlikely form to occur in a Sanskrit work.]

[It describes the love of Ḍhol and Mârwan, the daughter of Râjâ Pingal of Pingalgarh, situated in Sangaldîp. These names do not help us much. Pingala is a classical name connected with the Nâgas or Serpent Race, and if Sangaldîp is for Śâkala-dvîpa (or Sâka-dvîpa), the kingdom of Pingala is placed in the Northern Panjâb, an appropriate situation for the kingdom of a Nâga monarch. Ḍhol comes from Narwargarh, or Nalkoṭ, the modern Narwâr, as seen in the preceding legend, in the Gwâlior State, and a place always connected with the legend of Nala. The holders of Narwâr were for ages Kachhwâhâ Râjpûts, a fact brought out in this story by making Ḍhol's wife to be Sammî Kachhwâhî.]

[The language of this poem is much more filled with Persian words—all by the way in a corrupted form—than is usual in such productions.]

TEXT.

Râg Râjâ Dhol beṭá Râjâ Nal kâ.

Simar Bhawânî Sârdâ; ghaṭ meṅ pûre gyân!

Tîn sau sâṭh suheliâṅ le lain apne sâth,
Sarwar tâlâṅ nûṅ âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Châdar mauzâ kholke dhar diâ sarwar tâl:

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Râjâ Dhol, Son of Râjâ Nal.

"I worship Bhawânî and Sârdâ,* may they fulfil me knowledge in my heart!"

Taking 360 maidens with her
Princess Mârwan came to the lake.
She took off her veil and clothes and placed them beside the tank;

---

* In vague imitation of the real bards Sâradâ is Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning, and Bhawânî is Devî.

Mâr mâr chhâlâṅ jaisî baṛ gaî sarwar tâl meṅ :
Tardî Rânî yeh phirî sarwar ke tâl meṅ.
Bol suheliâṅ; kyâ kaheṅ? "Rânîjî Mârwan,
Araz suno merî bintî, araz sun man lâe.
Chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî tere bâbal ke nagar meṅ;
Baṛî muklâwâ jâeṅ.
Kyâ terâ bâbal nirdhanâ? kyâ dhan kî ûchh?"
Aisâ tânâ mârâ chubhî kalîjâ phâṅs.
Ho dilgîr mahiloṅ âwatî, chal mâtâ ke pâs.
Is ne kahâ, "chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî, baṛî muklâwâ jâeṅ.
Kyâ merâ bâp nirdhanâ? kyâ dhan kî ûchh?"
Mâtâ kahe, "nâ terâ bâp nirdhanâ, nâ dhan kî ûchh."
Rânî kahe, "kahâṅ biyâhî? kahâṅ mângî? mere bar ko deo batlâe!"

And springing up she entered it,
And the Princess began to swim about in it.
Said the maidens; what said they? "O Princess Mârwan,
Hear our petition and harken to our prayer.
When we were little we were married in thy father's city:
When we grow up we shall go to our husbands.
Is thy father poor? Is there any lack of wealth?"*
Their reproaches sank into her heart.
Sorrowfully she entered the palace and went to her mother.
Said she, "When they were little, they were married, and when they grow up they will go to their husbands.
Is my father poor? Is there any lack of wealth?"
Said her mother, "Neither is thy father poor, neither is there lack of wealth."
Said the Princess, "Where was I married? where was I betrothed? show me my husband!"

---

* That he hath not arranged thy marriage.

Mâtâ kahe, "sât dinâṅ kî tû thî, nau din kâ Ḍhol:
Thâlî kaṭorâ biyâh karâ, Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ."
Rânî kahe, "kin galîoṅ Ḍhol base? Kyûnkar hogâ mel?"
Dhore Târwan khaṛî Mârwan se kare jawâb:
"Bat baṛî mukh chhoṭâ, kahtî âve lâj."
Ratṛâ palang bichhâke phûloṅ sej bekhar;
Tân dupaṭṭâ so rahoṅ Rânîjî Mârwan, jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol ko yâd karoṅ. Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Supne meṅ Ḍhol mile Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Chalî mahil ko âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Sânj paṛî, din ḍhul gai, Rânîjî Mârwan
Soî mahil ke mâṅ, jî.
Adhî rât naukandh gaî, Ṭhâkurjî Prabhûjî!

Said her mother, "Seven days old wast thou, nine days old was Ḍhol:
Ye were married in a platter and a cup at Narwargaṛh."
Said the Princess, "In what street doth Ḍhol dwell? Where shall I meet him?"
Târwan* standing beside spake to Mârwan:
"Great words from a little mouth† bring shame to the speaker."
Making a red bed and covering it with flowers,
And spreading shawls on it Princess Mârwan lay asleep.
And Mârwan the king's daughter remembered Râjâ Ḍhol.
In her dreams Mârwan the king's daughter met with Ḍhol.
Princess Mârwan went into the palace.‡
The evening fell and the day closed in, and the Princess Mârwan§
Slept within the palace.
It was dead of night at midnight, O my God, my Lord!

---

* Sister to Mârwan. † This is a proverb.
‡ This and the next five lines are rather confused.
§ *Jî*, sir, at the end of the lines is not repeated in the rendering.

"Supne meṅ Ḍholâ mile, sâjan sâjan merâ.
Mujhe milâ supne ko mâṅ, jî."
Pahar rât rah gaî Pingal kî beṭî nûṅ:
Kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharât, jî:
Rânî kî ânkh khul gaî, jî.
Uṭh ke baiṭhî ho gaî Mârwan,
Dil se kare jawâb, jî:
"Rain kâ supnâ mujhe bhâ gayâ, Ṭhâkurjî merâ!"
Kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharât, jî.
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ!
"Araz suno merâ, bintî merî, mâtâ piyârî:
Merî sun dil kî bât, jî.
Rain kâ supnâ bhâ gayâ, merî mâtâ piyâṅ.
In kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharaṭ, jî.
In kunjâṅ ko marwâo de, merî mâtâ piyârî:
Sarwar tâlâṅ ko de puṛwâe, jî."

(Said Mârwan), "In a dream I met Ḍhol, my love, my love.
I met him in a dream!"
A watch of the night remained to Pingal's daughter,
When the cranes* made a noise,
And the Princess opened her eyes.
Mârwan sat up
And said in her heart:
"The dream of the night hath taken hold of me, O my God!"
The cranes made a noise.
The light of the early morn came upon her, O my God, my God! (Said she):
"Hear my prayer and my petition, mother dear.
Hear the desire of my heart.
The dream of the night took hold of me, my mother dear,
And the cranes made a noise.
Slay these cranes, my mother dear,
And fill up the lake."

---

* Properly, wild geese; but here I think the well bred bird *Kulang* is meant, which is a species of crane, the *Ardea Sibirica*.

Bolî Târwan, "kyâ kahe merî bahin Mârwan?
Yeh kunjâṅ haiṅ dusor kî, merî Mârwan,
Yeh jâneṅ Narwargaṛh ko roz, jî."
In tâlâṅ se sobhâ ghanî; merî suntî kyûṅ nahîṅ bât?
Likhke chiṭṭhî bhej do kunjâṅ ke pankh par,
Jâke degeṅ Ḍhol ko de, jî.
Baṛî fajar paharâ nûr kâ Rânî Mârwan
Suheliâṅ lî bulâe, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh suheliâṅ aur Rânî Mârwan
Sarwar tâlâṅ ko jâeṅ, jî:
"Arz suno merî bintî, mere kunjâṅ piyâre!"
Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, jî.
Kunjâṅ kareṅ jawâb, jî:
"Man ke bhed batâ de, rukkâ de likhâ, jî."
Bolî Mârwan, kyâ kaheṅ? "mere kunjâṅ piyâre, jî,
Merî chiṭṭhî tum lejâo Râjâ Ḍhol pe, jî."

Said Târwan, "What saith my sister Mârwan?
These cranes are strangers, my Mârwan!
And they go daily to Narwargaṛh.
The lake beautifieth the place: why dost thou not hear my words?
Write a letter and send it on the wings of the cranes,
And they will go and give it to Ḍhol."
In the early morn at the hour of dawn the Princess Mârwan
Called her maids.
Princess Mârwan with 360 maidens
Went to the lake. (Said she):
"Hear my prayer, my beloved cranes!"
It was the Golden Age of virtue,*
And the cranes spake:
"Tell (him) the secrets of thy heart and write a letter."
Said Mârwan, what said she? "My beloved cranes,
Take my letter to Râjâ Ḍhol."

---

* When animals could talk.

Bole kunjâṅ, "merî araz suno, Rânî Mârwan;
Tum suno hamâri bât.
Likh likh chiṭṭhîâṅ sârî kî bândh do,
Hamâre pankhâṅ ke bândh, jî."
Likh likh chiṭṭhîâṅ ḍîe pankhâṅ ke bândh, jî.
Dharke ḍârî lagâute kunjâṅ pâir.
Narwargaṛh ko âute kunjâṅ dusore.
Sarwar tâlâṅ baṛ gae kunjâṅ piyâre:
Buḍhî kunjâṅ pîchhe rah gaî, jî;
Baiṭhî sarwar ke pâl par, jî.
Pûchhe buḍhî kunj sab kunjâṅ se!
"Woh Râjâ Ḍhol ko chiṭṭhî dikhâ dîe, jî."
Itnî sunke bâhir âwateṅ kunjâṅ piyâre:
Hâth joṛ kareṅ bintî buḍhî kunj se:
"Tere nau par lagte pair, jî;
Hamârî chiṭṭhî to gal gaî, bahin hamârî, jî!
Hamârî jân bachâ de; sun, kunj, merî bât, jî!

Said the cranes, "Hear our prayer, Princess Mârwan,
And hearken to our words.
Write thy letters and tie them,
Tie them to our wings."
She wrote the letters and tied them to their wings,
And the cranes flapped their wings and flew away:
The strange cranes flew to Narwargaṛh.
The kindly cranes entered the lake;
But an old crane remained behind,
And sat on the banks of the lake.
Said the old crane to all the cranes:
"Show the letters to Râjâ Ḍhol."
Hearing this the kindly cranes came out,
And with joined hands (!) besought the old crane:
"We lay our heads nine times at the feet.
Our letters have been wetted, sister!
Save our lives; O crane, hear our words!

Râjâ ko tû apnî chiṭṭhî de dikhâe, jî."
Urî kunj chalke âve mahil ke mâṅ, jî.
Â muṇḍerî baiṭhî, baiṭhî muṇḍerî jâe jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol wa Rânî chaupuṛ khelte jî.
Dekh kunj ko Ḍhol mahil meṅ baṛ gîâ, jî.
Tîr kumân jaise lâutâ Râjâ Ḍhol, jî,
Kunj ne chiṭṭhî de ger, jî.
Sammî Kachhwâhî ne uṭhâ lîê, jî.
Saṛsaṛ chiṭṭhî bânchî, jî:
Rânî Mârwan kî likhî haiṅ aslok, jî.
Itnî meṅ Râjâ Ḍhol âyâ, jî.
Rânî ne us ko dekhke chiṭṭhî phûnk de, jî.
Jaltî chiṭṭhî dekhkar Rânî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Yeh to kyâ chiṭṭhî tû ne phûnk de, Sammîjî Kachhwâhî?
Yeh to de thî kunj ne ger, jî."

Show thy letter to the Râjâ."
The crane flew up and entered the palace,
And sat on the parapet, sat on the parapet.
Râjâ Ḍhol was playing *chaupur* with his Queen,*
And seeing the crane Ḍhol entered the palace.
As Râjâ Ḍhol was fetching his bow and arrows
The crane dropped the letter.
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ,† took it up,
And quickly read the letter, (and knew that)
Princess Mârwan had written the verses.
Meanwhile Râjâ Ḍhol came up,
And the Princess seeing him burnt up the letter.
Seeing the letter burning he said to the Queen:
"What letter is this that thou art burning, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ?
The crane let it drop."

---

* This is evidently the sole occupation of a Râjâ in the villagers' estimation. See below in this legend. See Vol. I., p. 242 ff.

† Ḍhol's wife. The allusion is to the Kachhwâhâs, a well-known tribe of Râjpûts, who, for many centuries, held Narwargaṛh or Narwâr.

Bolî Rânî : kyâ kahe ? "Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî,
Us gaon meṅ koî lâgî nâhîṅ, jî.
Likhke chiṭṭhî de dîe, jî, Rânî Marwan ne
Bhejî kunjâṅ ke hâth, jî !
Kâgâṅ hâth saneṛî, chiṛiâṅ hâth salâm !"
Itnî sunke Ḍhol hûâ man meṅ dilgîr, jî.

Rânî Mârwan dekhe hî bâṭ, jî.
Ghar kâ Brâhman bulâ lîâ Rânî Mârwan, jî.
Â Brâhman ne dîe kalyân, jî :
"Terî kalyân, terî kul kî kalyân, jî !"
"Merî chiṭṭhî tû le jâe, Dâdâjî Brâhman :
Tum le jâîyo Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Narwargaṛh ko tum jâîyo sâjan pe, jî.
Ḍhol sâjan ko do milâe, jî."
Pânch asharfî us ko de dîe buḍḍhe Brâhman.
Chalâ ghar ko âutâ buḍḍhâjî, Brâhman, jî :

Said the Queen, what said she ? "O Râjâ Ḍhol,
There is no messenger in her village,
(And so) Princess Mârwan wrote a letter and gave it
To a crane !
(It is) a message by a crow, a salutation by a bird !"*
Hearing this Ḍhol became sad at heart.

The Princess Mârwan waited.
The Princess Mârwan sent for the household Brâhman.
The Brâhman came and made salutation :
"Prosperity to thee, prosperity to thy race !"
"Take thou my letter, Father Brâhman :
Take it to Ḍhol.
Go thou to Narwargaṛh to my love,
And make a meeting with Ḍhol my love."
Five gold pieces gave she to the old Brâhman.
The old Brâhman went home

* A well-known proverb ; it means that such are never delivered.

Pânch asharfî de dîe apnî Brâhmanî ko, jî:
"Tum is se karo guzârâ, jî."
Majiloṅ majiloṅ chal parâ buḍḍhâjî Brâhman:
Woh to Narwargaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Chalâ mahil ko âwandâ Râjâ Ḍhol pe, jî:
Khaskhas ke bangaloṅ meṅ âutâ Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Âke kalyân dîe Râjâ Ḍhol ko.
"Kis desâṅ se terâ âunâ, Dâdâjî Brâhman?"
"Pingal des se ânâ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî."
Dastâvez to de dîe Râjâ Ḍhol ko.
Saṛsaṛ us ko bânchtâ Râjâ Ḍhol,
Apne man meṅ khushî ho jâe, jî.
Brâhman lekar chale apne mahil meṅ, jî.
Ṭhamak ṭhamak âwandâ mahil meṅ, jî;
Rânî se kartâ jawâb, jî:
"Pingalgaṛh se ânâ Dâdâjî Misar kâ:
Is kâ ratṛâ palang bichhâ do, jî."

And gave the five gold pieces to his wife, (and said):
"Do thou live upon these."
Stage by stage went the old Brâhman,
Going to Narwargaṛh
He went to the palace of Râjâ Ḍhol,
He went to Ḍhol in the thatched house,
And saluted Râjâ Ḍhol.
"From what land art thou come, Father Brâhman?"
"I am come from Pingal to Narwargaṛh."
He gave the letter to Râjâ Ḍhol.
Râjâ Ḍhol quickly read it,
And was pleased in his heart.
Taking the Brâhman with him he went into the palace.
Jauntily went he into the palace
And spake to the Queen.
"Father Brâhman hath come from Pingalgaṛh,
Make a red bed for him."

Itnî kahke Râjâ chal paṛâ, jî.
Kache sût kâ palang bichhâ dîâ bhañwarî kî mâñ:
Chiṭṭî châdar tân de palang par, jî.
Phir usî Brâhman ko bulâ lîâ Rânî ne, jî:
"Merî araz suno, Mahârâj, jî."
Jab Brâhman â gîâ mahil ke mâñ, jî,
Bolî Rânî, "tujh ko âkhde, buḍḍhe se Brâhman,
Âo, tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
Jab woh palang par baiṭhâ buḍḍhâ sâ Brâhman,
Woh to gir paṛâ bhañwarî ke mâñ, jî.
Wahâñ se palang uṭhâ lîâ Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî, jî.
Âke Ḍhol Râjâ, Rânî se kare jawâb:
"Mujhe deo Brâhman ko batâe, jî."
Bolî Rânî; kyâ kahe? "Râjâjî Ḍholâ jî,
Woh bhâg gîâ Brâhman mahil se, jî."
Râjâ Ḍhol ko sunke us kâ lagâ farâk, jî.

Saying this the Râjâ went away,
She made him a bed of unwoven thread over the well,
And spread a white sheet over it.
Then the Queen called the Brâhman (and said):
"Hear my petition, Mahârâj,* (and come)."
When the Brâhman came into the palace,
Said the Queen, "I say to thee, old Brâhman,
Come and sit on thy bed."
When the old Brâhman sat on the bed
He fell into the well.
Queen Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, took away the bed.
Came Râjâ Ḍhol and said to the Queen:
"Let me see the Brâhman."
Said the Queen; what said she? "O Râjâ Ḍhol,
The Brâhman hath fled the palace."
Hearing this Râjâ Ḍhol became sorrowful.

* Common form of address to Brâhmans.

Wahâṅ Rânî Mârwan Brâhman kî dekh bâṭ, jî.
"Khabar sâr mujhe nâ dîe, jî, buḍḍhe Brâhman.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Kaun jâne Brâhman mar gîâ?" Mîrâsî lîâ bulâe, jî.
Jai jawâhir bât kare woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
"Garj dîwânî maiṅ phirûṅ, mere bâbal kâ Mîrâsî:
Mere garjâṅ pûro, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍhol.
Mere Ḍhol sâjan ko milâ de, jî."
"Terâ bhijâ jâûṅgâ, Pingal kî beṭî Mârwan:
Mere laṛkoṅ kâ kaun ahwâl, jî?"
"Le jâ pânch asharfî, tere wârî jâwâṅ, Mîrâsî:
De jâ mîrâsan ke hâth, jî.
Sanjam se laṛkoṅ ko, sanjam se kare guzârâṅ."
Leke pânch asharfî jâîo Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ:
Rangale dutârî meṅ pâutâ, jî,

Princess Mârwan awaited the Brâhman.
"The old Brâhman hath brought me no news.
It is 360 *kos* from Ḍhol the son of Nal:
Who knows but that the Brâhman be dead?" She sent for her Minstrel.
The Minstrel made his salutation.
"I am in great straights, O Minstrel of my father;
Do thou help me.
At 360 *kos* hence dwelleth Ḍhol the son of Nal.
Make me to meet with Ḍhol my love."
"I will go whither thou sendest O Mârwan, daughter of Pingal:
But what will happen to my children?"
"Take five gold pieces, as I am thy sacrifice, Minstrel,
And give them to thy wife,
That she may carefully, carefully feed her children."
The Minstrel took the five gold pieces
And put them into his painted fiddle,

Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî, jî.
Woh ṭukre mângne gîâ bhûl:
Ṭukre kâ kâṅsâ mârtâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî.
Chalâ apne ghar ko âve, jî.
Pânchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛkoṅ ko le rahe mîrâsan, jî.
Ṭukroṅ kî dekhî bâṭ, jî.
Dûr se âwate ko dekhke Mîrâsî ko,
Us ne teorî lî chaṛhâe;
Mathe meṅ pâpî bâl, jî:
"Kis dûtî ne bharmâ lîâ tukre dîe jo chhoṛ?
Âj ke ṭukre kahâṅ gaṅwâ de, sun sâjan merâ?
In laṛkon kâ kaun ahwâl?"
"Ṭukre meṅ se tujhe kyâ khânâ, sun mîrâsan merâ?
Tû to nân pulâo uṛâo, jî!"
"Ukhṭî kamâî mujhe dikhâ de, sun sâjan merâ."
Rangalâ dutârî jhâṛdâ, woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ:

Did Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
He gave up begging
And tossed away his begging-bowl, did Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel.
He went to his own house.
His wife was playing with her half-dozen sons,
And waiting for the scraps.
She saw the Minstrel coming from afar,
She frowned heavily,
And her countenance was wrathful (and she said):
"What witch hath charmed thee that hast given up begging?
Where hast lost to-day's scraps, my husband?
What will become of these boys?"
"What have scraps to do with thee, my wife?"
"Do thou cook bread and stews!"
"Show me thy earnings, O my husband."
The Minstrel shook out his painted fiddle:

Ghar meṅ ho gaî dekhke mât, jî !
Apne man meṅ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ, jî, mîrâsan se bole:
"Rânî Mârwan bhejî hai Ḍhol ke pâs.
Tere kyâ man bhâutâ ? Tu to mîrâsan baigî merî :
Mujhe man ke bhed batâu, jî."
Jab mîrasan samjhâtî apṅe khâvind ko :
"Sun merî bât, jî.
Gharî meṅ jâtâ, pal meṅ jâîyo, jî.
Rânî kî sandesâ pûro, jî."
Man meṅ apne sochtî, man men kare bichâr;
"Gharî meṅ kaḍhtâ pal meṅ kaḍh :
Pîchhe man bhâutî khâwan."
Jab sunke Mîrâsî mîrâsan se kare jawâb :
"Sher, baghîre, chîte kâ râstâ;
Woh to jâenge mujh ko khâe, jî.
Apne hâthoṅ kî do roṭîâṅ, jî,

And the household were pleased at what they saw.
Thinking in his mind the Minstrel spake to his wife and said :
"Princess Mârwan hath sent me to Ḍhol.
What thinkest thou ? Thou art my wife.
Tell me the secret (thought) of thy heart (as to this)."
Then said his wife to her lord :
"Hear my words.
If thou hadst to go in an hour, go in a moment,
And fulfil the Princess' message."
She thought in her heart and pondered in her soul :
"If I had to send him in an hour I would send him in a moment,
That I might enjoy myself to my heart's content."
When he heard his wife said the Minstrel :
"The way is of tigers and wolves and leopards ;
They may eat me on the way.
Give me two loaves with thy hands,

Mujhe ziâfat de jimâe, jî."
"Bhûn pakâ dûn tujhe khichṛî, sun sâjan sâjan merâ;
Tujhe jholke deûn jimâe."
"Khichṛî khichṛî kyâ kahe? Khichṛî baṛî bakhân!
Kab pakâoge? kab bhawanâ? kab jîmke Narwargaṛh ko jâûn?
Apne hâthon kî do roṭîân, sun, mîrâsan merî,
Hâzir kâ melâ jimâîye jî.
Ser ḍhâî âṭâ chholân kâ lâîye, jî:
Sawâ sawâ ser ke do roṭ, jî.
Chutkâ kalar nûn kâ, pânch châr ghaṭhe lâîye, jî.
Chûle se nîche sarkâ deîye, jî."
Ṭukre ṭorke mukh men pâ lîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne:
Ghaṭhâ lîâ thâ dabâe, jî.
Ṭukrâ to mukh men phûl gîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ke:
Ghaṭhe men se chhuṭ gaî ânkh men chhinṭ, jî!

And let me eat them in safety."
"I will cook thee a dish of rice and pulse, O my love, my love:
I will give thee food in plenty.
"Rice and milk, rice and milk, what sayest thou? Rice and milk is lofty fare!
When will it be cooked? when will it be put in the oven? when shall I eat it and go to Narwargaṛh?
A couple of loaves from thy own hands, hear, my wife,
That are ready, give me to eat.
Bring two and a half *sèrs* of pulse,
And make me loaves of one and a quarter each.
Sprinkle a little salt on them and bring one or two onions:
And give me a loaf from off the hearth."
The Minstrel broke off a piece and put it in his mouth,
Mixing the onions with it.
The bread swelled in the Minstrel's mouth,
And the onion spirted into his eyes!

Ghaṭhe kâ khânâ to pahile ronâ, jî, Ṭhâkur, Ṭhâkur merâ!
Palkâṅ se chaltâ nîr, jî.
Jab mîrâsan bolṭî Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko:
"Bhojan pâve yâ ro rahâ, sun sâjan merâ, jî?"
"Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, sun mîrâsan merî:
Mujh ko laṛkoṅ kâ â giâ daregh, jî.
Kûṇḍâ soṇṭâ lâ de, sun mîrâsan merî:
Sûkhe mirchâṅ lâe de, jî."
Devî Surasti manâ lîe Mîrâsî ke bete ne;
Awalâṅ kar lî yâd, jî.
Dharke ragṛâ lagâ dîâ, jî,
Bhang lîe banâe, jî.
Aur dafâ patlâ pûlâ pîve thâ, jî;
Gâṛhâ sûkhâ lîâ banâe, jî.
Pânch châr piyâlâ pîtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
"Hukkâ tâjâ karke lâ de, mîrâsan merî:

To eat onions is to weep,* O my God, my God!
The water ran from his eyes.
Then said his wife to the Minstrel:
"Art eating or weeping, O my husband?"
"Food is indeed God,† hear, my wife;
I was (sorrowful for) the separation from my sons.
Bring me pestle and mortar, hear, my wife:
And bring me some dry pepper."
The Minstrel called on Devî and Saraswatî,‡
Thinking first of them.
He began to pound.
And prepared some *bhang*.§
Before he used to take it thin,
Now he made it thick and strong.
The Minstrel drank off four or five cups. (Said he):
"Make ready my pipe, my wife,

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* This is a proverb. † This is a proverb.
‡ See first line.
§ The intoxicant *bhang* is made by grinding hemp leaves to a fine powder and mixing with water.

Mujhe kone meṅ khindṛâ bichhâ de, jî."
Hukke kâ pînâ amal chaṛh gîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.
Kone meṅ gîâ kaṭhâ ho jî.
Pâṅchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛke ko le chalî mîrâsan us kî:
Chalî bazâr kî sair ko, jî.
Ghûmtî ghûmtî âî halwâî ke dûkân ko.
Sharfî dhar dî halwâî kî bâṭ, jî:
"Changî changî shîrnîṅ mujhe dilâîye, jî."
Changî changî shîrnîṅ le lîe halwâî ke laṛke se.
Thoṛâ thoṛâ laṛkoṅ ke hâth meṅ rakh dîâ, jî:
Aur sab châṭ lî âp, jî.
Dusrî pherî chalke âutî bhaṭiâre ke dûkân pe:
"Bhojan dâût mujh ko de de, merî nagarî kî Bhaṭiârî."
"Jo tere man bhâve le le, merî Mîrâsan."
Asharfî rakh dî us kî tandûr par, jî:
"Nân pulâo mujhe de de kofta, merî Bhaṭiârî:
Zardâ pulâo change change de de, jî."

And let me sleep in a corner on a mat."
As he smoked the pipe the Minstrel was overcome,
And became insensible in the corner.
His wife took her half-dozen sons;
And went for a walk in the market.
Wandering about she came to a confectioner's shop.
She put down a gold piece in the confectioner's shop,
(Saying): "Give me the best of sweetmeats."
The confectioner gave her the best of sweetmeats;
A few she gave into her children's hands,
And all the rest she ate up herself.
Next she came to an eating-house, (saying):
"Give me of the best food, my Cook's wife of the town."
"Take to thy heart's desire, my Minstrel's wife."
She put down a gold piece at the eating-house, (saying):
"Give me bread and stew and roast, my Cook's wife:
Give me an excellent stew."

Thoṛâ thoṛâ laṛkoṅ ke hâth meṅ rakh dià, jî :
Bâkî sab chât lià âp, jî.
Ghûmtî ghûmtî chalî gharâṅ ko jâe, jî.
Rangalâ charkhâ to âke ḍhâ lià, jî.
Ghûngaṭ lîâ nikâl, jî.
Lambâ ghûngaṭ ḍâlke dobrâ de sunâe :
"Terâ suhâg se maiṅ raṇḍî rahûṅ, jî.
Katne katke khâûṅ, jî :
Apnâ laṛkoṅ ko tû sâm le, jî."
Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kare, jî :
Mîrâsî man meṅ kare bichâr, jî :
"Pâṅchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛkoṅ ko rahî sâm, jî ;
Ghar ko rahî thî sâm, jî."
Rangalâ dutârâ khûṇḍe se utâr lià Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne :
Chalâ shahr ko jâe, jî.
"Rânî Mârwan ne mujhe bhej dià Narwargaṛh ko,
Us se kyâ dûngâ jâwâb, jî ?"

A little she gave into her children's hands,
And all the remainder she ate up herself.
Wandering along she returned home.
She got out her painted spinning wheel,
And she got out a veil.
Putting on a long veil spake she (to her husband)
"I had rather be a widow than married to thee.
Spinning will I support myself :
And do thou support thy own sons."
He washed not his hands, he rinsed not his mouth ;
The Minstrel thought in his heart :
"She always supported the half-dozen sons :
She always supported the household."
The Minstrel took his painted fiddle from off the peg,
And went to the city, (saying to himself) .
"Princess Mârwan sent me to Nawargaṛh,
What shall I answer her now ?"

Apne sochtâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke kâ,
Âp kahte kahe bât, jî :
"Nîche kar lûṅ sârangî kî târ, jî :
Nîche gâungâ âwâz, jî."
Bârâh muṭhî kî târ chaṛhâ lîe, jî ;
Wahâṅ pe pahunchî âwâz, jî.
Jab man meṅ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ ;
Man meṅ soch bichâr :
"Do mahînâ to bâniyoṅ meṅ guzâr dûṅ, Ṭhâkur Prabhû mere !
Do mahînâ guzâr dûṅ Sayyidâṅ ke.
Maiṅ do mahînâ guzâr dûṅ Shekhoṅ meṅ, jî.
Chhah mahînâ batît karûṅ, sun, Ṭhâkurjî mere :
Jo Rânî Mârwan pûchhûngî, Pingal kî beṭî,
Us se jaisâ kaisâ dûngâ jawâb, jî."
Urd bazâr meṅ âve Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
Woh to mâre prem kî târ, jî.

Thought the Minstrel to himself,
Consulting with himself :
"I will tune my fiddle low,
And I will sing with a low voice."
He strung a string of twelve ells,
And tuned his voice thereto.
Then thought the Minstrel to himself,
Thinking in his heart :
"Two months will I spend with the merchants, O my God, my Lord !
Two months will I spend with the Sayyids,
And two months will I spend with the Shekhs.
Six months will I sing, hear me, O my God,
And when Princess Mârwan, Pingal's daughter, asks me questions
I will give her a suitable answer."
So Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel went into the crowded market,
And he sang a song of love.

Chaṛhî mahil ûpar ke dekhtî Rânî Mârwan;
Kharî sukhâwan kesb, jî.
Kân bulel baṛ gaî Mîrâsî beṭe kî:
Paṛ gaî kân bulel, jî.
Apnî bândî ko bulâkar bândî se karî jawâb:
"Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ tû le dast ke bîch, jî;
Do châr koṛaṛâ mârke Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.
Tum lâo mahil ke bîch, jî."
Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ bândî ne le lîe hâth meṅ:
Woh to jâe Mîrâsî ke pâs, jî:
"Mahiloṅ Rânî bulâutî tujh ko, Mîrâsî ke laṛke!
Ṭujhe Rânî ne kar lîâ yâd, jî!"
Chupkâ chupkâ âge ho lîâ chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî;
Kartâ Rânî se jawâhir, jî.
"Bâveṅ hâth tere kyâ paṛâ, Mîrâsî ke laṛke?
Hâth dahine kyâ paṛâ, jî?

Mounting her palace (roof) Princess Mârwan was looking (about her),
Standing drying her hair.
The song of the Minstrel caught her ear;
His song caught her ear.
She called her maid and said to her:
"Take a whip of nine thongs in thy hand,
And give the Minstrel three or four blows with it,
And bring him into the palace."
The maid took a whip of nine thongs in her hand,
And went to the Minstrel, (and said):
"The Princess calls thee within the palace, Minstrel!
The Princess hath remembered thee!"
Silently and quietly he entered the palace
And saluted the Princess. (Said she):
"What lies at thy left hand, Minstrel?
What lies at thy right hand?

Bâveṅ hâth Lâl Khâṅ lakṛî paṛâ, jî !
Dahine hâth sârâ, jî !
Lâl Khâṅ lâkṛî men pair de de, jî,
Tere piṇḍe par phirungî sâr."
"Lâl Khâṅ lakṛî maiṅ pair nâ dûṅ, Rânî Mârwan.
Mere piṇḍe par na sâr."
"Maiṅ to jânâṅ thâ âdhî tiâhî pahunch gîâ, jî.
Tû ne merî jîûṛî ko lâyâ daregh, jî !"
Bole Mîrâsî, "Dastâvez mujhe likhâ de, jî.
Main to Ḍhol dûngâ dikhâe, jî."
Korâ sâ kâghaz mangâ lîâ, jî :
Baiṭh chaubâre ke chhâûṅ meṅ, jî,
Likh dî dastâvez, jî.

Dastâvez.

"Chaṛhtâ joban yûṅ chaṛhâ, jûṅ Sâṅûṅ kî lor :

At thy left hand lie the stocks !*
At thy right hand a whip !
I will put thy feet into the stocks,
And flourish the whip over thy body."
"I will not let my feet into the stocks, Princess Mârwan,
Nor the whip upon my body."
"I thought that thou hadst reached a half or a third of the way.
Thou hast brought sorrow into my life !"
Said the Minstrel, "Write me a letter,
That I may show it to Ḍhol."
She sent for fair paper,
And sitting in the shade of the balcony,
She wrote a letter.

Letter.

"My youth was flourishing as flourish the clouds in July.†

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* The stocks in India are always called "Lâl Khâṅ's rods." I do not know why.

† The wettest month of the rains in India.

Chaṛhtâ joban maiṅ to gherâ, jûṅ gherâ mâli bâgh.
Ḍhultâ joban merâ yûṅ, jûṅ bâlû kâ rît.
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ, sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ :
Bhû meṅ sûkhe jawâr, jî.
Rânî sûkhe pîû ke Ḍholâ sajan kî nâr !
Amb pakke, ras chû gaî, chûsanwâle dûr !
Sûkhî gehûṅ kuṛh gaî, silâ baṭoro ân !
Chhân purânî ho gaî, khurkan lâge bâṅs.
Hâth na dhoî, kuli na karî, tere ghar meṅ zât kuzât
Peṭ gharâ, sir dâlaṛ, sângar ṭoran jâeṅ !
Nau ṭânk kî padmanî Rânîjî Mârwan :
Ṭolî phûlâṅ de bhâr !
Patlî patlî kâmnî maiṅ Mârwan,
Khâûṅ ḍhâî chânûṅ, jî ! "

Blooming youth encompassed me as a garden encompasseth the gardener.
Now my youth is declining as a wall of sand.
The millet is drying up in the yard ; hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
The millet is drying up in the earth,
The Princess is pining for her love, the wife of Ḍhol her husband !
The mango is ripe, its juice drips and the gatherer is far !
The wheat has ripened, come and take the gleanings !
The thatch is growing old, the bamboos creak.
She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth, that low woman in thy house :
Belly like a pitcher, head like a basket, she gathereth strange fruit !
(But) a peerless beauty is Princess Mârwan,
Weighed beside flowers !
A slim and slender maid am I, thy Mârwan,
Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice !"

Mârwan ne pâtî likhî, "Sâjan sâjan merâ!"
Woh to de de Mîrâsî ke hâth, jî.
Âgâṛî âgâṛî kar liâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ;
Chalî shahr se jâe, jî.
Chal bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
Woh to chalâ chalâ jâe, jî;
Âge to mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
Sâun ko bichârdâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
Sir par khârî rakh dî Mâlî kî laṛkî:
Khârî meṅ pâ rahî tarkârî.
Âsâ us ko lag rahî, jî.
Bharî abkonî mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
"Jekar Rewâ mil gaî mujh ko Mâlî kî,
Maiṅ lâûṅ Ḍhol ko sâth, jî!"
Âgâṛî âgâṛî jaisâ âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ;

Mârwan wrote the letter, (saying), "O my love, my love!"
She gave it into the Minstrel's hands,
And sent Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, forward on his road;
Going (back herself) from the city.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went into the garden.
Going on the road
He met Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter.*
And Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, bethought him of the omen.
The Gardener's daughter had her basket on her head,
And the basket was full of garden fruits.
Then had he hope.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, was (also) pregnant.
(Said he); "Since I have met with Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter,
I will bring Ḍhol with me!"
As Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, was going onwards,

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* The bard is here anticipating in the confusing way common to his class. Rewâ was the chief of Mârwan's maids. See below line 1043.

Âgâṛî to ghoṛewâlâ mil gîâ ghoṛe kâ sawâr:
Woh to ḍolâ le rahâ sâth, jî.
"Ṭhâkur, mujh ko ghoṛewâlâ mil gîâ, jî:
Maiṅ to lâûṅ Ḍhol ko sâth, jî."

Majiloṅ majiloṅ chal paṛâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ;
Narwargaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Sawâ sau kos pakke par â gîâ âve chaukî ke pâs, jî.
Bole chaukîdâr; kyâ kahe? "Sun, râste kâ musâfir,
Kahâṅ se âyâ? kahâṅ ko chalâ? Sun, râste kâ musâfir."
"Pingalgaṛh se â gîâ, sun, chaukî ke sipâhî:
Maiṅ Narwargaṛh ko jâûṅ, jî.
Sâṅwaliâ merâ nâm hai, sun chaukî ke sipâhî."
Bole sipâhî, "tujhe kyâ kahûṅ? Sûn, Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî:
Hamârî nagarî meṅ nâ baṛo, sun, Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ke,

He met in the way a horseman on a horse,
Taking a bride's palanquin with him.
(Said he): "O God, since I have met a horseman (thus),
I will bring Ḍhol with me!"

Stage by stage Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on,
And went to Narwargaṛh.
Going 125 *kos* on the metalled road* he came to a guard.
Said the guard; what said he? "Hear, traveller on the road,
Whence comest thou? Whither goest? Hear, traveller on the road."
"I am come from Pingalgaṛh, hear, keeper of the guard,
And I go to Narwargaṛh.
Sâṅwaliâ is my name, hear, keeper of the guard."
Said the guard, "What shall I tell thee? Hear, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ:
Enter not into our city; hear, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ.

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* Observe this *very* modern expression.

Nagar meṅ nâ baṛîye mûl, jî."
Devî Sârdâ manâ lîe Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî ne:
Is ne ablâ kar lî sâr, jî.
Dharke ragṛâ lagâ dîâ Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî ne;
Sûkhâ dîâ banâe, jî.
"Mardâṅ ke, piyâlâ pî lo, jî:
Thoṛî thoṛî chuskaṛî le lo, jî."
Woh sipâhî labaṛ goṭe râste ke basnewâle:
Bhar bhar piyâlâ pilâ dîe Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne.
Charas kâ sulfâ pilâ dîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne.
Sulfâ kâ pînâ amal ho gîâ sipâhî ko:
Nashe meṅ ho gae chor, jî.
Chhâtî pe pair rakhke lakh gîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne,
Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî.
Narwargaṛh meṅ baṛ gîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ.
Sâṅj paṛî, din ḍhul gîâ, dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.

Go not into the city at all!"
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, called on Devî and Sârdâ:
This did he first.
Then ground he (the *bhang*), did Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
And he made it thick (and said):
"My braves, drink a cup:
Take each a little sip."
The guard were stout swaggerers on the high road,
And Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them a full cup each.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them each a cup of *bhang*.
Drinking of the cup overcame the guard,
And they were shamefully drunk.
Putting his feet on their breasts Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on
Into Narwargaṛh.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, entered Narwargaṛh.
It was evening as the day declined and the cattle began to collect,

Chalke Siryâ Kumhârî ke bâr meṅ â gîâ, jî.
" Âj kî rain bisrâm de, nagar kî rî Kumhârî:
Bhulke ko ḍere kûnch, jî."
" Paṛ jâ gadhâṅ kî dahlez meṅ, terî wârî jâwâṅ, musâfir."
Âsâṛh Jeṭh ke samâṅ hûî. " Merî nagar kî Kumhârî,
Tale se bhaṛsâ mâre, mere Ṭhâkurjî;
Ûpar se khâegî khaṛsâ, jî.
Changî jagâ batâ de, nagar kî Kumhârî."
" Chaṛh jâ is puṛsâl par, wârî jâwâṅ, musâfir."
Chaṛh gîâ puṛsâl par Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ:
Sahîh sâṅj rahâ so, jî.
Adhî rât garhtâl bajî Râjâ Ḍhol kî;
Chalâ bâhir jangal ke shikâr, jî.
Rangalâ dutârâ saṅwârtâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ.
Bole Mîrâsî; kyâ kahe?

And going on he came to the door of Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said):
" Give me a night's rest, O Potter's wife of the city,
In the morning I make a march."
" Lie down in the asses' stall, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."
It was the season of May and June* (and he said): " My Potter's wife of the city,
The smell arises from beneath, by my God!
And the heat destroys me from above.
Show me some better place, O Potter's wife of the city."
" Come up these stairs, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went up the stairs,
And slept (there) the early evening.
At midnight were sounded the gongs of Râjâ Ḍhol,
As he went without for sport in the forests.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, took out his painted fiddle.
Sang the Minstrel: what sang he?

---

* The hottest time of the year.

Râgnî.

"Sun Govind, Govind merâ !
Is Mârwan ne pâtî likhî, sun, Nal Râjâ ke Ḍhol,
Baiṭh chaubâre kî chhâûṅ, jî.
Ânsû gerî mor sî, dhar mashtak par hâth :
'Âwan âwan kar rahâ lâ dîe bârah mâs !'
Chhân purâni ho gaî, khuṛkan lâge bâṅs !
Kyâ tere kâghaz gal gae ? kyâ siyâhî kî ûchh ?
Rânî ko bharosâ tere nâm kâ, tere nâm kî oṭ !
Mârwan mâran jog, kâṭan jog karîr :
Bayâṅ chûṛî jog haiṅ, pahine jog sarîr !
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ : bhûîṅ sûkhe jawâr !
Rânî sûkhe pîû ke, Ḍhol sâjan kî nâr !
Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî na karî, jî,.

Song.

"Hear me, O my God, my God !
Mârwan hath written a letter, hear me, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
Sitting in the shade of the balcony.
The peacock-formed shed tears and put her hand tò her head (saying) :
'He both been twelve months in coming, coming !'
The thatch hath waxed old, and bamboos are cracking !
Hath thy paper rotted ? Hast thou lack of ink ?
The Princess hath faith in thee, hath confidence in thy name.
Mârwan is losing her beauty, suffering as the acacia.*
Her bracelets become her arms, her body becomes the keeper !
The millet is drying up in the yard, the millet is drying up in the earth !
The Princess pineth for her love, the wife of Ḍhol her husband !
She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,

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* This particular tree grows in the deserts only, as a rule. See line 632 below.

Ghar meṅ zât kuzât!
Moṭî pînî, zâṅg bal, sâlgar ṭoran jâîṅ!"

Itnî bât jab sun le Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Dil meṅ soch bichâre, jî :
"Jis Mîrâsî kî sifat sunoṅ thî,
Prabhû, Prabhû merâ, jî!
Woh to â giâ nagar ke mâṅ, jî!"
Zanânâ bhes utârtî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Kar lîâ mardânâ bhes, jî.
Nau târ kâ koṛaṛa lîâ hâth ke bîch :
Chal Siryâ Kumhârî ke âve, jî.
"Rât ke chor batâ de, jis ne râtoṅ ko pâyâ kharâṭ :
Kûnch kî sûlî de dûṇgî, jî!
Râtoṅ pâyâ kharâṭ Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh na lage, jî!"
"Sâṅj ke wakt mujh ko yeh to namânâ dekhe thâ, jî.

That low woman in thy house!
Stout of belly, fat of thigh, the gatherer of wild fruit!"

When Queen Sammî the Kachhwâhâ heard these words,
She thought in her heart :
"The Minstrel whose praises I had heard,
O my God, my God!
Hath come into the city!"
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, put off her women's clothes,
And put on men's clothes.
She took a whip of nine thongs in her hand
And went to Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said) :
"That thief of the night, who made a noise in the night,
I will have him hanged (at once)!
Owing to the noise in the night Râjâ Ḍhol never closed his eyes!"
(Said the Potter's wife) ; "In the evening he seemed to me to be quiet enough.

Chaṛh jâ us puṛsâl par nagar dalîchâ* lînâ dekh.
Kân bûchke paṛ rahâ Mîrâsî kâ, jî."
Woh to sipâhî ûpar chaṛh gîâ, jî:
Ṭhokar mârke uṭhâ dîâ sote musâfir ko.
"Râtoṅ tû ne shor machâyâ, musâfir chitrâ, jî:
Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh nâ lage, jî.
Kûnch kî sûlî tayyâr kare, musâfir chitrâ, jî:
Tû to ho le mere sâth, jî."
"Aisî taisî meṅ gaî Mârwan, jî,
Ûpar se gayâ Râjâ Ḍhol, jî!
Merî jân bachâ le, sipâhî sâjan, jî:
Mujh ko denâ chhoṛ, jî."
Jab sipâhî boltâ, "tû sun, musâfir, bât, jî,
Mujhe gânṭh-girâ dîkhâ de, musâfir jî:
Mujhe paisâ dhelâ denâ, de, jî."
Do ashaṛfî nikâltâ Mîrâsî, jî;
Woh de dîe sipâhî ko, jî.

Go up the ladder and take a look over the city lanes,
And see where the Minstrel is squatting."
The (sham) soldier went up
And kicked up the sleeping traveller, (and said):
"Thou didst make a noise in the night, my fine traveller,
And Râjâ Ḍhol never closed his eyes.
He is getting ready a halter (for thee), my fine traveller:
Follow thou me."
(Said the Minstrel): "Perdition fall on Princess Mârwan,
And after her on Râjâ Ḍhol!
Save thou my life, friendly soldier,
And let me go."
Then said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller, hear my words,
Show me thy pocket:
And thou must give me some cash."
The Minstrel took out two gold pieces
And gave them to the (sham) soldier.

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* For *galîchâ*.

Do asharfî le leṅ musâfir se, jî,
Dîâ darwâzâ se nikâl, jî.
Bole sipâhî, "musâfir, jî,
Tû sun bhâî bintî, jî,
Yehâṅ se tû bhâg jâ, jî:
Pichhâ phirke mat dekhnâ, mere sâjan, jî."

Âgâṛî âgâṛî chal paṛâ Mîrâsî:
Devî lî thî manâe, jî.
"Mere chitrâ, mere sâjan ho, jî:
Rangalâ dutârâ utârtâ, mere chitrâ, jî."
Woh to Rangalâ dutârâ bajâe, jî:
"Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar meṅ, jî;
Ab chalâ nirâsâ ho, jî!"
Râjâ Ḍhol chalâ âve thâ, jî.
Us kî âwâz Ḍhol ne sun lî, jî.
"Jaunsî bât tû to gâtâ âve thâ, jî,

Taking two gold pieces from the traveller
He put him out of the gate.
Said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller,
Hear thou my words.
Run thou away from here,
Without even looking back, my friend."

The Minstrel went onwards,
And invoked Devî.
(Said she):* "My wise one, my beloved one,
Take out the painted fiddle, my wise one."
He played on his painted fiddle, (and sang):
"With hope came I into this city,
Without hope do I leave it!"
Râjâ Ḍhol was passing
And he heard his song. (Said he):
"What thou wast singing on thy way

---

* *i.e.*, the Goddess.

Wahî mujhe gâke sunâ de, jî.
Tujhe parâî kyâ paṛî, mere chitrâ, jî ?"
"Ghoṛewâlâ, tujhe apne kâm se kâm, jî."
"Terâ dohrâ mere man basâ, mujhe dohrâ deîye sunâe, jî."
"Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar mâṅ, jî :
Chalâ main nirâsâ ho, jî."
Bahân pakaṛke pichhe biṭhlâ lîâ, ab chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
Dekh Mîrâsî ko Rânî man meṅ sochî, jî.
Ghoṛâ bândh Râjâ guṛsâl meṅ chalâ mahil ko jâe :
Chalâ mahil ko âve : chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
Bole Râjâ Ḍhol, "Merî Rânî, jî,
Is ko palang denâ bichhâe, jî.
Change bhojan jimâ deîyo, merî Rânî ho.
Is ko khûb karwâo ashnân, jî."
Sunke Rânî ne palang toshak lî bichhâe, jî :

Do thou sing to me.
Why sing for another, my wise one ?"
"Horseman, mind thine own affairs."
"Thy song hath sunk into my heart, do thou sing to me."
"With hope came I into this city,
Without hope do I leave it !"
(The horseman) seized him by the arm, sat him behind him and took him to the palace.
Seeing the Minstrel the Queen thought in her heart.
The Râjâ fastened the horse in the stable and went into the palace :
Went into the palace went into the palace.
Said Râjâ Ḍhol : "My Queen,
Make a bed for him ;
And give him good fare, my Queen,
And bathe him well."
Hearing this the Queen prepared a bed,

Chandan chaukî ḅichhâ die, jî:
Dahî phulel mangâyâ ho, jî.
Ang mal mal nahâutâ woh Mîrâsî;
Le Allah kâ nâm, jî.
Rânî Mârwan kî poshâk thî, jî,
Woh to pahinî Mîrâsî ne, jî.
Ḍhâî ser âṭâ chhole kâ Rânî ne gundûr lîâ:
Sawâ sawâ ser kî do roṭî pakwâî, jî.
Chuṭkâ dhar kalar nûn kâ, do ghaṭhe pyâz ke, jî:
Chauke ke nîche khaskâ dîâ, jî.
Rânî ne Mîrâsî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Bhojan lâûn to jîm le, jî."
Ṭorke ṭukrâ mukh men pâyâ, jî.
Mukh men gîâ phûl, jî: ghaṭhe kî paṛ gaî chhînṭ, jî.
Ghaṭhâ khânâ ronâ: palkon se bahe nîr, jî.
Sammî Kachhwâhî bolî, "Bhojan pâve kyûn rove hai, jî?

And placed a sandal-wood stool,
And sent for curds and cosmetics.
The Minstrel anointed his body and bathed.
And called on God!*
The robes that were Princess Mârwan's
The Minstrel put on.
The Queen kneaded two and a half *sers* of flour
And made loaves of one and a quarter *sers* each.
She sprinkled salt over them and put in two onions,
And took them out of the hearth.
Said the Queen to the Minstrel:
"I bring the food, eat it."
He broke a piece and put it into his mouth.
It swelled in his mouth and the onion spirted.
To eat onions is to weep: the tears flowed from his eyes.
Said Sammî the Kachhwâhâ, "Having got thy food
why weepest?

---

* He is described as a Hindû up to this, and now we have *Allah* for God!

Man ke bhed batâ de, jî!"
Mîrâsî kâ beṭâ bole, "Râṇî, jî,
Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, merî Rânî, jî.
Bhojan ko nahîṅ rotá, sun, jî chitrâ merî.
Maiṅ to rotâ Mârwan ke bhâg ko, jî.
Saṇgaldîp kî padmanî merî Râṇî, tolî phûlâṅ kî bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
Bârâh Khâṅ kâ Râjâ Ḍhol hai, pake bârâh khân.
Maiṅ bârâh khân kî sifat sunon thâ, dekhî ik hî khân.
Rânî Mârwan se mâ jimâ jâe, Ṭhâkur, Ṭhâkur merâ:
Yeh to bhojan âve jîmâ na jâe, jî!"
Pânch châr ṭukre ṭortâ Mîrâsî kâ,
Khesh meṅ lîe pâe, jî.
Khaskhas ke bangalâ meṅ âutâ woh to chitrâ, jî:

Tell me the secrets of thy heart?"
Said the Minstrel, "O Queen,
Food is indeed God,* my Queen.
I weep not over my food; hear, my wise lady,
I weep for Mârwan's fate.
My Princess, the beauty of Sangaldîp is weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender maiden she, eating two and a half (grains of) rice.
Râjâ Ḍhol, (the Lord) of twelve Lords, is eating twelve (kinds of) food.
I heard the praises of these twelve kinds of food, and I see but one.
Princess Mârwan will never eat this, my God, my God:
She will never eat *this* food!"
The Minstrel broke off four or five pieces,
And put them into his dress.
The wise one went into the thatched house,

---

* See above line 210.

Râjâ se jâkar kare jawâhir, jî:
Gode se goḍâ milâ diâ, jî.
Khesh meṅ hâth pâ liâ Mîrâsî:
Woh ṭukre kâḍhke Râjâ ke sâmhne rakh dîe, jî:
"Sûṭak kî padmanî Rânî Mârwan, jî:
Woh to tole phûlâṅ kî bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî Rânî Mârwan merî chatar ho:
Woh khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
Bârâh Khâṅ kâ Râjâ Ḍhol thâ, jî;
Pakke bârâh khân, jî.
Maiṅ to sifat sunoṅ thâ, jî:
Maiṅ to dekh ik hî khân, jî!
Yeh bhojan Rânî Mârwan se, jî:
Us se jimâ na iâe. jî!"
Dastâvez de dîe Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne.
Dastâvez dekhke saṛsaṛ bâñchtâ, jî.
Ho dilgîr mahiloṅ ko chal paṛâ, jî.

And saluted the Râjâ,
And sat down beside him.
The Minstrel put his hand into his dress
And taking out the pieces laid them before the Râjâ, (and said):
"Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
Weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender (maid) is my wise Princess Mârwan,
Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice.
Râjâ Ḍhol (is Lord) of twelve Lords,
And eats twelve kinds of food.
I heard their prhises,
But I see only one!
This food the Princess Mârwan
Will never cat!"
The Minstrel gave him the letter.
He read the letter rapidly
And being serrowful he went into the palace.

Ave mahil ke mâṅ, jî :
Âke palang par leṭ, jî : rahâ palang par leṭ, jî.
Sammî Kachhwâhî bolti, " Sun Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî,
Boltâ kyûṅ nahîṅ hai, ji ?
Kyûṅ tû dî hai pîṭh, ji ?
Kyûṅ nashtar khode bhînt, jî ?
Kaunsî Rânî tere chit basî ? Kaunsî dî utâr, jî ?"
" Nâ maiṅ detî pîṛhî, merî Rânî ho :
Nâ maiṅ nashtar khod, jî.
Rânî Mârwan chit basi, Sammî di basâr, ji."
Boli Sammi : kyâ kaho ? " Mere Râjâ chitrâ ho,
Kuoṅ meṅ kankar dahi, raṅg meṅ dahi majit, ji !
Sej chaṛhâ bâlam dahi, mere chitrâ ho ;
De de sove piṭh, ji."
Bole Dhol Râjâ, " Sun, Rani meri,

He went into the palace,
And laid him on his bed ; laid him on his bed.
Said Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, " Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
Why speakest not ?
Why turnest thy back on me ?
Why makest scratches with thy nails ?*
What lady hath entered thy heart ? Whom dost thou discharge ?"
" I am not turning my back on thee, my Queen,
And I am not scratching with my nails.
Princess Mârwan hath entered my heart and Sammî do I discharge."
Said Sammî : what said she ? " My wise Râjâ,
Stones are thrown into the well and madder into the paint.
Thou dost enjoy thy bed, O my wise (husband),
Turn thy back and sleep."
Said Râjâ Ḍhol, " Hear, my Queen,

---

* To lie on an old bed and scratch the ground with the nails is a common Panjâbi way of showing great sorrow.

Hath nâ dhoe, kulî nâ karî, merî Sammijî Kachhwâhî !
Mere ghar meṅ hai zât kuzât !
Moṭi pinî tere zâng par, Sammî, hai, Kachhwâhî :
Tere ṭak mandherî ho jâe, jî !
Nau ṭâng kî padmanî woh tô Rânî haigî Mârwan :
Tole phûlâṅ ke bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî kâmni khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
[Lambî badhî kyâ hove ? Lambî badhi khajûr, jî :
Chaṛhe jo meve châkh le, gir jâe chiknâ-chûr :
Pânchhî chhâûṅ nâ baiṭhî, phal lagte haiṅ dûr.]
Peṭ gaṛhâ, sir ḍâlṛî, merî sâjan ho !
Sâgar ṭoran jâeṅ, jî !"

Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, jî :
Chal hâthîoṅ pe âve, jî.

Thou dost not wash thy hands, nor rinse thy mouth, my Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ !
My wife is a low woman !
Fat is thy belly above thy thighs, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ.
And thy stature is short !
Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
Weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender maid, eating two and a half grains of rice.
[What is a tall thing ? A tall thing is the date palm :
Who climbs will eat the fruit, who falls will become as dust.
Birds sit not in its shade, and its fruit is up on high.]*
Thy belly is a pitcher, thy head a basket, my dear !
Thou gatherest strange fruit !"

It was early morn at the hour of dawn,
When (Râjâ Ḍhol) went to his elephants.

---

* This is evidently some well-known saying. It has no connection with the text and is in a different metre.

Sat Jug sachâ paṛâ birt dâ, mere Ṭhâkur, jî!
Tan man kareṅ jawâb, jî.
"Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Pingal ḳe beṭî Mârwan:
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî."
Hâthî the Balkh Bukhâre ke khaṛe râtab khâveṅ.
Ḍholâ dhanî amâe, "Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog."
"Kas-kas bândho ambârîâṅ, Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî.
Mâthâ bandî sândhûr ke, Râjâ ke Ḍhol.
Gaṛh koṭ denge ṭor, jî."
Bole Ḍhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, hâthîoṅ ke mahâuto?
Langar beṛe in ke kâṭ do, jî:
Bahir khọkre bajâo bâṅs, jî:
Tavele se un ko kâḍh do, jî.
In merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî."

It was in the days of the Golden Age, my God,
When body and soul could speak.
(Said he to them), "Mârwan Pingal's daughter is 360
kos hence,
Take me to the Princess."
The elephants were of Balkh and Bukhâra* and were
eating their food.
Said the comely Ḍhol, "I long to meet the Princess."
(Said their driver): "Put on the saddles, O Râjâ Ḍhol,
And the vermilion spot on their foreheads, Râjâ Ḍhol.
And we will break down thy forts."†
Said Ḍhol, "What are ye saying? O drivers of the ele-
phants,
Take off their chains and fetters
And sounding hollow bamboos behind them,
Turn them out of the stable.
They have not obeyed my words."

---

* A vague figure of speech, meaning valuable. Elephants, of course, do *not* come from these places.

† *i.e.*, they refused to go.

Dûsrî pherî phirke âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Woh âve karhâṅ kė pâs, jî.
"Araz suno merî bintî, bhâî karhâ piyâro,
Tum kharî rât khâeṅ, jî.
Pingalgaṛh meṅ Rânî Mârwan Râjâ Pingal kî beṭî:
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Rânî Mârwan:
Mujhe Rânî do milâo, jî."
Bole karhâ, "Tujhe kyâ kaheṅ Nal Râjâ ke Ḍholâ?
Kas-kas band lo pûṭalâṅ, jî.
Salîtâ do ladâe, jî.
Gin gin de do muhâriâṅ chaleṅge sâre tîn kos, jî."
"Morî yakkâ tum kâḍh lo, ûṇṭoṅ ke sarwânoṅ:
In ke bajâ do kokhre bâṅs:
Thân se bâhir in ko kâḍh do, jî."
Ho dilgîr chalke âwandâ Râjâ Nal kâ beṭâ:

Next the son of Râjâ Nal
Came to the camels.
"Hear my prayer, my beloved camels,
Ye spend an easy time.
In Pingalgaṛh is Princess Mârwan, daughter of Râjâ Pingal;
I long to meet the Princess.
Princess Mârwan dwells 360 *kos* hence;
Take me to the Princess."
Said the camels, "What shall we say to thee, Dhol, thou son of Nal?
Fasten on our saddles,
And put on the saddle-cloths:
Give us two cakes each and we will go 3½ *kos*."
"O camel-riders, take off their headstalls,
And beat hollow bamboos at them
And turn them out of the paddock."
Sorrowfully the son of Râjâ Nal went on,

Raste meṅ karhâ karhâ thâ Mârwan ke ghar kâ.
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî:
"Ghûngrû kyûṅ lie haiṅ hâth, jî?
Kyûṅ lî hâthoṅ lâj jî?"
"Kis gal bândhûṅ ghûngrû, meri Bhabûlî karhâ?
Kis gal bândhûṅ lâj, ji?"
"Mere gal bândho ghûngru, jî:
Mere gal bândho lâj, jî."
"Tîn ṭâṅgoṅ kâ pûngṛâ kyûṅkar pahunchûṅ jâe?"
"Tîn tâṅgâṅ mat jâṇîye charoṅ deûṅ milâe!"
Bole Ḍhol, "Sun, Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
Nishânî pattâ mujhe lâke de dikhâe, jî."
"Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ maiṅ Pingalgaṛh kî karûṅ sair:
Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ char lûṅ nâgar-bel, jî:

And on the road was a camel belonging to Princess Mârwan,
That spake to Râjâ (Ḍhol):
"Why hast bells in thy hand?
Why hast thou a string?"
"On whose neck shall I bind the bells, my camel Bhabûlî?
On whose neck shall I bind the string?"
"Bind the bells on my neck,
And bind the string on me."
"But how can I reach her on one that is lame on three legs?"
"Hold them not to be three legs, they are as good as four!"
Said Ḍhol, "Hear, thou camel Bhabûlî,
Go and bring me the proofs of her."
(Said the camel), "In the first watch of the night I wander over Pingalgaṛh;
In the second watch of the night I will graze on the betel bed:

Tîjâ pahrâ rain kâ pî lûn sarwar nîr, jî :
Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ kar lûn Narwargaṛh kî sair."
Bole Ḍhol, " Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
Mujhe nishânî pattâ de lâe, jî."
Sunke Râjâ kî bât ko karhâ kare jawâb :
" Bândh kajâwe ṭiṇḍî lâd do, jî : "
Bândh kajâwe ṭiṇḍî lâd de, andhâ diâ biṭhâe.
Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ Pingalgaṛh kar lî sair :
Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ bâghoṅ char lî nâgar-bel.
Bole karhâ, " Sun, bhâî andhe hâfiz,
Tû sût le nâgar-bel, jî :
Sût kajâwe pûr le, bhâî andhe hâfiz."
Tîjâ pahrâ rain kâ pî liâ sarwar nîr, jî.

In the third watch of the night I will drink of the lake:
In the fourth watch of the night I will wander over Narwargaṛh."
Said Ḍhol, "Bhabûlî, thou camel,
Bring me the proofs of her."
Hearing the words of the Râjâ, said the camel
" Fasten on the boxes, load up the pots."*
He fastened on the boxes and loaded up the pots and sat a blind man (on the camel's back).
In the first watch of the night (the camel) wandered over Pingalgaṛh :
In the second watch of the night he grazed on the betel bed.
Said the camel, " Hear, friend blind-man,
Take slips of the betel plant :
Fill the boxes with slips of the betel plant, friend blind-man."
In the third watch of the night he drank of the lake.

---

* *i.e.*, for the betel plants and the water he would bring to prove he had been to Pingalgaṛh

Dharke ghotâ lagâ diâ, us ko kudrat dîe dikhâe, jî.
Jab hâfiz se samjhâutâ woh Bhabûlî karhâ:
"Tujhe kudrat dî dikhâe! Dikhâyâ Pingal kâ des!"
Bole hâfiz, kyâ kahe? "Tû ne mujhe râtoṅ kîâ kharâb!
Ulṭe-pulṭe ghotâ mârke ṭiṇḍâṅ le pûr, jî!"
Hâfiz waise andhâ ho giâ, châtar jî!
Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Â giâ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî.

Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ Râjâ âyâ karhâ ke pâs:
Man apne meṅ sochtâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ.
Jahâṅ karhe ko chhoṛ giâ thâ, dekhâ us hî ṭhaur.
Chalke karhâ pâs âwandâ Râjâ kâ beṭâ;

He dipped into the water and showed his (miraculous) power,
Then said Bhabûlî the camel to the blind man.
"I show thee my power and show thee the land of Pingal!"*
Said the blind man; what said he? "Thou hast spoilt my night!
Dipping into the water thou hast filled the pots!"
The blind man at once went as blind as before, my friend.†
In the fourth watch of the night, my God, my God,
He came to Narwargaṛh.

In the early morn at the hour of dawn came Râjâ (Ḍhol) to the camel,
Thinking in his heart was Ḍhol the son of Nal,
He went to see the place where the camel had been fastened.
The Râjâ (Ḍhol) went up to the camel;

---

* Reference to the common superstition that a dip in sacred water will cure blindness.

† For his ingratitude.

Âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
"Nishâni pattâ dikhâe de, mere Bhabûli karhâ:
Mujhe pattâ nishâni de dikhae!"
Bole Bhabûlî karhâ, "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât,
Hâfiz andhe ko le pûchh, jî."
Bole hâfiz, "is ne kiâ mujhe râtoṅ ko kharâb,
Is Bhabûlî karhâ ne, jî."
Baiṭh nishânî Râjâ ko dikhâutâ Bhabûlî karhâ.
Nâgar-bel dekh lî Râjâ Ḍholâ ne, aur dekh liâ nîr.
Bole Râjâ Ḍhol, karhâ se kare jawâb:
"Narwargaṛh se Pingalgaṛh kî tayyârî kar lo, jî."
Bole karhâ, kyâ kahe, jî? "Sun, Râjâ Nal ke bete,
Merî sun le tû bât, jî;
Hârâ thakâ main â giâ, jî, sun Râjâ Ḍholâ.
Merâ hâr deîyo utâr, jî.
Apnâ ilâj main âp batâ dûṅ, jî.

Went up to the camel (and said):
"Show me the proofs, Bhabûlî, my camel,
Show me the proofs!"
Said Bhabûlî the camel, "Râjâ, hear my words:
Ask the blind man."
Said the blind man, "he spoilt my night,
Did this camel Bhabûlî."
Bhabûlî the camel sat down and showed the Râjâ the proofs.
Râjâ Ḍhol saw the betel plants and he saw the water.
Spake Râjâ Ḍhol to the camel:
"Get ready (to go) to Pingalgaṛh from Narwargaṛh."
Said the camel, what said he? "Hear, son of Râjâ Nal,
Hear my words,
Sore and tired have I come, hear me, Râjâ Dhol.
Take off my halter.
I tell the way to cure me myself.

Haldî dûdh mujhe pilâ dîye, khâṇḍ de de ghol.
Sarwar tâl meṅ nhalâ deîyo mujhe, Nal Râjâ kâ beṭe:
Mujhe nhalâ deîyo pandrâh din, jî.
Sachî motîoṅ kî jhûl bane, jî, mere chitrâ, jî.
Morî yakkâ bauwâîye, jî, mere sâjan, jî."
Karhâ kî banât banâ dîe, jî:
Kar dîe solâh singâr, jî.
Hîre pane sakht pûnchhaṛ ke lage, jî:
[Lâloṅ jaṛî kumân, jî.]
Dûdh pilâ de, khilâveṅ chàsnî, jî.
Karhâ râtab khâe, jî.
Rânî Sammî par khabar hûî, mere chitrâ:
"Karhâ kî hûî tayyârî, jî.
Râjâ jâvegâ Pingal des, jî."
Battîs abran sârtî woh to Sammîjî Kachhwâhî:
Lagâ dîe solâh singâr, jî.

Give me turmeric and milk mixed with sugar:
And bathe me in the lake, thou son of Râjâ Nal.
Bathe me for fifteen days.
Make me a cloth of real pearls, my wise one,
And a strong head-stall, my friend."
He made the camel's clothing
And he covered him with the 16 ornaments.*
He set diamonds and gems on his crupper.
[And the bow was set with jewels].†
He gave him milk and the finest bread,
And the camel ate his food.
Queen Sammî had news, my wise one,
That the camel was being got ready,
For the Râjâ to go to Pingal land.
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, decked herself in the 32 kinds of jewels,‡
And the 16 ornaments.

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* See Vol. I., p. 443.
† A well-known line brought in for show merely
‡ See line 620.

Mâng bharî thî sindhûr kî, bâl bâl motî pawe, jî.
Sâlû pahine Dakhanî, chalî karhâ ke pâs, jî.
"Chhâûṅ meṅ bâṅdhûṅ karer kî; chârûṅ nâgar-bel ḳo."
"Nâgar-bel terî ûj charûṅ, jî:
Merâ wahî roz kâ jaṇḍ karer:
Pânî pîûṅ gândlâ, jî:
Chhîkaṛh dâ kaṛh khâûṅ, jî."
"Hath joṛ bintî karûṅ, mere Bhabûlî karhâ:
Tere naubar lâgûṅ pair, jî.
Jis wakt Ḍhol ko châhe, mere karhâ, jî:
Us wakt de de jawâb, jî."
"Bachan Ḍhol ko maiṅ dîe, sun, Sammî rî Kachhwâhî:
Maiṅ to us ḳo le jâûṅ sâth jî."
"Hâth joṛ kare bintî, tû to Kanth Kanth kar le:

She put on the vermilion spot,* and put pearls into her hair.
She put on Dakhanî kerchief, and went to the camel, (and said):
"I will tie thee under the shade of the acacia†; I will graze thee in the betel bed."
"I graze thy betel bed daily,
Daily (I stand under) the acacia.
Filthy is the water I get,
And refuse is my food."
"I join my hands, Bhabûlî, my camel,
And lay my head at thy feet.
When Ḍhol desireth thee, my camel,
Do thou refuse him."
"I gave my word to Ḍhol, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ,
And I will take him with me."
"With joined hands I pray thee, I make thee my Lord, my Lord:

---

* The sign of a married woman.
† This tree is much valued for its shade in wild tracts. The *karer* or *jaṇḍ* is the *acacia leucophlœa*.

Tû to de deîye jawâb, jî!"
"Jo jawâb maiṅ de dûṅ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko,
Woh to degâ mujh ko dâgh, jî."
Bole Sammî, phir kahe, karhâ se kare jawâb:
"Dâghoṅ kî nahanî sulâîâṅ ghâṛûngî mîṭhe tel."
Chalke mahiloṅ ko â gaî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî.
Adhî rât naukandh gaî Râjâ Ḍhol kî khul gaî ânkh.
Mohrî yakkâ le liâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne:
Woh to âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
Umbaṛ âyâ Râjâ ko dekhke Bhabûlî karhâ:
Ṭuk langṛâ ban jâe, jî.
Bol karhâ ko Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Karhâ se kare jawâb, jî:
"Achhe achhe ko chhoṛ giâ maiṅ, Bhabûlî karhâ."
"Ghabharâke jab maiṅ uṭhâ, jî,
Ṭâng utar gaî kolî se, jî!"

Do thou refuse him."
"If I refuse the son of Râjâ Nal,
He will put scars on me."
Then said Sammî, speaking again to the camel;
"With sweet oil will I bathe and blot out his trifling scars."
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, went to her palace.
At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Ḍhol opened his eyes,
His strong head-stall took the son of Râjâ Nal,
And came to the camel.
Seeing the Râjâ, Bhabûlî the camel cried out,
And became a little lame.
Said Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Speaking to the camel;
"I left thee quite well, thou camel Bhabûlî.
When I got up suddenly
Thy thigh went out of joint!"

Jab Mîrâsi kaho Sâṅwaliâ, jî:
" Râjâ mere, suntâ kyûṅ hai bât, jî?
Do châr phâlîâṅ lo mangâe, jî:
Gînthâ* barâ sâ lo sulgâe, jî."
Dharke gînṭho to lagâo dîe, jî:
Us meṅ phâlîâṅ de ṭakâe, jî.
Jis wakt karhâ ne dekh lî pâ dîâ bahut karât.
Sammi ne jaisâ sun pâyâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Chalî karhâ pe jâe, jî:
Chalke karhâ pe âuti Sammîji Kachhwâhî;
Râjâ Ḍhol so karî hai jawâb, jî:
"Rukkâ raulâ kyûṅ pawâ dîâ, jî?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâe, jî."
" Achhe-bhachhe ko chhoṛ gîâ thâ main Bhabûlî karhâ,
Chûle se ṭûṭ gaî ṭâng, jî!
Us ko main dûngâ dâgh, jî:

Then said Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel:
" My Râjâ, why listen to him?
Send for two or three irons
And heat them in a large fire."
He made a fire
And put the irons into it.
When the camel saw this he made a great noise.
As soon as Sammî heard it, my God, my God,
She went to the camel;
And Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, reached the camel,
And spake to Râjâ Ḍhol:
" Why hast thou raised all this disturbance?
Tell me the secret of thy heart."
" I left Bhabûlî the camel sound and well,
And he has broken his leg at the thigh!
I am going to fire him:

---

* For *Angîthâ*.

Maiṅ karhâ ko dûngâ dâgh, jî."
Sammî kahe, "Sun, Râjâ merâ Ḍholâ,
Merî araz suno man lâe, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh karhâ mere bâp ke, jî:
Gadhe ko deîyo kumhâr kâ dâgh, jî:
Karhâ ṭek legâ ṭâng jî."
Sunke Râjâ ne gadhâ mangâ lîâ, jî:
Mîrâsî pakaṛke ger dîâ, ji:
Dâgh gadhe kî ṭâng, jî:
Karhâ ṭek de ṭâng, jî.
Chalke Râjâ mahiloṅ ko âutâ, jî.
Jab jâke Rânî samjhâutî, jî.
Rânî ne pahrâ dîâ lagâe, jî.
Din kâ pahrâ lagâ dîâ, jî:
Rât ko kamar se bândh le, jî.
Din meṅ Ḍhol samjhâutâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ko:
"Rât ko paṭkâ bândhke rahî so, jî:

I will fire the camel."
Said Sammî, "Hear, my Râjâ Ḍhol,
Hear my words with thy heart.
The 360 camels are my father's (present):
Fire a potter's ass,
And let the camel put his thigh on it."
Hearing this the Râjâ sent for a (potter's) ass;
And the Minstrel seized it and threw it,
And they fired the ass's thigh
And put the camel's thigh on it.*
The Râjâ went into the palace,
And the Queen conjured him.
She set a watch on him.
A watch she set in the day,
And she tied him to her waist at night.
Next day said Ḍhol to Sȧṅwaliȧ, the Minstrel
"She ties me at night to her kerchief when she sleeps:

---

* And so cured it!

Âdhî rât mujhe jagâ denâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ke,
Tayyârî lenge kûr, jî."
Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ Mîrâsî kâ:
Bhulke ho jâe sawer, jî.
Baṛî fajar chalke âutâ Râjâ Ḍholâ pe.
"Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ, jî, maiṅ Mîrâsî kâ."
Agle roz jaisâ so rahâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Sahîh shâm chalke âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍaî kâ.
Jaisî Rânî paṛî sotî Nal ke beṭe kî,
Woh to paṭkâ rahî thî bândh, jî.
Pesh-kabz jaisâ kâḍhtâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ,
Paṭkâ dîâ thâ kâṭ, jî.
Rangale dutâre kî khûnṭî kâḍhtâ, jî:
Rânî ke mûṅh se angustânâ nikâlke khûnṭî dîe, jî, pâe.
Râjâ Ḍhol ko jagâeke Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ,

(But) wake me at midnight, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ,
And make ready to go."
In the early evening the Minstrel laid him down to sleep,
And when it was early morning,
In the early morn he went to Râjâ Ḍhol.
(And said), "I the Minstrel, slept the early evening."*
Next day as Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal was sleeping,
In the early evening went to him Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
As the Queen of the son of Nal was sleeping,
Her kerchief was bound to him.
Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel drew his dagger
And cut the kerchief.
He took out the key† of his painted fiddle,
And taking the (Râjâ's) signet-ring from the Queen's mouth he put in the key.
Then Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel awakened Râjâ Ḍhol,

---

* But he means apparently to say that he overslept himself.
† Screw for tightening the strings.

Woh to chale karhe ke pâs, jî.
Mohrî pakkî banâ dîâ karhâ Bhabûlî kâ:
Karhâ se banât banâ dîe, jî.
Karhâ par Ḍhol baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Narwargaṛh se chal rahâ Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Pingalgaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Chal beriâṅ pe âve, jî.
Kachî kachî ko jhaṛhtâ Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Pakkoṅ ko leve khâe, jî.
Dharke karhâ ḍapṭâ dîâ Râjâ Ḍhole ne.

Adhî rât naukaṇḍh gaî Râjâ Ḍholâ ko;
Woh to Pingalgaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ âwandâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ jâe, jî:
Âke pânî pilâ dîâ karhâ ko Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ:
Pânî dîâ thâ pilâe, jî.

And he went to the camel.
He made a strong headstall for Bhabûlî the camel,
And he made him a cloth.
Ḍhol the son of Nal sat upon the camel,
And Râjâ Ḍhol started from Narwargaṛh,
And went to Pingalgaṛh.
In the first watch of the night, O my God, my God,
He came to the (Queen's) plum trees.
The unripe ones he threw aside,
And he ate the ripe ones.
And then Râjâ Ḍhol spurred on his camel.

At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Ḍhol
Reached Pingalgaṛh.
He went to the lake, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
He went to the lake,
And watered his camel at the lake,
He watered his camel.

Pahar bhar rain rah gae, sun, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Woh to Pingalgaṛh men âe, jî.
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Prabhû Prabhû merâ;
Woh to Pingalgaṛh ko âe, jî.
Chalke bâghoṅ meṅ jâ baṛe Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Nanwâ Dhobî kapṛe dho rahâ Rânî Mârwan ke,
Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe? "Karhâ ke aswârâ,
Karhâ ko rokke chalâo, jî.
Rânî Mârwan poshâk sûkhe, karhâ ke aswârâ."
Sunke Râjâ usî kartâ jawâb, jî:
Sone kâ ṭakâ de diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ko:
"Mujhe dikhâ de poshâk, jî."
Pallâ uṭhâke dikhâ diâ Nanwâ Dhobi kâ:
Woh to pallâ diâ dikhâe, jî.
Bolâ Râjâ, "Sun, Nanwe Dhobî ke,

There was a watch of the night left, O my God, my God,
When he went into Pingalgaṛh.
In the early morn at the hour of dawn, O my God, my God,
He went into Pingalgaṛh.
Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the garden.
Nanwâ the Washerman was washing the clothes of the Princess Mârwan.
Said Nanwâ; what said he? "O camel-rider,
Stay thy camel and go,
That I may dry the Princess Mârwan's clothes, O camel-rider."
Hearing this spake the Râjâ,
Giving a piece of gold to Nanwâ the Washerman:-
"Show me her clothes."
Nanwâ the Washerman lifted up his sheet and showed the clothes.
He showed the clothes.
Said the Râjâ, "Hear, Nanwâ Washerman,

Mujhe Rânî de de dikhâe, jî."
Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe? "Karhâ ke aswârâ,
Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ inâm, jî?"
"Rânî Mârwan ko milâ de, Dhobî ke,
Mûṅh mângâ le le inâm, jî."
"Apnâ karhâ tû de deiye, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tujhe Rânî ko dûngâ milâe, jî."

Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur meṛâ,
Tan maṇ kare jawâb, jî.
Baṛî fajar jaisî ho gaî, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ;
Wahâṅ Sammî Kachhwâhî kî khul gai âṅkheṅ jî.
"Ik to bairî puṛwâ bâl thî, Prabhû mere:
Dûje bairî ho gaî nînd, jî:
Tîje bairî Ḍom kâ Sâṅwaliâ, jî;
Mere khûṇṭî de gîâ mûṅh ke bâr, jî."

Show me the Princess."
Said Nanwâ; what said he? "O camel-driver,
Give me some reward."
"Show me the Princess Mârwan, Washerman,
And take what reward thou wilt."
"Give me thy camel, O camel-rider,
And I will bring thee to the Princess."

It was the true time of the Golden Age, O my God, my God,
When body and soul could speak.
It was early morn, my God, my God,
When Sammî the Kachhwâhâ opened her eyes.
(Said she) "My first enemy was the eastern breeze, my God,
And my second enemy was sleep:
My third enemy was Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel,
That put the key into my mouth."

Chalke woh âuti Sammîjî Kachhwâhi;
Woh to âve beriâṅ ke pâs, ji.
"Yehâṅ ko Râjâ Ḍhol giâ, merî berio piyârî?
Mujhe dîjo batâe, ji."
"Pakke pakke khâ giâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Woh to kachoṅ ke lâ giâ ḍheṛ, ji!"
Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ âuti Sammîjî Kachhwâhî:
"Yehâṅ ko Râjâ Ḍhol giâ, bhâî sarwar tâlo?"
Bole sarwar tâl, kyâ kahe? "Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Woh to pahunch âe Pingal des."
"Karhâ ko mâr jâ bijlî, karhâ ke aswârâ!
Khâ jâe kâlâ nâg, jî!
Dil nahîṅ lagtâ merâ, khaṛî bâghoṅ men ḍolûṅ.
Ḍhol giâ pardes, âj kis se bolûṅ?"
Rotî rotî chali âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhi:
Woh to âi mahil ke mâṅ ji.,

Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went
And reached her plum trees, (and said):
"Came Râjâ Ḍhol hither, my beloved plums?
Do ye tell me."
"The ripe ones ate the son of Nal
And threw down the unripe ones into a heap!"
Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went to the lake (and said):
"Came Râjâ Ḍhol hither, friendly lake?"
Said the lake: what said it? "O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ,
He hath gone to Pingal land."
"Lightning strike the camel and the camel-rider!
May the black snake bite them!
Unhappy is my heart, I weep in the midst of the gardens.
Ḍhol hath gone abroad, to whom shall I tell it to-day?"
Weeping went Sammî the Kachhwâhâ,
Going into her palace.

Wahâṅ pakaṛke karhe ko le chalâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ,
Apne ghar ko âutâ, jî:
Lâke charkhe se bândh diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ne!
Dhoban kare jawâb, jî:
"Aisâ bhoṇḍâ jânwar âyâ, sâjan sâjan merâ,
Jis ko dekhke maiṅ ḍar jâûṅ, jî."
Itnî bât sunke ghusse ho gîâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko:
Woh to charkhâ leke chal paṛâ, jî.
Chalke bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Râjâ Ḍhole pe;
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî:
Puchhe, "Ḍhol, tujhe kyâ kahâ Bhabûlî karhâ?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâîye, jî.
Baṛî baṛî bâteṅ woh kahî Nanwe Dhobî kî.
Charkhâ leke chalâ âyâ maiṅ tere pâs, jî."
Zînposh utârke Bhabûlî karhâ kâ,
Râjâ nîche leve bichhâe, jî.

Taking the camel behind him Nanwâ the Washerman
Went to his own house,
And fastened it to his spinning-wheel! did Nanwâ the Washerman.
Said his wife:
"Such a dreadful creature hath come, my love, my love,
The sight of which doth frighten me."
Hearing this Bhabûlî the camel became wroth,
And taking the spinning-wheel he went off.
He went into the garden to Râjâ Ḍhol
And said to the Râjâ:
What saith Bhabûlî the camel? "Ḍhol,
Tell me the secrets of thy heart.
Dreadful words said that Washerman Nanwâ,
And taking his spinning-wheel I am come to thee."
Taking off the saddle-cloth from Bhabûlî the camel,
The Râjâ spread it beneath him.

Chalke pânî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Chalî kûeṅ pe jâe, jî.
"Kyâ tere dâman ghâlîâ ? kyâ gal gâle zanjîr ?
Dâkh lakherî chhoṛke khâve jaṇḍ karer ?"
"Dâkh lakheri teri nâ charûṅ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî;
Merâ roz kâ khâ jâ jaṇḍ karer."
"Kahâṅ se âyâ ? kahâṅ jâegâ, karhe ke aswârâ!
Mujhe dîjiye sâch batâe jî."
"Narwargaṛh merâ âunâ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî;
Merâ Pingalgaṛh ko âunâ, jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol merâ nâm hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî."
"Yehâṅ se karhâ nikâl luṅ, karhâ ke aswârâ!
Merâ bâgh kîâ thâ pâemâl, jî!
Birwâ bûṭâ sârâ khâ liâ, jî!

Came Rewâ the gardener's daughter* for water,
Coming to the well. (Said she to the camel):
"Is thy skirt caught? Are there chains about thy neck?
That leaving the ripe grapes, thou eatest the acacia?"
"I eat not thy ripe grapes, hear Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
Daily I eat of the acacia."
(Said she), "Whence comest thou? Whither goest, thou camel-rider?
Tell me the truth."
"I come from Narwargaṛh, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
And I go to Pingalgaṛh.
My name is Râjâ Ḍhol, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter."
"I will send thy camel hence, thou camel-rider!
He hath ruined my garden!
He hath eaten all the shrubs and trees!

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* The chief of Mârwan's maids: see above line 323.

Bâgh kiâ barbâd, ji !"
Bole Ḍhol, to kyà kahe ? "Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Merî sun lo tû bât, ji :
Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî :
Mandî bol na bol, jî ;
Maiṅ Râjâ Ḍhol hûṅ ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Terî mâr utâr dûṅ khâl, jî."
Sunke Rewâ kare jawâb, jî :
"Hâth jor karûṅ bintî, karhâ ke aswârâ ;
Terî naubar lâgûṅ pair, jî.
Ham Râjâ ke rakhwâlîe ; sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Hamâre kahne kâ burâ na mân, jî."
Pûchhe Ḍhol, "Sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Tû mujhe apne bhed aur mahil batâîye, jî."
Apne mahil batâutî woh Rewâ Mâlî kî :

He hath destroyed my garden !"
Said Ḍhol ; what said he ? "Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
Hear my words :
Thou art a gardener,* thou gardener's daughter, Rewâ,
Speak not harsh words.
I am Râjâ Ḍhol ; hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
I will beat thee till thy skin is torn."
Hearing this said Rewâ :
"With joined hands I beseech thee, camel-rider ;
I lay my head at thy feet.
I am the Râjâ's guard (over the garden) ; hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
And take not my words ill."
Said Ḍhol, "Hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter ;
Tell me the secrets of thy palace."
Rewâ the gardener's daughter showed all the secrets,

---

* *i.e.*, low-caste compared to a Râjpût like Ḍhol.

Díe makân kî nishânî batlâe, jî.
"Sîdhî galî pe âîyo, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Wahâṅ haigâ nîm kâ peṛ, jî."

Sâṅjh paṛî, din ḍhul gîâ, jî;
Dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.
Chalke nagar ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Wahâṅ galî meṅ kûṇṭeṅ dhân, jî,
Dhân kûṇṭî tag neve, "Mûsal kî nihâroṅ.
Mujhe Rewâ kî galî do batâe, jî."
"Dhân kûṇṭî hamârâ tag neve, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Ham haiṅ mûsal kî nihâr, jî.
Nîb kâ peṛ us kâ mahil hai, karhâ ke aswârâ:
Tû jâke lenâ dekh, jî.
Rahe to rîdhoṅ khichṛî, jâe to ras bhar khîr."

And the way to recognise the house: (saying),
"Go straight down the lane, camel-rider,
There is a *nîm* tree there."

It was evening and the day declined,
And the crowd of cattle began.
The son of Râjâ Nal went into the city.
In the lane he found (women) husking rice.
They were husking the rice and bending their heads.
"O slaves, huskers of the pestle,"
(Said he to them), "show me Rewâ's lane."
"Husking the rice we bend our heads, O camel-rider:
We are slaves of the pestle.
Her house is by the *nîm* tree, O camel-rider.
Go and see.
(But) stay and we will give thee rice and pulse, go and she will give thee rice and milk to thy desire."

"Bhîrî galî, khoṛ ghar, nahîṅ milan kâ jog."
"Nainâ meṅ ras bâṇḍh lo, jhak mârenge log."
Chaṛh karhâ ko âutâ Râjâ Nal kâ beṭâ.
Karhâ ko biṭhâundâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ;
Karhâ se nîche âve, jî.
Nîb ke peṛe se bândhtâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko:
Woh to deve nîb se bândh, jî.
Safâ dalân andar koṭhṛî, jî:
Rewâ ne palang dîâ thâ bichhâe, jî.
"Jam jam, Ḍhol, tum â jâo, Nal Râjâ ke beṭâ:
Tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
Rewâ kâ Mâlî wahâṅ âwandâ;
Woh kar rahî garam pânî, jî.
Chandan chaukî bichhâ dîe us Rewâ Malî ne.
Dahî phulel lîâ mangâe, jî.

"Narrow is your street, dirty your houses, I have no wish to know you."
"Then go and feast thy eyes (on her) and let the people jeer!"
Riding his camel the son of Râjâ Nal went on.
Making his camel sit, Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal
Came from off it.
He fastened Bhabûlî the camel to the *nîm* tree,
Fastened it to the *nîm* tree.
Clean was her house and yard
And Rewâ placed him a couch.
"Come, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal, for thou art welcome, welcome.
Come and sit upon this couch."
The gardener, Rewâ's husband, came up,
And she* made him some warm water.
Rewâ, the gardener's daughter, placed him a sandal-wood stool,
And sent for curds and cosmetics,

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* Promptly putting Ḍhol into a hiding place.

Bândhke dhâr ûpar gertî thî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
"Kit karwâ ? Kit bakerû, jî ?
Kit sarwar ? Kit nir, jî ?
Tû nain kahâñ rahî lagáe jî ?"
"It karwâ ; it bakerû ;
It sarwar ; it nîr, jî.
Baisar uljî hár meñ nainoñ rahî suljâe, jî."
Nhâyâ dhoyâ chal âutâ woh Mâlî kâ larkâ, jî :
Lîe rasoî jim, jî :
Chal bâghoñ meñ âutâ Mâlî kâ larkâ :
Chalke Dhol pe âuti Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
Sârî rât chaupur khelti larkî Mâlî kî.

Ho gaî bhulke sawer, jî.
Bolî Rewâ ; "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât, jî,

And she poured a stream of water over him, did Rewâ the gardener's daughter.
(Said he*), "Where is thy ewer ? and where thy pitcher ?
Where is the lake ? Where is thy water ?
Whither are thine eyes straying ?"
"Here is my ewer : here my pitcher :
Here is the lake : here the water.
My nose-ring was entangled in my necklace and my eyes turned to it."
So the gardener bathed and washed and came,
And had his food.
Then the gardener went into his garden,
And Rewâ the gardener's daughter went to Dhol
And played at *chaupar* with him all night.

It was early morning,
And said Rewâ ; "Râjâ, hear my words,

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* Catching her eyes straying towards Dhol.

Rânî Mârwan ko lâungî, tum chalo Nau-lakkhe Bâgh."
Sunke karhâ par charh gíâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ:
Woh chalâ bâgh ko jâe, jî.
Chal mahiloṅ ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî:
Chal mahil ko jâe, jî:
Mârwan se kare jawâb, jî:
"Narwargarh se â gíâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ:
Woh to âyâ Nau-lakkhe Bâgh, jî.
Apnî bândi ko bhej de sahelî ke pâs, jî."
Us ne li sahelî bulâe,
Tin sau sâth sahelîâṅ Mârwan kî
Chale mahiloṅ ko âveṅ, jî.
Bolî Mârwan, "Suno mere sang kî, jî, sahelî,
Merî suntî kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?
Tum karo ik rûp, ik singâr:
Tum karo bâgh meṅ sairî sâth, jî."

I will bring the Princess Mârwan, go thou to the Nine-*lákh* Garden.*"
Hearing this the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel
And went into the garden.
Rewâ the gardener's daughter went into the palace.
She went into the palace,
And spake to Mârwan!
"Dhol, the son of Nal, hath come from Narwargarh,
And into the Nine-*lákh* Garden:
Send thy handmaid for thy maidens."
She called her maidens.
The 360 maidens of Mârwan
Came into the palace.
Said Mârwan, "Hear, my maidens:
Why hear ye not my words?
Put ye on the same form and the same jewels,
And go ye and wander in the gardens."

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* See Vol. I., p. 488.

Chal bâghoṅ meṅ ântî Rânî Mârwan :
Woh chalî bâgh meṅ jâe, jî.
Bolî Rewâ, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bat, jî ?
Kin desâṅ se terâ âunâ, karhâ ke aswârâ ?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâîye, jî."
"Narwargaṛh se maiṅ â gîâ, sun, hâr-hamelî-wâlî :
Nal Râjâ kâ maiṅ Ḍhol hûṅ, âyâ Mârwan ke pâs, jî.
Kis Râjâ ke bâgh haiṅ, hâr-hamelî-wâlî ?"
Bolî, "Pingal Râjâ kâ shahr hai, Rânî Mârwan kâ bâgh, jî.
Yehâṅ karhâ nikâl le, karhâ ke aswârâ :
Hamârâ bâgh kîâ barbâd, jî.
Tere barge Ḍhol bahot se âe, jî ;
Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî !"
"Mere bargâ Ḍhol koî nahîṅ âyâ, sun, Mâlî kî larkî :

Princess Mârwan went into the garden ;
Went into the garden.
Said Rewâ, "Hear, O camel-rider,
Why hearest thou not my words ?
Whence comest thou, O camel-rider ?
Tell me the secrets of thy heart."
"I am come from Narwargaṛh, hear, thou wearer of necklaces :
I am Ḍhol the son of Nal come for the Princess Mârwan.
What king's garden is this, thou wearer of necklaces ?"
Said she, "This is Râjâ Pingal's city and Princess Mârwan's garden.
Take thy camel hence, thou camel-rider :
He hath destroyed my garden.
Lots of Ḍhols like thee have come,
Hear, thou camel-rider !"
"No Ḍhol like me hath come, hear, thou gardener's daughter ;

Main Nalkoṭâṅ kâ Râjâ hûṅ, jî."
Bole Ḍhol, to kyâ kahe? "Sang kî rî sahelî,
Terî mâr uṛâ dûṅ khâl, jî!
Âṭh kûṅeṅ, nau bâolî, solâh sau panihâr!
Beṭâ pûchhe Râo kâ, kin chhelâṅ kî nâr?"
"Âṭh kûṅeṅ, nau baolî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Ham hai solâh sau panihâr, jî.
Un chhelâṅ kî gorîyâṅ, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tere barge un ke charvedâr, jî!"
"Kâhe kâ terâ ghaṛâ, jî?
Kâhe kâ terâ ḍol, jî?
Kâhe kâ lejû îṇḍvî, pânî ke bharnewâlî?
Kyâ, Rânî, terâ mol, jî?"
"Sone kâ merâ ghaṛâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ:
Rûpe kâ merâ ḍol, jî.

I am the Râjâ of Nalkoṭ"*
Said Ḍhol; what said he? "O company of maidens,
I will beat you till your skins crack!
Eight wells, nine cisterns and 1,600 water-bearers!†
The son of Râjâ (Nal) asks, whose wives are ye?"
"Eight wells, nine cisterns there are, hear camel-rider,
And we are 1,600 water-bearers,
We are the loves of those, camel-rider,
Who have servants like thee."
"Of what are your pitchers?
Of what your buckets?
Of what your ropes and pads,‡ ye bearers of water?
What is thy value, Lady?"
"Golden is my pitcher, hear, camel-rider:
Silver is my bucket.

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* *i.e.*, Narwargaṛh.
† The badinage that follows is quite *de rigueur* between the bride-groom and the bride's companions.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 542.

Aṭhârâh lâkh kî jân, jî!"
Bolî sahelîân, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Hamârî suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?"
"Do kauṛî kâ terâ karhâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Terî tîn kauṛî kî jân, jî!"
"Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Tû to kaṛe kare jawâb, jî!"
Bole Rewâ, "Râjâ, tû kyâ kahe 'Mâlî' Mâlî kî?
Mere se kaise kaṛe jawâb, jî?
Karhâ ko leke jâîyo Pingal kî Kachahrî, jî:
Mârke tîr kaṭorî ko utâr lo, jî:
Kachahrî ko âîyo jît, jî.
Us Kachahrî ko jîtke Kâlî Bâghoṅ meṅ jâe;
Wahâṅ jâîyo nâg ko mâr, jî.
Khaskhas ke bangalâ meṅ jâîyo baiṭh, jî."

Eighteen *lákhs* for my life!"
Said the maids, "Hear camel-rider,
Why hearest thou not our words?
Two *kauṛís* for thy camel, hear camel-rider,
Three *kauṛís* for thy life!"
"Thou art but a gardener, hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's daughter,
And thou givest sharp answers!"
Said Rewâ, "Râjâ, why sayest 'Gardener' to the Gardener's daughter?
How is my answer sharp?
Go take thy camel to Pingal's Court
And shoot down the three cups with they arrow,*
And go and win before the Court.
Winning before the Court go into the Black Garden,
And slay the serpent there,
And go and stay in the thatched house."

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* A favorite ordeal on these occasions.

Chaṛhke karhâ ko chal paṛâ Nal Râjâ kâ kaṅwar, jî:
Chalâ Kachahrî ko jâe, jî.
Tarkash kanî nikâlke, jî pare ṭakâe, jî:
Joṛke kanî kaṭorî ke dîtâ mâr, jî.
Girke kaṭorî nîche âve Kachahrî ke mâṅ, jî.
Nâ koî doâ salâm kare Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Kaṛhâ Kachahrî ke bâr, jî.
Bole Pingal, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî,
Cherhke karhâ ko jâîye Kâlî Bâghoṅ meṅ.
Tere barge Ḍhol bahot âve, karhâ ke aswârâ.
Dhaske karhâ cheṛhtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Woh to Kâlî Baghoṅ meṅ jâe, jî.
Kâlî Bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,
Âve darwâzâ ke mâṅ, jî.
Wahâṅ ḍerâ lagâ dîâ Nal Râjâ ke bete ne.
Âdhî rât naukaṇḍh gaî, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Nikalâ wahâṅ se sâmp, jî.

Mounting his camel the son of Râjâ Nal
Went in the Court.
Taking an arrow out of his quiver, he took aim,
Letting fly the arrow he hit the cups.
Down fell the cups into the midst of the Court.
The son of Râjâ Nal would salute no one,
Standing at the door of the Court.
Said Pingal, "Hear, thou camel-rider,
Spur on thy camel into the Black Garden.
Many Ḍhols like thee have come, thou camel-rider.
Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, spurred on his camel,
And went into the Black Garden.
The son of Râjâ Nal went into the Black Garden,
And entered the gate.
The son of Râjâ Nal took up his abode there.
At midnight at the dead of night, O my God, my God,
Out came the serpent.

Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh khul gae, jî.
Khaṇḍâ sûtke pânch châr tukṛe banâ dîe, jî:
Ḍhâl ke nîchhe dabâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Gobind, Gobind merâ,
Ḍhol chalâ khaskhas ke bangalâ ko jâe, jî.
Khaskhas bangalâ ko âutá Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ:
Woh tọ chalâ bâghoṅ meṅ jâe.
Paṛke rahâ, jî, soe, jî.
Shâm paṛî, din ḍhul giâ, Prabhû, Prabhû merâ;
Chal kûneṅ pe âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Nhâve dhoe tilak lagâve, Karte ko shîsh niwâve, jî,
Baiṭhâ palothî mâr, jî.
Pahar bhar rain bît gaî Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko:
Pinjṛâ kî kul khol dî sherbân ne, jî.
Sher khaskhas ke bangalâ ko âve, jî.
Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne.

Râjâ Ḍhol opened his eyes,
Taking out his sword he cut it into four or five pieces.
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, hid it under his shield.
In the early morn at the hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
Ḍhol went into the thatched house.
Coming out of the thatched house Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Went into the Garden.
He lay down and slept.
It was evening and the day declined, O my God, my God,
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went to the well,
Washed and bathed, put on his (sectarial) marks and bowed his head to the Creator,
And sat him at his ease.
A watch of the night passed over the son of Râjâ Nal,
When the keepers opened the locks of the (tiger's) cage.
The tiger went to the thatched house.
He worshipped his Creator, did the son of Râjâ Nal;

Pahilâ hâth lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Sher ke tukre kar dîe do, jî.
Paṛke woh so rahâ, jî, Nal Râjâ ka betâ, jî.
Pahar bhar rain rah gaî, Prâbhû mere Thâkur;
Chale sherni jâe, jî.
Baiṭhî mahiloṅ meṅ dekhtî Rânî Mârwan.
Bolî sahelî, "Rânijî Mârwan, jî,
Râjâ Ḍhol ko yeh mâr de sherni khud âke.
Woh to sote ko deve mâr, jî.
Is sherni ko de mâr, jî, Rânî Mârwan."
Ger kamand nîche utar gaî Rânî Mârwan:
Woh to âve bâghoṅ ke mâṅ, jî.
Sûtke khaṇḍâ le lîâ Rânî Mârwan:
Us ne hâth meṅ le lî ḍhâl.
Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Rânîjî Mârwan;
Sûtke khaṇḍâ jaisî mârtî Rânî Mârwan,
Shernî kar dîe ṭukre do, jî.

And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, at his first blow
Cut the tiger in two.
Then the son of Râjâ Nal laid him down to sleep.
A watch of the night passed, O my God, my God,
When the tigress came.
Sitting in her palace Princess Mârwan saw her.
Said a maid, "O Princess Mârwan,
This tigress will herself slay Râjâ Ḍhol;
As he is sleeping she will slay him.
Do thou slay this tigress, Princess Mârwan."
Throwing down a (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went down,
And went into the Garden.
Princess Mârwan drew her sword,
And took a shield in her hand.
Princess Mârwan called on her Creator,
And as Princess Mârwan struck with her sword
The tigress fell in two pieces.

Pakar kamand charh gaî Rânî Mârwan;
Chalî mahil ko jâe jî.

Barî fajar, pahrâ nûr kâ, jî.
Bolî saheli, "Sun, Rânî Mârwan,
Is Dhole ko jagâe mahil meṅ lâûṅ, jî."
Chalî sahelîâṅ bâgh meṅ;
Boleṅ sahelîâṅ, "Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?
Bahot soyâ, uṭh jâg, jî:
Karhâ apnâ tayyâr karo, Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ.
Râjâ, chalo Kachahrî ke mâṅ, jî,
Pingal Râjâ pe jâîyo, karo us se do bât, jî."
Apnâ karhâ singârtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ:
Jotish-rûp* manâeke hûâ karhâ pe aswâr, jî.
Charh karhâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ kaṅwar, jî,

Seizing the (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went up it,
And entered the palace.

It was early morn at the hour of dawn.
Said a maiden, "Hear, Princess Mârwan,
I will awaken Dhol and bring him to the palace."
The maidens went into the Garden
And said the maidens, "Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
Why hearest not our words?
Thou hast slept much, now wake up,
And make ready thy camel, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal.
Go, Râjâ, into the Court,
Go to Râjâ Pingal and speak to him."
Getting ready his camel, Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Called on God and mounted his camel.
Mounting his camel went the son of Râjâ Nal

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* i.e., Siva.

Usî Kachahrî ke mâñ, jî.
Jai jawâhir kare Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Bole Pingal, "Sun, Mahârâjâ Ḍholâ,
Kis desâñ se âunâ? Kya hai terâ nâm?"
"Narwargaṛh se â gîâ; Râjâ Ḍholâ merâ nâm.
Sangaldîp ko â gîâ, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
Sârî chaukîân sarkârî, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
Chaukîâñ ko âyâ mâr, jî.
Terâ hukm sab birt rahâ, Râjâ Pingal,
Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ jawâb, jî."
"Apuâ pâñn kâ kapṛâ uṭhâ le, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe;
Main lûñ nishânî dekh, jî."
Apnâ kapṛâ uṭhâ lîâ, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne:
Pair padam us kâ dekhtâ Râjâ Pingal,
Mâthe men chandar mân, jî.
Bole Pingal, "Râjâ Ḍholâ, jâo mahil ke bîch, jî."

Into the Court
When Râjâ Ḍhol made his salute
Said Pingal, "Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol
Whence comest thou? What is thy name?"
"I am come from Narwargaṛh; Râjâ Ḍhol is my name.
I am come to Sangaldîp, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
I am desirous of meeting the Princess.
All thy guards, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
I have defeated and am come.
I have obeyed thy commands,* Râjâ Pingal,
Make me an answer."
"Draw up the clothes of thy leg, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
I will then see the signs."
He drew up his clothes, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
And Râjâ Pingal saw the lotus on his feet
And the moon on his forehead.
Said Pingal, "Râjâ Ḍhol go into the palace."

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* To come here.

Chalke mahiloṅ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;
Karhâ ko dîâ bâghoṅ meṅ chhoṛ, jî !
Nhâve dhoe, tilak lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ ;
Karte ko shîsh niwâ, jî.
Pâñchoṅ lâve bastar Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ ;
Pâñchoṅ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
Khilwat-khânâ men jâ baṛâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ ;
Woh to khilwat-khânâ meṅ jâe, jî.

Baṛî jo thî sahelî Hîrâ Mâlî kî,
Us kâ thâ Rewâ nâm, jî !
Battîs abran sârtî Rewâ Mâlî kî :
Râjâ Ḍhol pe Mârwan banke jâe, jî.
Sej par jaisâ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,

The son of Râjâ Nal went into the palace,
And left his camel standing in the garden.
He bathed and washed and put on his (sectarial) mark, did Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal,
And bowed his head to the Creator.
Putting on the five garments,* Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Put on the five arms.†
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the private apartments ;
He went into the private apartments.

The chief (of Mârwan's) maidens was the daughter of Hîrâ, the Gardener,
Her name was Rewâ.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, put on the 32 ornaments
And went to Râjâ Ḍhol as Mârwan.
The son of Râjâ Nal sat on the couch

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* *i.e.*, full-dress. † *i.e.*, fully armed.

Patel-soz jaisî bâltî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
Chalî Râjâ ke pâs, jî,
Sewâ meṅ âṅkar phirî âs pâs, jî.
Pâen ko kharî hove Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Râjâ sirhâne ko phire mûṅh, jî.
Hâth joṛ kare bintî Râjâ se:
"Maiṅ kar rahî terî âs, jî."
"Maiṅ Râjâ kâ beṭâ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Mujhe râjâoṅ-wâlî karnî rît, jî!"
Itnî bât Ḍhol ne kahe, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Apne man meṅ hûî udâs, jî.
Chalke Mârwan pe âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Rânî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Bârah Khâṅ ke yeh Ḍhol hai, jî:
Kisî kî nahîṅ suntâ bât, jî!"
"Battîs abran sârke, larkî Sunâr kî,

And Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, lit the torch.
She went to the Râjâ
And wandered about him, doing him service.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, stood at the foot of the couch
And the Râjâ turned his face towards the head.
With joined hands she besought the Râjâ:
"I remain in hopes of thee."
"I am a King's son; hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's daughter,
I can but love the daughters of kings!"
Hearing these words of Ḍhol, Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter,
Was abashed in her heart.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, went to Mârwan,
And spake to the Princess:
"Ḍhol is lord of twelve lords,
And listeneth to none!"
(Said Mârwan), "Thou Goldsmith's daughter, put on the 32 jewels,

Tum jâo Ḍhol ke pâs, jî."
Battîs abran sârke Sunâr kî laṛkî,
Âve Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Chal sejâṅ pe âve Sunâr kî laṛkî;
Dekh sûrat ko boltâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
"Bhalâ châhe, tû jâo, tum Rânî kî sahelî,
Tum jâo mahil se bâhir, jî."
Mâre sharam âuti laṛkî Sunâr kî,
Woh to âve Rânî ke bâr, jî.
"Beṭâ hai Râjpût kâ; sun, Rânî Mârwan,
Woh to kisî kî nahîṅ mânî bât, jî."
Pahilâ pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Woh Târwan kare jawâb, jî:
Battîs abran sârke Rânî Târwan,
Âve Ḍhôl ke pâs, jî:
Bolî Rânî Târwan, "Nal Râjâ ke beṭe,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?

And go thou to Ḍhol."
The Goldsmith's daughter put on the 32 jewels
And went to Ḍhol.
The Goldsmith's daughter went up to his couch,
Seeing what she was spake the son of Râjâ Nal:
"If thou seek thy good, go, thou maid of the Princess,
Go thou without my palace."
The Goldsmith's daughter went away abashed,
And went to the Princess's door, (and said),
"This is a Rajpût's son; hear, Princess Mârwan,
He listeneth to none."
At the first hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
Spake Târwan:
She put on the 32 jewels, did the Princess Târwan,
And went to Dhol:
Spake the Princess Târwan, "O son of Râjâ Nal,
Why hearest not my words?

Tîn dafâ maiṅ â chukî, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe,
Âî tere pâs, jî."
"Sangaldîp kî padmanî tum sab sahelî.
Tumharî sab kî ik hî nihâr, jî.
Jo chiṭṭhî mujh ko likhkar bhejî thî, jî,
Us kâ hâl sunâ de, jab maiṅ jânûṅ Mârwan."
Bolî Târwan, "Sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ,"—
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî,—
"Ham Rajpûtâṅ kî beṭîâṅ, jî.
Ham nahîṅ kartî paṛdâ fâsh, jî.
Moṭâ chalan tere des kâ, jî:
Moṭî dekhî châl, jî:
Aur Rajpûtân kî betîâṅ, jî,
Kyûṅ aveṅ tere pâs, jî,"
"Koî dohrâ apnâ likhâ sunâ dêiye, jî,
Jab maiṅ jânûṅ Mârwan, jî!
Jab mere dil ko âve karâr, jî!"

Three times have I come, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
Have I come to thee." (Said he),
"Ye are all the maidens of the beauty of Sangaldîp.
Ye all bear the same form;
The letter that was sent to me,
Who can tell it me, will I know to be Mârwan."
Said Târwan, "Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,"—
Spake she to the Râjâ,—
"We are Râjpût's daughters,
We observe the rule of seclusion.
Unmannerly are the ways of thy land,
Unmannerly is thy gait.
And other Râjpût's daughters:—
Would they come to thee?"
"Sing me some verses of thine own,
And I will know thee for Mârwan!
And my heart will be satisfied!"

Ho dilgîr chal parî Rânî Târwan, jî.
Bolî Târwan, "Suno, sab sahelîo, jî;
Nâ chûke talwâr se Râjâ kâ beṭâ;
Nâ chûke tîr se, jî:
Woh to degâ ik hî rastâ kâḍh, jî.
Battîs abran sâr le, Bahin Mârwan;
Solâh solâh le singâr, jî."
Patel-soz balke Rânî Mârwan
Âve Râjâ Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Rânî Mârwan jûn dekhâ jûn koṛâ kûnen ke bâr:
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ, bhû men sûkhe jawâr:
Rânî sûkhe pîû kî, baṛe mard kî nâr.
Basar rahî, basâr die, basâr, basâr!
Rânî sej chaṛhî dekhî, jî,
Jûn kûnen pe dekhê panihâr!
"Mujhe ṭakmâ tere nâm kâ, rakhîye nâm kî ṭek!

Princess Târwan went away abashed.
Spake Târwan, "Hear, O ye maids:
"This king's son failed not with the sword,
Nor failed with the arrow.
He will treat us all alike.*
So put on the 32 jewels, Sister Mârwan;
Put on the 16 ornaments."
Lighting the torch, the Princess Mârwan
Went up to Râjâ Ḍhol.
Princess Mârwan gazed at him, like a thirsty woman at a well.
The millet dried in the yard, the millet dried in the field;
The Princess pined for her love, the great warrior's wife.
Forgotten was she, forgotten, forgotten, forgotten!
The Princess sat on the couch, and looked
As a water-bearer looks at a well!
(Said she), "My hope is in thy name, my trust is in thy name!

---

* i.e., punish us.

Tîn sau sâṭh Ḍhol banke â gae, jî:
Die bâgh se nikâl, jî."
Pakaṛ kalîjâ baiṭh gaî Râjâ ke pâs:
Woh to gaî sejâṅ pe baiṭh, jî;
Die chaupuṛ bichhâe, jî.

Khilwat-khânâ meṅ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ;
Woh khilwat-khânâ meṅ jâeṅ, jî.
Bole Ḍhol, "Sun, Rânî, merî bât,
Narwargaṛh ko chal paṛo, suno hamârî bât."
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ mâtâ se aur sahelîoṅ se kare
jawâb:
Bolî mâṭâ, "Dân jahez le lo, jâîyo Ḍhol ke sâth."
Râjâ Ḍhol karhâ pe hûe sawâr:
Chalke âe Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ,
Tore nukâre bajeṅ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ,
Wahâṅ ho rahe mangalehâr!

Sham Ḍhols 360 have come
And I turned them out of my garden."
Taking him by the waist the Princess sat beside him:
Sat beside him on his couch,
And they laid the *chaupur*-board.

Dwelling in the private apartments, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Went into the private apartments.
Said Ḍhol (to Mârwan), "My Queen, hear my words,
Let us go to Narwargaṛh, hear my words."
In the early morn at the hour of dawn she spake to her
mother and her maids.
Answered her mother, "Take thy dowry and go with
Ḍhol."
Râjâ Ḍhol mounted his camel
And went to Narwargaṛh.
The drums sounded in Narwargaṛh
And there were rejoicings!

No. XXXII.

RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUṚ,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALÂ STATE.

[This story is a very garbled version of the well known Râjpût legend of the sack of Chittauṛ by 'Alâu'ddîn Khiljî in 1303 A.D. The accepted version is given at length by Tod, *Rajasthân*, Vol. I., pp 202 ff, in his usual magniloquent fashion.]

[The story shortly is this. During the reign of Rânâ Lâkam Sain, Chittauṛ was attacked by 'Alâu'ddîn under the following circumstances:—Bhîm Sain, the uncle of the Rânâ, had married Padmanî, the daughter of Hamîr Singh Sisodiâ, of whose beauty 'Alâu'ddîn had heard, and whom he determined to possess. He accordingly entrapped Bhîm Sain into his camp and made his release conditional on the surrender of Padmanî. It was then agreed that Padmanî should be sent accompanied by her maidens, but they were to go in their *ḍolîs* or covered palanquins. Seven hundred *ḍolîs* were sent, but they contained armed men, and the bearers also were armed men. Bhîm Sain was given half an hour to bid farewell to Padmanî, of which he took advantage to escape to Chittauṛ, while a fierce fight took place between the Râjpûts under Gaurâ and Bâdal, Padmanî's relatives, and the troops of 'Alâu'ddîn, after which 'Alâu'ddîn had to raise the siege. This is said to have taken place in 1275 A.D., an impossible date, as 'Alâu'ddîn did not begin to reign till 1295 A.D., and took Chittauṛ in 1303.]

[This expedient of using the *ḍolîs* of a marriage procession to conceal an armed force was successfully performed by Nawâb Mûsâ Khân Baloch of Farrukhnagar, in recovering his principality from the officials of Râjâ Ranjît Singh of Bharatpûr (1768-1806 A.D.) He filled the *ḍolîs* of a large marriage procession with armed men and reached a fort called Shâhjahânâbâd, about 8 *kos* from Farrukhnagar, and full of Ranjît Singh's troops. They all came out unarmed to look on at the sham procession and were therefore easily overpowered, and having possession of the fort, the Nawâb recovered Farrukhnagar and held it till his death.]

[The story of Padmanî, or Padmâwatî as she is also called, has given rise to much popular literature. There is a *Qissa-i-Padmâwat* in Persian verse by Hussain Ghaznavî and in Hindî verse by Malik Muhammad Jâesî, and a *Tuhfatu'l-Qulûb* in Persian prose by Râî Gobind, dated 1652 A.D., translated into Urdû verse in 1796 by Mîr Ziâ'u'ddîn 'Ibrat and Ghulâm 'Alî 'Ishrat.]

QISSA RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, PISAR RÂJÂ CHITWAN SAIN, WÂLÎ CHITTAUṚGAṚH.

Bayân kîâ gîâ hai, ki Shâh Ghorî ke 'ahid meṅ Râjâ Rattan Sain ḥukumrân thâ, chunânche mâbâin donoṅ ko Chittauṛgaṛh meṅ Râvî Nadî par jang hûî, jis meṅ Ghorî Shâh ne Râjâ Rattan Sain ko maghlûb kîâ, aur qila' Chittauṛgaṛh par qâbiz hûâ. Is waqû'a ko 'arsa takhmînan châr sau baras kâ hûâ.

Shimrûṅ Sâhib apnâ; dhan Âd* Kaṅwârî!

Oṛh dushâlâ Rattan Sain gadî kî tayyârî.
Lâkhe Shâh† Dîwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
"Lâ padmâwat Padmanî woh nâr hamârî!"
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain tan lagî kaṭârî.
"Haṭ, re Baniye! pare ho! karo rîs hamârî!
Kaun kaun Bâman Bâniye biyâh lâe sab nârî?
Ab chalûngâ Sangaldîp ko tujhe lâ dûṅ Baniyânî."
Gaṛh se nîche utar gîâ Dîwân hazârî:
Gaṛh nîche utarke soch bichârî.

Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân Bhûre pe âyâ.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
"Tû beṭâ Râjâ Shâm kâ: tû bage siwâyâ!
Râjâ ghar janamke kyûṅ lâhnâ lâyâ?
Sangaldîp kî Padmanî Râjâ biyâh kar lâyâ.
Hor ghanî se kyâ likhûṅ? Pânî kyûṅ na pâyâ?"
Itnî sun Bhûre ne jhaṭ 'araz lagâî:
"Ham bhâî ik haiṅ, hamârî qismat niyârî:
Jo Padmâwat khûs len jâ lâj hamârî."
Gaṛh se nîche dîâ utâr Dîwân hazârî.

Dîwân ne bhagwe rang lîe, kapṛe alfî ḍârî.
Aṭak laugh, Kâbul gae Dîwân hazârî.

---

* For Aditi: observe the mixture of Hindû and Musalmân expressions here.

† For Sâh.

Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh Kachahrî sârî:
Lâkhe Shâh Diwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
"Chaṛh, jo Ghorî Bâdshâh, thârî kalâ sawârî!"
Itnî sun Ghorî Shâh ne jhat âraj* lagâî:
"Kitnâ qilâ' Chittauṛ kâ? kitnâ bastâr?"
"Bâdshâh, bârâh kos meṅ dhare niyo hissâr.
Tîn lâkh Chittauṛ meṅ bâṅdhe talwâr!
Chaudah sai charkhe qila' par kare mâro mâr.
Baseṅ mahâjan, bâniye, baṛe sâhûkâr:
Motî, mohar, jawâhir kâ kareṅ baranj beopâr."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh dil meṅ ghabarâe.
"Mere Allah-dîn Alâu'ddîn,
Nâr begâne dekhke na khoö dîn!"
"Haiṅ Râjâ Chittauṛ ke baṛe mard shauqîn:
Hamâro mard ghoṛe ko kâṭ ke bhar denge zîn:"
Kahte Ghorî Bâdshâh mere Allah-dîn.
Itnî sun Lâkhe Shâh ne jhaṭ araj† lagâî:
"Chaṛh jâo tum Chittauṛ par thârî kalâ sawâî."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh ṭhumak bajwâî.
Sât lâkh chaṛh gîâ Mughal sipâhî:
Manziloṅ manziloṅ chalke Chittauṛoṅ âe.

Jabhî to Ghorî Bâdshâh parwânâ likhwâe:
Sharfû Qâzî khat likhe kar 'aqal shaḥûr.
"Tum sun, Kâbul ke Bâdshâh, kyûṅ ban rahâ hosh?"
"Bîch meṅ," likhe, "Gangâ jalî, ûpar," likhe, "Qurân:
Maiṅ âtâ terî mulâqât, tere darshan pâûṅ.
Mujhe Sangaldîp kâ bhed de, maiṅ chaṛhkar jâûṅ:
Sangaldîp ke bhûp sardâr ko pakaṛkar lâûṅ."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain phardî mangwâî:
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shaḥûr.
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shaḥûr:
"Tû sun, Kabul ke Bâdshâh, kyûṅkas rahâ behosh?
Tere kanioṅ lag rahe chughalkhor, Dillî ke dût.
Bhale châhîye, tû Bâdshâh, ḍere ko kar jâ kûch."

* For *'araz*. † See above line 26.

Itnî sunke Bâdshâh mârî jhaṭ phûk.
" Milnâ hai to mil jâ, nahîṅ ḍere ko kar jâ kûch."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain tâjan purwâe,
Ghorî Bâdshâh ke dalân meṅ chalkar âe.
Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh, jhuk sîs niwâe.
Haṅske bole Bâdshâh, lîe pâs biṭhâe.
Chaupuṛ sâr mangâeke shatranj khilâe.
Bâṅh pakaṛke le baṛe tambû ke mâhîṅ.
Pairoṅ meṅ pâe beṛîâṅ, gal tauq parâhe.

Abhe Râm Dîwân ko dhake dilwâe.
Abhe Râm Dîwân gaṛh andar âe:
Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâroṅ âî.
" Kit gae Râjâ Rattan Sain hamâre, bhâî?"
Itnî sunke Abhe Râm ne kûk machâî.
" Ham donoṅ rokar bichaṛe, Bâdshâh ghar shâdî!
Thârâ Râjâ pakaṛâ, Bâdshâh ne naubat bâjî!"
Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâṛoṅ lâgî.
" Kit Sanglâ? kit Sangaldîp? kit biyâhî?
Âwandî na sobhâ lîâ niṛbhâgan âî!
Ab jidhar nûṅ teri khushî châhe chalî jâe!"
Itnî sunke Padmanî bhar âṅsû roî.
Dolî andar baiṭh gaî jhâmaṛ giṛwâe.
Hâthoṅ meṅ lîe paplî kamarâṅ bandhwâî.
Manziloṅ manziloṅ chal paṛî Sibhjî pe âî:
Sibhjî ke bachan lî chalî dewar pe âî.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
" Dewar, nâ godî, nâ ungalî, merâ piyâ dûr.
Mere Râjâ ke band chhuṛâ lâ, tû dîkhe sharm huzûr!"
Itnî sun Bhûre ne dil hûe gharûr.
" Jâ, bhâwaj, tû chale jâ neṛe yâ dûr.
Mere bâp kâ sir dîâ kâṭ, chîlâṅ ne khâe.
Tum ko bhî de milûṅ Ghorî Shâh ke tâîṅ.'
Itnî sun Mâtâ Bhure ki Bhure pe âî.
" Paṭṭâ terî 'umar kâ likhwâkar nâ lâe.
Nau mahîne rakhâ udard meṅ, jiû kar bachâî:
Tainûṅ ghuṭî dî na zahar kî tûṅ bachdâ nâhî!"

"Mâtâ, woh hî gharî kyûṅ gaî bhûl kar râṇḍ biṭhâî ?
Mere bâp kâ sir kaṭ chîlâṅ ko pâe ?
Mere bairî phaṅs gîâ dâû meṅ, tu dîe hai chhuṛwâe !"
"Bachchâ, augun ûpar gun karo, jag meṅ bhalâî."
Itnî sun Bhûrâ Mâtâ se kahe, "Sun, mâî, bât.
Jehî Râjâ ko pakaṛâe dûṅ Bâdshâh ke pâs."
Itnî sun Bhûre kî Rânî Bhûre pe âî.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
"Râjâ, tum charkhâ le lo rangalâ, pîṛhâ le lo lâl.
Charkhe mere baiṭh jâo, gharwâ le nâth,
Tum pahino merî chûrîâṅ, maiṅ nûṅ le âo hathiyâr !
Maiṅ takrî hoke jâ laṛûṅ Ghori Bâdshâh ke sâth !
Haude se haudâ bheṛ dûṅ, sir paṛeṅ ajât judâ !
Charhnâ hai to chaṛh jâ, nahîṅ de do sâf jawâb !"
Itnî sunke Bhûre ke tan bolî khâî.

Bhûre Bâdal ne chauk meṅ kachahrî lâî :
Badnî â gae Badan Singh Kachahrî chhâe.
Shâh* Maṇḍan â gae sahûkar sampûran baṛe bhâgî.
"Mere bâwan dhajâeṅ mâl ke, maiṅ sabhî tyâgî !
Mere Râjâ ke band chhuṛâ lâ, sab pûran lâge !"
Itnî sun Bhûrâ Shâh Maṇḍan pe âyâ.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
Bhûre se Maṇḍan kahe, "Koî hikmat kîjo.
Solâh sai ḍolâ lîâ, singâr hâth guptî dîjo.
Ḍolâ andar deo biṭhâe : kisî bhed na dîjo.
Mânî Pûnî lohâr ko sâth le lîjo.
Mânâ Pûnâ bhareṅ bhes terâ chândî sonâ :
Jin kî chhaṭêṅ ûpar dhare anâr lîmû se gahnâ :
Jin kî zulf latakke bhare mâng motîṅ kî lachhî."

Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ singâr, sûn Sibh kî khâî.
"Yehîṅ se haṭ jâîyo gharâṅ nûṅ, jis se nâr piyârî !
Hamâre gail so chaṛhe bandhî dudhârî !"
Itnî sun sûrme de rahe kalkâr :

* For *Sâh*.

Ghorî Shâh ke dalân meṅ par gaî shor pukâr.
Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ne jhaṭ mashlat joṛî :
"Tûm dîn duniyâ ke Bâdshâh chhûṭe Khudâe !
Ḍole meṅ padmâwat hai nahîṅ padmanî bharâe !
Ḍoloṅ ke bâṅs saṛkde, kahâr hoṅkde âe !"
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh ne araj lagâî.
"Ḍoloṅ kî talâsh de de mere tâîṅ."
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâe.
"Padmâwat* roî ḍolî meṅ bhar âṅsû âî.
Rattan Sain ko dekhtî kâman madâ mâî.
Rattan Sain ko bhej de ḍolâṅ ke mâhîṅ."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh Râjâ pe âe :
Jandâ ṭor mahil kâ Râjâ khulwâe.
Râjâ chhuṭâ mahil se jaisâ chalâ kebrî.
Dekh Râjâ ḍolâṅ ko bhar âṅsû rove.
"Mere jîwande ḍolâ kyûṅ dende lâj gaṅwâe ?
Badlâ ab yeh bâp kâ taiṅ lîâ sajâe !"
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâî :
"Mânâṅ Pûnâṅ ladlî terî ab lâṅ gorî.
Ḍolâṅ âîṅ baiṭhke donâṅ kî joṛî."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain dil âî hoshiyar.
Ḍolâ andar jâ paṛa jhâmaṛ girwâe.
Mânâṅ Pûnâṅ lohâr se beṛî kaṭwâî.
Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ik mashlat joṛî.
"Ḍolâ meṅ ṭhak ṭhak ho rahî, ghan bâje hathoṛî.
Berî kaṭî Rajpût kî ! Âî honî torî."

Itnî sunke Rattan Sain kî turt â gâî ghoṛî.
Hanwe hâth, pair rikâb, jhat jabar gaî ghoṛî.
Saṛsaṛ mârî koṛaṛî dauṛâ dî ghoṛî.
Wâjâṅ wâjâṅ dî rahî tâ bâgâṅ moṛî.
Gaṛh andar â baṛa Rajpût hazârî.
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ ghoṛî pherî,
Ghorî Shâh ke dalân jâ bâgâu moṛî.
Doloṅ se kûde sûrme deke kalkâr.

* For Padmanî.

Ghorî Shâh ke dalân meṅ pâî dhand ghubâr.
Golî chalî kaṛâkaṛ, paṛe rahe saṅkâr,
Jaisî mârî pawan kî kinârî kâhî.
Pâṅch hazâr paṛâ khet, giṅtî na pâî,
Akelâ Bhurâ kyâ kare lashkar ke darmiyân ?
Lekar ghoṛî jâ paṛâ lashkar ke darmiyân:
"Tum meṅ naushâ kaun dal ká singâr?"
Allâhdîn 'Alâu'ddîn karde do pahâṛ:
Haude se nîche dîe ger, dêkê tar-kasâr.
Itnî sun Ghorî Bâdshâh ne pakaṛe kumân.
Bhaṛbhaṛ marî giâsîyâṅ Arjun se bân.
Tîr mârâ Bhûre Kaṅwar ko langhâ dîâ pâr.
Ghoṛî se nîche dîâ ger, kar tîrkahî sâr.

Râjâ royâ Rattan Sain deke kalkâr.
Faujâṅ andar âu baṛî deke lalkâr.
Ghorî Shâh ne dîe bâṅg namâz guzârî!
Karoṛ deotâ gîâ naṭ iko bârî!
Ghorî Shâh ke hûe fatah kachahrî sârî.
Itnî sun Padmâwat ne tan barchhî mârî:
Nârî thîṅ, sab mar gaîṅ Chittauṛoṅ mâhîṅ!
Ghorî Shâh dekhdâ koî nazar na âîṅ!
"Jhuṭhâ re, Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân! Padmâwat koî na pâî!"
Lâke jandâ chal paṛe Chittauṛoṅ mâhîṅ:
Chhat Banûṛ meṅ âke ḍere dîe lagâe.
Bâdshâh wahâṅ mar gîâ, makân lîe pâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, THE SON OF RÂJÂ CHITWAN SAIN, LORD OF CHITTAUṚGAṚH.

It is said that in the days of the Ghorî* kings Râjâ Rattan Sain was an independent prince, and there was war between them on the Râvî River at Chittauṛgaṛh, in which the Ghorî king conquered Râjâ Rattan Sain, and took Chittauṛgaṛh. This happened abont 400 years ago.†

* For Ghorî read Khiljî throughout.
† 600 would be nearer the mark.

I worship my Lord and the Infinite Goddess!

Clothed in shawls Rattan Sain sat on his throne.
Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his (customary) gift, (and said):
"I would have the beautiful Padmanî to wife!"
Hearing this Rattan Sain was very wrathful (and said):
"Off, thou Merchant.* Be off! Thou makest me angry.
Shall Brâhmans and Merchants marry all the women?
I will go to Sangaldîp† and get thee a Merchant's daughter."
The great Minister went down from the fort,
And going down he pondered (within himself).

Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, came to Bhûrâ,‡
With joined hands he prayed forgiveness§ and bowed his head.
(Said he), "Thou art the son of Râjâ Shâm and the best of all.
Born in the king's house why art thou disgraced?
The Râjâ (Rattan Sain) hath wedded Padmanî of Sangaldîp!
And what shall I say of his wealth? Why hast thou not received thy share?"
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly:
"We brothers are the same, but our fate is separate:
If I take away Padmanî, the shame will be mine."
And he sent down the great Minister from the fort.

The Minister dyed his clothes of a red hue, and put on a mendicant's dress.||

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* This means that Lâkhe Shâh was a Baniyâ, (merchant) by caste.

† See *ante*, p. 276.

‡ Rattan Sain's brother.

§ For speaking: Oriental custom.

|| *Alfî* is a sleeveless shirt worn by mendicants as a distinguishing mark.

Crossing the Aṭak (Indus) the great Minister went to Kâbul.
The Ghorî king was holding his Court:
Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his gift.
(Said he), "Start thy army, O Ghorî king, (to Chittaurgaṛh)."
Hearing this said the Ghorî king quickly:
"How large is Chittauṛ fort? What is its population?"
"O king, it is a large fort covering twelve *kos*.
Three *lâkhs** of swords are there in Chittauṛ.
And fourteen hundred guns blaze forth.
Bankers and traders and great merchants dwell there,
And deal largely in pearls and coins and jewels."
Hearing this the king was astonished in his heart.
(Said the Court), "O Allah-dîn 'Alâu'ddîn,†
Lose not thy virtue over a strange woman."
(Said he), "The Râjâs of Chittauṛ are men of luxury,
And my men shall fill their horses' saddles."
Thus spake the Ghorî king 'Alâu'ddîn,
And hearing said Lâkhe Shâh quickly:
"Go thou with thy army to Chittauṛ."
Hearing this the king had the (war) drums beaten.
Seven *lâkhs*‡ of Mughal soldiers advanced,
And stage by stage they reached Chittauṛ.

Then the Ghorî king sent a letter,
And Sharfû, the Qâzî, wrote the letter with discretion.
(And said) "Why be uneasy, thou King of Kâbul?"§
And he wrote, "The Ganges is between us, and above us is the Qurân;||
I have come to visit thee and see thee (only),
That thou mayest tell me of Sangaldìp, whither I would advance."

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* *i.e.*, 300,000!
† Meant for 'Alâ'uddîn Khiljî.
‡ *i.e.*, 700,000!
§ This must be a blunder of the bard: the "King of Kâbul" is writing the letter.
|| Apparently an oath.

When Rattan Sain heard this he sent for paper,
And Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion.
Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion, (and said),
" Hear, thou King of Kâbul, why art thou uneasy?
Beside thee are the tale-bearers, the spies of Dehlî,
If thou wishest thy welfare march thou back."
Hearing this the king forthwith exclaimed,
" If thou wilt meet me meet me, or I will march back."
Hearing this Rattan Sain got ready his mare
And went to the Court of the Ghorî king.
The Ghorî king was sitting there and he bowed his head.
Smiling spake the king and sat him down beside him.
Sending for a *chaupur* board they played at chess (!)*
Then seizing (the Râjâ) by the arms they took him into the great tent.
They put fetters on his feet and an iron ring about his neck.

Abhe Râm, the Minister,† was pushed away.
And Abhe Râm, the Minister, went back into the fort,
And went to the door of Rattan Sain's mother.
(Said she), " Where went my Râjâ Rattan Sain, friend?"
Hearing this Abhe Râm raised a cry (and said):
" We two were separated weeping while the king's household rejoiced!
The king hath seized thy Râjâ and is beating his drums (over it)!"
The mother of Rattan Sain leant against the door, (and said):
" Where is the Maid of Sangal? ‡ where is Sangaldîp? whence came the bride?
Unfortunate§ art thou, that thy coming brought no happiness.

* For the bardic notion on such things see Vol. II., p. 282.
† Who had accompanied him. ‡ *i.e.*, Padmani.
§ This term implies a reproach.

Go now whither thou mayest desire !"
Hearing this Padmanî wept bitterly.
She sat in her covered palanquin.
She took a dagger in her hand and girded her loins.
Going stage by stage she reached (a temple of) Siva,
And taking an oracle from Siva she went to her husband's younger brother.
With joined hands she asked forgiveness and bowed her head (and said):
" Brother, nor chick nor child (is mine) and my husband is afar.
Release the Râjâ, for thou seemest an honourable man !"
Hearing this Bhûrâ hardened his heart (and said):
" Go, sister, go where thou wilt.
He cut off my father's head and the kites ate it.
I will send thee too to the Ghorî king."*
Hearing this came his mother to Bhûrâ (and said):
" I have no written prophecy as to thy length of life.
I bore thee nine months in my womb, and saved thee alive.
Would that I had poisoned thee, that thou hadst not lived !"
" Mother, hast thou forgotten that hour when thou wast made a widow ?
When he cut off my father's head and gave it to the kites ?
My enemy is in trouble and thou wouldst have me save him !"
" My son, do good for evil, that it may be well with thee in the world."
Hearing this said Bhûrâ to his mother, " Mother, hear me,
I will let the king keep the Râjâ his captive."
Hearing this came Bhûrâ's wife to Bhûrâ;

* And so dishonour thee.

With joined hands she craved his pardon and bowed her head (and said) :
" Râjâ, take my painted spinning wheel, and take my red stool.
Sit down to my wheel and make thee a nose ring.
Take thou my bracelets and I will take thy arms !
I will be strong and fight the Ghori king!
Elephant shall meet elephant and heads shall fly about!
If thou be going, go, or deny outright !"
Hearing this, her words sank into Bhûrâ's heart.

Bhûrâ and Bâdal held an assembly in the market-place.
Badnî and Badan Singh attended the assembly.
Shâh Maṇḍan, the richest of all the merchants, also came (and said) :
" I give up (for thee) my 52 bags of riches !
Expend them all to release my Râjâ !"
Hearing this came Bhûrâ to Shâh Maṇḍan.
With joined hands he asked pardon, and bowed his head.
Said Shâh Maṇḍan to Bhûrâ : " Make this plan.
Take 1,600 palanquins (with you) and take secret arms in your hands.
Seat yourselves within the palanquins and tell the secret to none.
Take Mânâ and Pûnâ, the iron-smiths, (as women) with you ;*
And cover Mânâ and Pûnâ with thy vesture of silver and gold ;
And put limes and pomegranates on their breasts for ornaments :
And fill their hanging locks with coral and pearls."

They adorned 1,600 palanquins and took an oracle from Śiva, (and said) :
" Go hence to your homes, all ye that love your wives !

* *i.e.*, dressed up as women : observe the force of putting the names of these *men* into *female* forms in the text.

They that go with us must fasten on swords!"*
Hearing this the warriors raised a shout,
And the noise of it reached the Ghorî king's Court.
Whereon Sharfû, the Qâzî, quickly made remark:
"God hath made thee king of the world and the faith!
They are no fair maids and girls that fill the palanquins!
The poles of the palanquins creak and the bearers breathe heavily!"
Hearing this spake the king:
"Search the palanquins for me."
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly:
"Padmanî is weeping bitterly in her palanquin,
And when she sees Rattan Sain she will be filled with joy.
Send Rattan Sain into her palanquin."
Hearing this the king came to the Râjâ,
And breaking open the lock of the prison took the Râjâ out.
The Râjâ came like a lion out of his prison,
And seeing the palanquins his eyes filled with tears, (and he said to Bhûrâ):
"Why sent ye her in marriage here, whilst I was alive to shame me?
Thou hast taken full vengeance for thy father!"
Hearing this said Bhûrâ quickly:
"I have brought Mânâ and Pûnâ,† thy beautiful darlings,
Sit down in the palanquin and meet them."
Hearing this Rattan Sain understood,
And went into the palanquin and put down the blinds.
Mânâ and Pûnâ, the iron-smiths, cut off his fetters.
Then Sharfû, the Qâzî, made remark:
"There is a noise of hammering and clanking within the palanquin!
The Râjpût's fetters are being cut! Thy fate hath come, (O king)!"

Hearing this Rattan Sain quickly came to his mare.

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* As the enterprise is very dangerous.
† The names are still *female* in the text

Hand on saddle, foot in stirrup, quickly he mounted his mare.
Striking her quickly with his whip he gallopped off the mare.
They shouted out to him to turn back.
The great Râjpût entered his fort.
Hearing this* Bhûrâ quickly turned his mare,
And turned on the Ghorî king's camp.
The warriors leapt from the palanquins and gave a shout.
And there was a great slaughter in the Ghorî king's camp.
The guns thundered forth and there was a great disturbance.
As when the wind blows the scum (of a pond) to the bank.
Five thousand fell on the field beyond counting,
But what did Bhûrâ alone in the midst of an army ?
He took his mare into the midst of the camp, (saying):
" Who is the jewel† of the army among you ?"
And he cut Allahdîn 'Alâu'ddîn‡ into two halves,
And cast him down from his elephant with a stroke of his sword.
Hearing this the Ghorî king seized his bow,
And shot arrows forth like Arjuna.§
An arrow struck the Prince Bhûrâ and went through him.
And the blows, arrows, and swords threw him down from his mare.

The Râjâ Rattan Sain wept and cried out.
And the (king's) army entered the fort shouting ,
And the Ghorî king made the (Muhammadan) call to prayer !||

* Something probably omitted here. † *Lit.*, bridegroom.

‡ The bard seems to think 'Alâu'ddîn to have been a personage apart from the "Ghori" king, whereas they were really the same.

§ The Pâṇḍava; allusion to the story of the *Mahâbhârata*.

|| A dreadful thing to happen in a Râjpût fort.

And all at once the millions of (guardian) goddesses fled !
The Ghorî king gained the victory over the whole Court.
Hearing this Padmanî ran a spear through her body,
And all the women that were in Chittauṛ died !*
And the Ghorî king could find net one (and said) :
"Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, was a liar ! I have found
no Padmanî !"
Putting his lock on Chittauṛ he set out,
And rested at Chhat-Banûr,
Where the king died and had a tomb erected to him.†

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* Allusion to the well-known Râjpût ceremony of the *sâkâ*, or *jauhar*, or immolation of the women, before making the final sally, when it was no longer possible to save a place from destruction. The Râjpûts claim that a *jauhar* was performed on this occasion, and again at the second sack of Chittauṛ by Akbar in 1583.

† This place is probably meant for the Chach or Indus riverain tract of the Râwal Piṇḍî District, just as the bard has placed Chittaur on the River Râvî. 'Alâu'ddin, as a matter of fact, was buried at Dehlî in 1316 A D.

No. XXXIII.

THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARÎJAN,

AS TOLD IN THE DEHLÎ AND KARNÂL DISTRICTS.

[Sarwan and Farîjan is the usual name of a well known ballad widely sung in the Dehlî, Gurgâoṅ, Karnâl, Hissâr and Rohtak Districts. It is specially interesting as being a pure myth concocted within the last fifty years for what may be called political reasons, and because it bids fair to become a permanent legend among the people.]

[Farîjan, Farîdan, Farîjar and Pharîjan are vulgar forms of the name of Mr. William Fraser, formerly Political Resident at the Court of the Mughal Emperors of Dehlî, who was murdered from personal spite at the instigation of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâṅ of Lohârû on the 22nd March 1835. The murder formed the subject of a judicial enquiry and the Nawâb was executed on the evidence on 3rd October 1835. He was a man of very dissolute character, and the people who best remembered him, were the courtezans of Dehlî that lived on his gifts. These women for some time afterwards were in the habit of singing songs in his praise and are, no doubt, responsible for the concoction of the purely mythical story of Mr. Fraser's intrigue with Sarwan, a *zamîndâr's* or farmer's wife, at the hands of her outraged husband. Sir William Sleeman, who, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, 1844, Vol. II., p. 210ff, gives a complete account of the murder of Mr. Fraser, says that songs in honor of Wazîr 'Alî the murderer of Mr. Cherry and others at Banâras in 1798 A.D. were sung by courtezans there twenty years after the massacre for the same reason.]

[The true story is that Mr. Fraser had practically brought up the Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâṅ, and was so disgusted at his debauched and licentious proceedings when he grew to man's estate, that he at last refused to admit him to his house at Dehlî, of which the Nawâb had previously had free use. This so exasperated him that he employed Karîm Khâṅ and Uniyâ, an associate and an old servant, to assassinate him. The opportunity offered on the night of the 22nd March 1835, when Mr. Fraser was returning from a party given by the Râjâ of Kishangarh, and Karîm Khâṅ shot him dead about eleven o'clock at night. Uniyâ got wind of attempts that were to be made on his own life by the Nawâb to destroy proofs of the affair and with some difficulty escaped from his clutches. He afterwards confessed his share in the crime to Mr. Simon Fraser and explained the whole of the circumstances at the trial held by Mr. Colvin, the judge. The result was the execution of Karîm Khâṅ and the Nawâb.]

[In an Urdû work called *Târikh Makhzan Panjâb* by Muftî Ghulâm Sarwar Qureshî of Lâhor, 1877, at p. 26, the following account is given of Mr. Fraser's murder:—"Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâñ succeeded Nawâb Ahmad Bakhsh Khâñ of Lohârû. He had two brothers, Aminu'ddîn Khâñ and Ziâ'u'ddîn Khâñ, who claimed shares in the estate under their father's will. The case was laid before Mr. William Fraser, the Agent at Dehli, who reported to Government that according to the will all three brothers ought to have shares in the property. In revenge for this in October 1835 Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâñ had him murdered by his people. After an enquiry, which lasted a year, he was convicted and hanged and his estate at Firozpûr confiscated and added to the Gurgâoñ District." Sir William Sleeman, however, is of opinion that the Government proceedings as to the partition of the estate had very little to do with the murder.]

I.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF MR. FARÎJAR.

Mân Singh, a farmer of the village of Nagdhû, in the District of Karnâl, told the following story on the 22nd February 1884.

A very handsome youth, named Amî Chand, a farmer of the village of Ghughiânâ, in the Karnâl District,* got into trouble and became a convict, working on the Canals being made through the District.† One day it so happened that Mr. Farîjar went out to examine the works and remarked Amî Chand and said to a convict warder,‡ "what a pity it is that so handsome a youth should be employed as a convict on excavation works!" He was so struck with the beauty of the youth that he mentioned it again and again§ till at last the warder said, "his beauty is nothing to his sister's." Upon this Mr. Farîjar strongly desired to see her, and that same evening he sent for Amî Chand and promised to release and reward him if he would bring his sister to him. He consented and was released by Mr. Farîjar, who supplied him with a horse and a servant, and sent him off to his village.

When Amî Chand reached home his friends were much surprised to see him, as they knew his time had not expired,

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* It is really in the Dehlî District.

† They were taken in hand by Lord Hastings and completed between 1817 and 1830.

‡ *Mel qaidi* was the expression used, *mel* being the English word *mate*.

§ This is a purely oriental notion and quite foreign to English habits, of course.

but he put them off with a story of services he had rendered so as to cause his premature release, and concealed the real facts.

He then went to his mother's house, but did not find his sister at home, for she had gone to her husband's house, and so he went there and told her that their mother was very ill, in fact dying, and wanted to see her. Her husband, however, declined to let her go home, and Amî Chand then told her privately that unless she could get away somehow that very day she would never see her mother alive again; so it was arranged between them that she should go to a certain well to draw water that evening, where he should meet her, and that they should go off together.

They met accordingly and he took her up behind him on his horse, but, instead of taking her to their mother, he took her straight to Mr. Farîjar's tent, as he was then encamped upon the works.

As soon as her husband missed her he guessed that Amî Chand had taken her off and went at once to his mother-in-law, and found her quite well, and that she had seen neither her son nor her daughter. After a while he ascertained that Amî Chand had carried her off to Mr. Farîjar.

This drove him quite wild, and going home to his village, he collected three or four friends and went with them to Mr. Farîjar's tent, and found his wife Sarwan there, as he had been told. He addressed a petition to Mr. Farîjar about the injustice of his acts, but got no answer and was turned out of the camp. So he went home and, watching his opportunity, murdered Mr. Farîjar in revenge for the abduction of his wife.*

II.

THE SONG OF SARWAN AND FARÎDAN.

From a version procured from Dehlî.

TEXT.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Farîdan, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.
Lâṇḍâ ghoṛa buḍhâ Faridan Sarwan ḍhûṇḍan jâe.
Pânch muqâm Dehlî meṅ bole, chhaṭṭâ Ghûngânâ gâṅû.

* There was nothing in the language of the story as taken down to make it worth while printing it in original.

Dhaule kûneṅ par tambû tan gae, mekheṅ de gaṛwâe.
Galî galî chuprâsî ḍoleṅ, Sarwan lajhdî nâhîṅ.
Bachhṛe chûgâwandâ Amî Chand pakaṛâ mushkîṅ de bandwâe.
"Mushkîṅ merî chhoṛ de, Farîdan; Sarwan dûṅ batlâe.
Baṛe bagaṛ se Sarwan nikasî, chhote bagaṛ nûṅ jâe Sarwan bâjṛe mâṅ."
Bâjrâ kaṭṭî Sarwan pakaṛî, dântî ḍhûngî mâṅ.
Sir par pîṛhâ, baghal meṅ charkhâ, pûnî laṭaktî jâe:
Hâth meṅ belâ, bele meṅ kanghî dauṛî nâîṅ ke jâe.
"Ulṭî sulṭî meṇḍhîâṅ gandhtî, ṭhâḍâ lewan jâe.
Âo, rî bahino, mil lo, suhelî: phir milâ nahîṅ jâe."
Ungalî pakaṛke, ponchhâ pakaṛâ, haude lî biṭhlâe.
Hâthî ke haude baiṭhî, Sarwan ṭap ṭap rondî jâe.
"Shahr Ghungânâ, jam jam basîyo! Amî Chand basîyo nâhîṅ!"
Addhî rât pahar kâ taṛkâ târe gindî jâe.
Pânch Pîr kâ malîda sukhâ faujoṅ meṅ baṭâ jâe.
"Lahnge kâ pahinâ chhoṛ de, merî Sarwan, sâya sînâ lagâe.
Sûp kâ pahinâ chhoṛ, merî Sarwan, ṭopî se naihâ lagâe.
Angî kâ pahinâ chhoṛ de, merî Sarwan, peṭîkoṭ se naihâ lagâe.
Pîṛhî kâ baiṭhnâ chhoṛ, merî Sarwan, kursî se naihâ lagâe."
"Ṭopî kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, pagiâ bandhan le.
Patlûn kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, dhotî kâ bandhan le.
Koṭ kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, mirjâe kâ pahinâ le.
Bûṭ kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, jûtî se naihâ lagâe.
Giṭ-piṭ bolî chhoṛ de, Farîdan, sîdhî bolî le."

Translation.

Farîdan came all the way from Kâlkattâ, worshipping the Five Saints.*
Old Farîdan on his bob-tailed nag was searching for Sarwan.

* See next version.

Five days he stayed at Dehli, the sixth at Ghûngânâ village.
The tents were pitched at the white well and the pegs driven in.
The messengers searched in all the lanes and found not Sarwan.
Amî Chand was seized grazing the cattle and his arms were tied behind him.
"Loose my arms, Farîdan, and I will show thee Sarwan.
Sarwan went out of the great street through the little street into the millet-field."
Sarwan was caught cutting the millet with her sickle at her side.
Her stool upon her head, her wheel under her arm, and the skein hanging down:
Her cup in her hand and her comb in her cup she ran to the barber's wife.
"Braid up my tangled locks, the oppressor hath taken me.
O my sisters and my companions, come and see me; we shall not meet again."
He caught her hand and seized her by the waist and sat her in the (elephant) litter.
Sitting in the elephant litter, Sarwan dropped tears.
"Be happy, Ghûngânâ! But be not happy, Amî Chand!"
All night long till dawn she counted the stars.*
The sweets that had been vowed were distributed in the name of the Five Saints (by Farîdan).
"Leave off wearing thy (native) skirt, my Sarwân, and put on a (European) skirt.
Leave off thy (kerchief), my Sarwan, and wear a hat.
Leave off thy (native) petticoat, my Sarwan, and wear a petticoat.
Leave off sitting on a stool, my Sarwan, and sit on a chair."

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* Idiom: to be very unhappy.

"Leave off wearing thy hat, thou doomed one, and fasten on a turban.
Leave off wearing trowsers, thou doomed one, and wear a loin-cloth.
Leave off wearing a coat, thou doomed one, and wear a quilt.
Leave off wearing boots, thou doomed one, and wear (native) slippers.
Leave off thy jargon, Farîdan, and take to plain speech."

III.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN AND PHARÎJAN.

This version is from a beautifully written manuscript in the Persian character sent to Mr. Delmerick in 1872 *by the late Nawâb 'Alâu'ddîn Aḥmad Khâṅ of Lohârû, nephew of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâṅ. It is in his own handwriting, with some* 26 *notes in English also written by him, for he was a man of considerable literary attainments.*

TEXT.

Châma-i-Sarwan.

I.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.
Pânch muqâm Dehlî ke bole, chhaṭṭâ Gungânâ gâṅe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

II.

Dhaulî kûṅîṅ par tammû gaṛâe, mekheṅ dî gaṛwâe.
Huqqâ kîtâ Mîn Chand pakaṛâ, beṛî dî ṭhukwâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

III.

"Ik chîz terî, kahe, Amîn Chand, dûsrî kahû kî nâe."
"Merî ho, to de dûṅ. Pharîjan; dusrî kî de na jâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

IV.

"Sarwan kâ jo bhed batâ de, hâthî dûṅ in'âm."
Ghar ke bhedî bhed batâyâ, "Sarwan bâjrâ mâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

V.

Dhalâ ghoṛâ bhûrâ Pharîjan bâjrâ kûndtâ jâe.
Bâjrâ kaṭṭî Sarwan pâkaṛî, drântî ḍhûngî mâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

VI.

Hâth pakaṛkar ghoṛe biṭhlâ le, ṭis ṭis âṅsû jâe.
Pânch pîṛ bâjrâ kâṭâ, chhaṭṭâ na kâṭâ jâe!
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

VII.

"Bâp ko tere Chaudhrî kar dûṅ, bhâî Thânedâr."
"Châchî tâîṅ sab â mil len, Mîn Chand milnâ nâe!"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

VIII.

"Milnâ ho, to mil le, Mîn Chand; phir milne kî nâe."
Hâth meṅ bilwâ, bilwe meṅ kânghî, nâî ke ghar jâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

IX.

"Ulṭî sulṭî meṇḍhî gundhe, nâî ki: gundhan phir nâe."
Hâth pakaṛkar haude biṭhâ lî, hirnî kî jûṅ ḍakar âe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

X.

Âdhî rât pahar kâ taṛkâ târe ginte jâe.
"Pîṛhî baiṭhnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan; kursî baiṭhnâ sîkh."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XI.

"Lahṅgâ pharnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan, sâya pharnâ sîkh."
Âge sunâr kî, pîchhe munihâr kî, bîch meṅ Sarwan,
jâe (î) Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XII.

"Pânch mohar kâ tîkâ ghaṛâ dûṅ; mâthâ damaktâ jâe
Assî mohar kî nath gharwâ dûṅ, totâ pharaktâ jâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XIII.

"Assî gaz ka lahngâ silâ dûṅ parû pharaktâ jâe."
"Pânch bhâî ke pâg utâre, phir bândhan ke nâe!"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XIV.

Baṛe bhâî ne dene kahe the, chhoṭâ detâ nâe.
Pânch gâṅû kar lîe bas meṅ, Mîn Chand bas meṅ nâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pâṅchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XV.

Chhoṭî bagaṛ se Sarwan nikasî baṛe bagaṛ ko jâe.
Galî galî chuprâsî phir gae, ghar ghar thânedâr.
Allah jâne, rî, Pâṅchoṅ Pîr manâe.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pâṅchoṅ Pîr manâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN.

I.

Pharîjan came all the way from Calcutta, worshipping the Five Saints.*
Five days he halted in Delhî, and on the sixth he went to Gungânâ village.†
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints

II.

He pitched his tents at the white well, and drove in the pegs.
Mîn Chand was seized smoking his pipe and fetters were fastened on him.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints

III.

"One thing hast thou, they say, Amîn Chand, that none else possesseth."
"If it be mine, I give it, Pharîjan: another's I cannot give."
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

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* The *Panj Pîr* are really any five saints the author may remember or worship. The Nawâb says that here they mean (1) Khwâjâ Qutbu'ddîn Bakhtiâr Kâkî Ûshî of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1235 A.D.; (2) Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'd-dîn Chishtî, of Ajmer, *ob.*, 1236 A.D.; (3) Shekh Nizâmu'ddîn Auliâ, of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1325 A.D.; (4) Nasîru'ddîn 'Abû'l-khair Abdu'llah Ibn 'Umar Al-Baizavî, *ob.*, 1286; and (5) Sultân Nasîru'ddîn Mahmûd, Emperor of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1266. The origin of the *Panj Pîr* is in the Five Holy Personages, *viz.*, Muhammad, 'Alî, Fâtima, Hasan and Husain.

† The Nawâb says it is in the Sunpaṭ sub-division of the Dehlî District.

IV.

"Tell me where Sarwan is hid, and I give thee an elephant in reward."

The house-spy told the secret, "Sarwan is in the millet-field."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

V.

Brown Pharîjan on his white horse destroyed the millet-field.

Sarwan he caught cutting the millet, with her sickle by her side.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VI.

Seizing her hands he sat her on the horse, dropping tears.

Five sheaves of millet she had cut, but could not cut the the sixth.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VII.

"I will make thy father a Chaudhrî, thy brother a Police Officer."*

"Let me go and see my aunts, Mîn Chand I will not see."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VIII.

"Mîn Chand, if thou wouldst see her, see her now: thou shalt not see her more."

A cup was in her hand, a comb was in the cup, and she went to the barber's house.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

IX.

"Braid up my tangled locks, O barber's wife: thou shalt not bind them again."

He took her hand and seated her on the (elephant) litter, weeping like a doe.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

---

* A Chaudhrî is a local country magnate, and the country Police Officer is the embodiment of power in the villagers' ideas.

X.

All night till the dawn she counted the stars.*
"Give up sitting on a stool, Sarwan, learn to sit on a chair.'
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints

XI.

"Give up thy (native) skirt, Sarwan, and learn to wear a (European) skirt."
Sarwan went off in the midst of goldsmiths' and jewellers' maids.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XII.

"I will make thee an ornament of five gold pieces to shine on thy forehead.
I will make thee a nose-ring of eighty gold pieces and of glittering jewels."
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIII.

"I will make thee a skirt of eighty yards to become thy loins."
"Thou has pulled off the turbans† of my five brethren, not to be fastened on again!"
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints

XIV.

The elder brothers agreed to give her up, not so the younger.‡
Five villages were in their power, but not Mîn Chand.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XV.

Sarwan escaped from the little street into the great street.
The messengers searched every lane and the police every house for her.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

All the way from Calcutta came Pharijan, worshipping the Five Saints.

---

* Idiom, for being very unhappy. † Idiom, for utterly disgraced.
‡ *i.e.*, Amîn Chand.

No. XXXIV.

PÛRAN BHAGAT,

AS SUNG BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE PAṬIÂLÂ STATE.

[This forms the first *mahal* or division of the legends about Rasâlû, and purports to relate the events previous to the stories told in the first legend given in these volumes, the Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû. It will be seen, however, on a comparison of the two legends, that as a matter of fact the stories told in the Panjâb about Śâlivâhana of Siâlkoṭ and his legendary sons, Rasâlû and Pûran Bhagat, are all mixed up together, and evidently, to some extent, form a cycle of tales, of which any one of these worthies is made the hero at each individual bard's pleasure. The close resemblance of many of them to the cycle represented by the *Story of Sindibâd* is again apparent in the following poem].

[It is still probably too early to fix the date of Rasâlû with anything like certainty, but yet I think it may be fairly hazarded now that he represents in Hindû Legend the king who so successfully fought the first Muhammadan invaders of India about 700 A.D., and is known to Muhammadan historians as Ranbal, Roteil, Zenbil, etc. The facts bearing on this identification will be found in my paper on Râjâ Rasâlû in the *Calcutta Review* for 1884, p. 390 ff.].

TEXT.

Râg Pûran Bhagat dâ Pisar Râjâ Salwân Sakna Siâlkoṭ.

Ṭilloṅ Gorakh chaṛhiâ, chaṛhiâ nâdh bâjâe.
Bâwan sai chele guptiâ, bâwan sai chele nâl.
Baṭwe lîe bhabût de lainde ang ramâe:
Chhâh chûṭîâṅ mirgâniâṅ bhawande bîch akâs.

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Pûran Bhagat, the son of Râjâ Salwân of Siâlkoṭ.

Gorakh set out from Tillâ* sounding his conch.
Fifty-two hundred invisible and fifty-two hundred (visible) disciples were with him.
Ashes had they in their wallets for rubbing on their bodies,
And their deer skins hurtled through the heavens.

---

* In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

Siâlkoṭ Râje Sankh dâ jogî bâge lathe â.
Sûkhe ban hariâule pânî pie talâo;
Bah gae chaplî mânke dhûnî dende lâe.
Bhagtî kamâunde kahir de charne dhyân lagâe.
Raunak lagâ dî Râm ne ditte bâzâr lagâe:
Khalkat mâthâ ṭekde, kyâ râjâ, kyâ râe.

Râjâ mahilâṅ se ṭuriâ, man bich Râm dhyâe:
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî charnoṅ sîs niwâe:
"Jagat nûṅ târan â giâ, mainûṅ târke jâ,
Kanne Gurû sun liâ, âṅkhâṅ vekhan â."
Gorakh âge boliâ; "tainûṅ sachiâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Terî aulâd kothâîṅ haiṅ aukhâ bikhṛa ṭhâûṅ.

They halted at Siâlkoṭ in the garden of Râjâ Sankh.*
The groves became green for them and the lakes full of water:
And they sat cross-legged, lighting their sacred fires.
Performing austere penance they turned to the (Gurû's) feet.
Râm (God) prospered them and made there a town for them.
And all the people did homage, high and low.

The Râjâ set out from his palace meditating on God in his heart.
With joined hands he spake, bowing his head at the (Gurû's) feet:
"Thou art come to save the world, save thou me also.
I had heard of the Gurû with my ears, now have I seen him with my eyes."
Then spake Gorakh: "I tell thee truth.
The way for thy offspring shall be rugged and steep.

---

* ? Meant for Śâka; according to the bards he is the father of Sâlivâhaṇa. This is important.

Udânagarî Shahr hai Râje dâ Chaudhâl nâṅṅ.
Us dî beṭî Achhrâṅ lâveṅ byâhke, tâṅ hove aulâd.

Koṭoṅ Râjâ chaliâ, chaliâ sat îmân.
Faujâṅ bâhir kaḍhâ lîâṅ, lâke bahe dîwân.
Gawwâṅ dân Brahmanâṅ, sonâ kardâ dân.
Ûdânagarî nûṅ dhyâunâ; pat rakhe Bhagwân!
Râjâ chaupaṭ mâudhiâ rohî bich maidân:
Chauṅ Bîrâṅ nâl kheldâ sundâ dîn îmân.
Bîrâṅ mange tâṅ chhe pie; chhe mange tâṅ châr:
Chauṅ Bîrân se bâji jît lîe, âe Bîrâṅ nûṅ hâr.

There is a city Ûdânagarî* and its Râjâ's name is
Chaudhâl.
If thou marry his daughter Achhrâṅ, thou shalt have
posterity."

The Râjâ set out from his fort with a righteous intent.
He took with him his following and held an assembly.
He gave alms of cows and gold to the Brâhmans.
He set out for Ûdânagarî: God preserve his honour!
The Râjâ played at *chaupur*† in the midst of the desert
plains:
With the Four Saints‡ he played, celebrated for right
eousness and faith.
When they cried twelve it fell six, and when they cried
six it fell four.
He won the game from the Four Saints, and the Saints
lost.

---

* An undefined locality and a name claimed by many old cities in the Northern Panjâb.

† See Vol. I., p. 243, and Vol. II., p. 282.

‡ *Bîr* is a Hindû word, but I think it is clear that the *Châr Pîr* are meant here. The *Châr Pîr* or Four Saints are the reputed founders of all the sects of Musalmân *faqîrs*. They were (1) 'Ali himself; (2) Khwâjâ Hasan Basrî, 642-728 A.D., who is buried at Basra: (3) Khwâjâ Habib 'Ajamî or the Persian, who died in 738 A.D.: (4) 'Abdu'l-Wâhid bin Zaid Kûfi 'Ali is said to have invested Khwâjâ Hasan Basrî with the *khilâfat* or deputyship to himself, and the last two were the followers of Khwâjâ Hasan

" Nîle-tâzîwâliâ, nigâh asâṅ bal pae:
Je tû Salwân pârsawâr the, baṛe jândâṅ nûṅ banne lâe
Aithoṅ sânûṅ rakh le, tere bhale sawârâṅge kâj.
Mere ṭabar kabîle raul gîâ, rauîâṅ nûṅ banne lâe."
Râje ne kîṛe kaḍh lîe, kâḍhe nadî se pâr.
Râje nûṅ kîṛâ boliâ: "Suno merâ jawâb.
Je tûṅ Ûdânagarî nûṅ chaliâ merâ mûnch dâ le jâ bâl
Jithe bhârî banoge, sânûṅ kareṅ yâd."

Pahilî chaukî â gae, til chânwal ditte khenḍâe.
Râje nûṅ soch pî gae, kardâ kîrâṅ nûṅ yâd.
Chhin mâtar meṅ â gae, âe Râje de pâs:
"Tainûṅ kî aukhî ban gaî? terî turt saṅwârîe kâj.
Ik ik dânâ til chânwal kâ â gîâ mâshâ ghaṭiâ nâ."

" O Grey-horsed warrior,* cast thy eyes on me.
If thou be the kindly Salwân, thou wilt save the drowning.
Save me from this and I will be of service in thy business.
My family is in difficulty, save the helpless."
The Râjâ rescued the drowning cricket from the river.
Said the cricket to the Râjâ: "Hear my say.
If thou art going to Ûdânagarî take one of my feelers with thee:
And when difficulty falls on thee remember me."

He came to the first post where the sesamum seed and rice had been mixed.†
And being in trouble the Râjâ remembered the crickets.
In a moment they came to the Râjâ (and said):
"What is thy difficulty? We will soon manage thy business for thee."
All the sesamum seeds and rice were separated and not a grain remained.

---

* See Vol I., p. 43, etc. Change of scene here: the allusion now is to the story of the cricket. See Vol. I., p. 41.
† Confused allusion to the matter mentioned at p. 44, Vol. I.

Râje chaukî jitke agge darwâzâ lathâ jâ:
Râje dhag bajâ lîe khabar hûî darbâr
Bhaje sipâhî â gae shahroṅ bâhirwâr.

" Achhrâṅ kâman istrî, sandal bhinne kesh.
Râjâ mâre Malikarmaut* de chhaḍ chhaḍ â gae des;
Unhâṅ de sir baḍh lîe, dhar chun lîe, le le pairâṅ de heṭh:
Je bhalî châhunâ jân dî, jâ baṛ apne des."
" Nâ ro, natâne muṇḍio, karo Rabb de agge ardâs.
Ike maiṅ Rânî byâh lâwâṅ, nahîṅ, rallâṅ tumhâre sâth.
Je maiṅ Rânî byâh lîe bich tuhâḍe pâwan sâs.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, sachî dhyân sunâe."

Overcoming the post the Râjâ went on to the gate,
And the Râjâ sounded the drums and the Court heard the news of his arrival,†
And the guard came outside the City.

" Achhrâṅ is a lovely woman, with sandal-wood she scents her hair.‡
Râjâs encompassed by the angel of death have left their homes and come (for her),
And she cut off their heads and threw their bodies beneath her feet:
If thou seek safety for thy life go to thy home."
" Weep not, severed heads,§ but make your prayer to God.
Either I will marry the Princess, or be joined to you.
If I marry the Princess I will restore you to life.
With joined hands I pray you to tell me the truth."

---

* For Maliku'l-Maut, see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. X., p. 289.
† See Vol. I., p. 44.
‡ Allusion now to the matter mentioned at p. 40, Vol. I.
§ This is Sâlivâhana's reply.

Pahile pahre rain de: "Tûṅ sun, Dîwe jâr;*
Rânî nahîṅ bolnâ, tû hîṅ kareṅ jawâb.
Dûroṅ â gae chalke, sunke tere sû:
Utlî dwâkhî tuṅ base, tere nâûṅ Pilsoz."
"Jad maiṅ Dhartî Mâtâ sî, gawwâṅ chugdîâṅ ghâ:
Paiṛe pîâ kumhâr de, maiṅ nûṅ rakhiâ bahut sanwâr,
Jadoṅ Basantar Gur mile merî umar baṛi ho jâe.
Shâbas kaho us kumhâr nûṅ jin dittâ Gur milâe.
Je tûṅ Râjâ chitr haiṅ, nâ byâhan Achhrâṅ nâr.
Râjâṅ do dîwe ghî de, mainûṅ rakhde til de nâl!"

Dûje pahre rain de. "Tûṅ sun, Gaḍwe yâr;

It was the first watch of the night (said Salwân): "Hear, friend Lamp†.
The Princess speaketh not, so do thou speak.
From afar have I come hearing of thy repute,
That dwellest in the upper shelf and art called Torch."
"Once I was (part of) mother Earth and the cows grazed upon me:
And then I fell into the potter's hands, who beautified me.
From the day I met my Gurû Basantar‡ my life prospered.
Hail to the potter that made me meet my Gurû.
If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ.
Râjâs give *ghî*§ to their lamps, *I* am kept on oil!"

It was the second watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân): "Hear, friend Pitcher;

---

* For *yâr*.

† The bard has now wandered off into part of the story of Rasâlû and Silâ Daî: See Vol. I., p. 270.

‡ *Basandar* is the sacred fire of the Hindûs, and hence its use here in a personified form.

§ Butter boiled and clarified.

Râṇî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ, tûṅ haiṅ kare jawâb.
Rât kaṭîye sukh dî, din chaṛhde nûṅ lenâ mâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, Râṇî nûṅ deo bulâe."
Agge gaḍwâ boliâ, "Ḍâḍhî karâṅ pukâr;
Suner* Parbat men basâṅ, mainûṅ kaḍḍhiâ retâ ḍâl.
Mainûṅ kârîgar ghaṛh lîâ, bûṭâ rakhe chaukîdâr,
Kabhî nahîṅ mainûṅ mânjiâ; Râṇî baṛî badkâr.
Je tûṅ Râjâ chitr haiṅ, byâhan na Achhrâṅ nâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî; merâ yeh hî hai araj jawâb."

Tîje pahre rain de. "Tûṅ sun, gal de Hâr:
Râṇî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ; tûṅ kareṅ jawâhir."

The Princess speaketh not, do thou speak for her.
Let us spend the night in delight and at sunrise let us be slain.
With joined hands I say to thee, bring me to the Princess."
Then spake the pitcher: "Great is my complaint;
I dwelt on (the holy) Mount Meru† and was taken out of the (golden) sand.
A workman fashioned me and placed (upon me the figure of) a tree to guard me.‡
Never have I been cleaned: the Princess is a very bad woman.
If thou be a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ.
With joined hands I beseech thee: this is my answer."

It was the third watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân): "Hear, thou Garland of her neck:
The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."

---

* For Sumer = Mount Meru.
† The sacred mount of the Hindûs in the centre of the Himâlayas.
‡ It appears to mean however merely that the pitcher was chased.

Hâr suhâwâ boliâ : " Ḍâḍhî karâṅ pukâr.
Solah jojan unchâ bagâṅ, jyûṅ dîde pahâr dî dhâr
Jauhrî bachâ parakhde, bah kaḍhe ustâdkâr.
Nâ byâhan Râni Achhrâṅ, adam-khânî nâr."

Chauthe pahre rain de. " Tûṅ sun, Palang yâr :
Râṇî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ, tûṅ kareṅ jawâhir."
" Chandan bich samundar de banjâ sâhûkâr ;
Kârîgarâṅ ne gharh lîâ, buniâ paṭ niwâr.
Gadhoṅ mângoṅ leṭdî, bhâr dîe man châr.
Je tûṅ Râjâ sugaṛ hai, byâhan na Achhrâṅ nâr."

The lovely necklace spake : " Great is my complaint.
Sixteen *yojanas** have I fallen, as a waterfall of the hills.
A jeweller tested and a workman made me.
Thou shouldest not marry the Princess Achhrâṅ, the destroyer of men."

It was the fourth watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân) : " Hear, friend Couch.
The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."
" A merchant bought the sandal-wood from across the seas ;
Workmen made me and the carder stretched the tapes.†
As heavy as an ass she lies (upon me) weighing four *mans*.‡
If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ."

---

* *i.e.*, 128 miles !
† The Indian bed consists of a wooden frame on legs across which tapes are stretched.
‡ *i.e.*, 328 *lbs* or 23½ stone !

Bàhman bedâṅ gaḍiâṅ, paṛhde gotrâchâr.
Mangal gâveṅ suheliâṅ batnâ dittâ lâe.
Rânî Achhrâṅ byâh lîe, hoiâ shahroṅ bâhr.

"Hatth bândh kardâ binti; merâ Rabb, pahunchâe âs!
Hor Râjâ murghâbîâṅ, tûṅ, Râjâ, sarbâz!
Sâḍiâṅ band diâṅ bândhâṅ chhuṛâiâṅ: terî umar drâz!
Jab lag rahânge jîwande terâ japânge nâûṅ.
Hatth bândh karde binti, sânûṅ Bîrâṅ se deo chhuṛâe."

Chaṛhiâ Sûrij Deotâ mastag lagiâ âe;
Rânî ne nahâwan rachiâ Pipwâle talâo.

Brâhmans fixed the marriage posts* and sang the songs of the clans.†
Maidens sang songs of rejoicing and the fire was lighted.
(Salwân) married Achhrâṅ and left the city.

"With joined hands we pray; ‡ may God fulfil our hope!
Other Râjâs are wild fowls, thou, Râjâ, art a hawk!
Release the bonds of the bound and may thy life be long!
As long as we live will we remember thy name.
With joined hands we pray, save us from the Saints."§

The Sun rose in their faces,
And the Queen (Achhrâṅ) desired to bathe in Pîpâ's|| tank.

---

* The canopy under which a Hindû marriage is performed is always improvised for the occasion.

† *i.e.* the genealogies of the bride and bridegroom, so that the exogamic law of the Râjpûts might not be infringed.

‡ These verses are merely thrown in for effect: compare Vol. I., p. 59.

§ See above, line 24.

|| Pîpâ is a recognized *bhagat.* In the *Bhaktamâlâ* he is called a disciple of Râmânand (*A.D.* 1,400 *circa*) and Râjâ of Gaṛh Gangaraun. At Pipnâkh in the Gujrânwâlâ District is a legend that he was the Râjâ of that place and father of Lûnâṅ, whom Śâlivâhana forcibly abducted from him after destroying his town. Pîpâ is there described as a Chamiârî Râjpût, whence probably the notion expressed here and elsewhere that Lûnâṅ his daughter was a Chammâr by caste.

Jaaoṅ dâ sûrij vekhiâ Pûran garab baiṭhâ âe.
"Mainûṅ mihar Gurâṅ de ho gae; Rabb pahunchâe âs!
Tâl bharâṅ jag motîâṅ, upar pâwâṅ ghî.
Saddiâṅ paṇḍit pândhîâṅ banddâ merâ jî.
Kholeṅ, Pâdhâ, patrî, merâ man nahîṅ bandhdâ dhîr!
Dasoṅ pushtak bâṅchke; mere ghar laṛkâ jame ke dhî?"
Aggioṅ Brâhman boliâ, mukh se japke Râm;
Patrî Brâhman kholdâ, karke Devî dâ dhyân:
"Tere aisâ beṭâ, jame Anjanî de Hanumân:
Aisâ beṭâ jatî jame, jaise Jasrat de Râm:
Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ Harnâkas de Palâd:

As soon as the Sun saw her Pûran entered her womb.
(Said she): "The Gurû hath been merciful to me! God hath fulfilled my hope!
I will fill a platter with pearls and over them will I spread butter.
Send for priests and doctors that I may distribute them among them.
Open thy book, Doctor, for my heart is impatient.
See in thy book; shall I bear a boy or a girl?"
Then spake the Brâhman, reverencing God with his lips:
The Brâhman opened the book and worshipped the Goddess (and said):
"Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Hanumân to Anjanî:
Such a holy son shall be born to thee, as was Râm to Jasrat:
Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Palâd to Harnâkas:

Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ bich Lankâ de Râwan.
Jatî sadâve, jodhâ, baṛâ jawân.
Chauhîṅ Khunṭî phiro, rakheṅ dharam îmân.
Jamde nûṅ bhauṅrî pâ deo, dâî deo nâl.
Nahîṅ; tâṅ âp maroḡâ : nahîṅ, mât pât leo mâr."

Pûran paidâ ho giâ, muṛde bagâṅ nâl.
Naubat-khâne baj giâ, shâdî hoî Darbâr.
Gawwâṅ pun Brahmanâṅ pinḍâṅ de kardâ dân :
Khalkat badhâîâṅ de rahe Râjâ Salwân.

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Râwan in Lankâ.*
He shall be called holy, and a warrior and a great hero.
He shall wander through the Four Quarters (of the Earth) and keep his faith holy.
As soon as he is born put him into a pit and give him a nurse :
Else will he die himself : else will he slay father and mother†."

Pûran was born as the cattle were returning (in the evening).
The drums were sounded and happy was the Court.
Brâhmans were given cows and villages as alms;
And the people congratulated Râjâ Salwân.

---

* These are classical allusions. Hanumân, the Monkey God, was the ally of Râma Chandra in the war the latter waged to recover Sîtâ from her abductor Râvaṇa : he was the son of Vâyu, the God of the Wind, by Anjanâ. Râma Chandra was the son of Daśaratha. Prahlâda was the son of Hiraṇyakaśipu and his story is alluded to at p. 5, Vol. II. Râvaṇa, the abductor of Râma Chandra's wife Sîtâ and his opponent, was king of Lankâ. All the above are celebrated heroes, either as saints or warriors.

† This is mixing up the stories of Râsâlû and Pûran.

" Prîchhat Râjâ balî sî khedan gîâ shikâr.
Mûe sarp nûn chakke tapasie de gal dâl.
Astîk Rikhî de bachan te, Râjâ, tainûn lîâ sarp ne mâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, yeh hai merâ jawâhir.
Jalmejâ jag rajhiâ thârâ* chhûnâ dittî gâl.
Ik Tâchhak rah gîâ, lîâ Damwantar mâr.
Bâgh lagâ de Pûran Bhagat dâ; mushk surg nûn jâe
Jag rambhî, Râjâ, koî bhûkâ Brâhman deo srâp."

Pûran bhawaron kadhiâ khabarân hoî sansâr.

" Râjâ Prîchhat was a hero and went a hunting.†
He found a dead serpent and placed it on the neck of a sage.
The curse of Astîk the sage‡ caused the serpent to slay the Râjâ.
With joined hands, this is my say:
Jalmejâ made a sacrifice (of serpents), destroying eighteen armies.
Tâchhak§ escaped and slew Damwantar.
Make a garden for Pûran Bhagat, that its odour may reach to heaven:
If thou give a feast to (all) the world, Râjâ, some hungry Brâhman may curse thee." ||

Pûran was taken out of the pit and all the world knew of it.

---

* For *athârâ*.

† This speech is apparently said by Pîpâ. The whole story of Parikshit, and the others mentioned below will be found in the legend of Niwal Daî, Vol. I., pp. 418ff.

‡ The story of Âstika is also to be found in the *Âdiparva* of the *Mahâbhârata*.

§ This is all most confused and is probably inserted simply because the verses are well known. Tâchhak stands for Takshaka.

|| Being by accident uninvited.

Naubat-khâne baj gîâ, bajiâ hub de nâl !
Megh aḍambar barsiâ, Pûran kare ashnân.
Ṭoṭhî Dẹvî Jalpâ, khushî hoiâ Bhagwân.
Panje lâo kapṛâ, monḍe sabz kumân :
Ghoṛâ lâo pîṛke, sane kâṭhî lagam.
Gîâ Kachahrî bâp dî neûke kare salâm.
Lakkh rupae bânḍde, karde pinḍâṅ de dân.

" Kî haiṅ parî, parisṭâ* ? kî haiṅ mahâṅ balâe ?
Adhî rât nûṅ kûkâṅ mârdî; kin nûṅ dukh dindî hain
sunâe ?
Kis Râjâ dâ kaṅwar hai ? kis bhartâ dî nâr ?
Eh bâgh hai Pûran Bhagat dâ, uṛiâ pakherû na jânâ pâe.

And all the drums were beaten with a will !
And the rain fell when Pûran bathed :
Jalpâ Dẹvî† was propitious and God was pleased.
He had on the five garments‡, and green bow on his
shoulder :
He had his horse saddled and bridled.
He went to his father's Court and bowed his head and
saluted.
Lâkhs of rupees were distributed and villages were
given in alms (to Brâhmans).

" Art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?§
Crying out at midnight : to whom art thou making thy
complaints ?
What king's daughter art thou ? what husband's wife.
This is Pûran Bhagat's garden, into which birds
cannot fly.

---

* For *farishta*.
† *i.e.* Jwâlâmukhî : See Vol. II., p. 205.
‡ He was fully clothed.
§ The whole scene suddenly changes. Pîpâ is now addressing Lûnâṅ whom he finds in his garden. The poem begins in earnest now.

Sachîâṅ bâtôṅ das de, maiṅ le chalâṅ tainûṅ nâl.
Man de bhed das de, terâ deâṅ dukh niwâr."
"Nâ maiṅ parî paristâ : nâ maiṅ mahâṅ balâe.
Indar Râjâ dî maiṅ pachhrâṅ, Lonâ merâ nâûṅ.
Ik din parîâṅ nahâwan â gîâṅ Pîpe de talâo.
Dharmî bâgh liwâ lîâ, pâpî baigan dittâ lâ ;
Merâ laṛ baigan nûṅ chhûâ gîâ, dehî phaṛ gaî bhâr.
Sab parîâṅ uṛ gaîâṅ mere se uṛâ na jâe.
Pîpâ, potrî banâ le dharm dî, le chal apne nâl.
Mere se ubgîâ ho gaî, merâ rakh len dharm îmân."
Agge Pîpâ boldâ ; "sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Mere ghar kalihârî istrî, haigî burî balâe.
Potrî dâ sâk na jândî, saukan lîo banâe.

Tell me the truth and I will take thee with me.
Tell me the secrets of thy heart and I will relieve they pain."
"I am no fairy, nor am I a great horror.
I am a maid of Râjâ Indar* and my name is Lonâ.
One day we fairies came to bathe in Pîpâ's lake.
The holy planted the garden, but the wicked put an egg-plant in it ;
My clothes touched the egg-plant and my body became heavy.†
All the fairies flew away, but I could not fly.
O Pîpâ, make me thy foster-daughter and take me with thee.
I have committed a fault, and preserve thou my honour."
Then spake Pîpâ : "I tell thee truth :
I have a jealous wife at home that is very wicked.
She will not know thee for a daughter, but will make thee into a wife.

---

* Indra's Court is the abode of beauty according to Indian notions.

† It is often thought to be unlucky to eat the *baingan* or egg-plant (*aubergine*) : hence its introduction here.

Je bhalâ châhe apnî jiû dâ, pichhâ murke râh."
Agge Nûnâ bolî: "tainûn dewâñ sunâe,
Nâl dî parîâñ uṛ gaîâñ, mere se uṛâ na jâe."
Pîpe nûñ taras â gaî, leke ṭur piâ nâl.

Oh de ghar sî do Chamaṛîâñ sau sau kaḍḍhan gâl.
"Pîpa, Pipâ baj gîâ, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed!
Râkhi kardâ bâgh dî, kardâ bhajan hamesh.
Dhyân lagânî darb dâ, mâṛe jinhâñ de lekh.
Khabar ho jâ Râjâ Salwân nûñ, bhâṇḍâ doogâ chhek.
Jidhar lâiâ kâḍhke, chhaḍiâ us des:
Nahîñ, rakh lukûke, nahîñ khalkat lîo dekh."
Pîpe châdar tânî chârcñ palle chhâp:
"Eh potrî hai dharm dî, maiñ lagdâ is dâ bâp:

If thou wishest well of thy life, go thou back again."
Then spake Nûnâ: "I tell thee,
The fairies with me flew away and I cannot fly."
Then came pity unto Pîpâ, and he took her with him.

There were two Chammâr women in his house, who abused him a hundred times.
"Pîpâ, Pîpâ art thou called and none hath fathomed thy secrets!
Thou guardest this garden and art ever singing hymns.
Thou castest thine eyes on the goods of them that are unfortunate.
When the news reaches Râjâ Salwân, he will discharge thee forthwith.
Take her back to the place whence thou broughtest her:
Or hide her so that the people see her not."
Pîpâ spread out a sheet at the four ends,* (and said):
"This is my adopted daughter, I am her father:

---

* The ceremony of adopting a daughter is to seat the girl under a coloured sheet spread over her and then to announce that henceforth she is adopted.

Mandî nigâh jo dekhiâṅ chîkar nûṅ lage âg.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, merâ dharm bich bhang na pâe."
Pîpe ne mandar pawâ lîe Nûnâ de nâûṅ.

Kalî mandarâṅ bich rahindi, chit ohî dâ lagdâ nâṅ.
"Nâ koî itthe piṇḍ hai, kuchh shahar, grâṅ:
Nâ koî mahâri bhain hai, nâ koî mahârî mâṅ.'
Chandan ghar Chamâr de, nit uṭh kardâ kâm.
"Indarpurî taiṅ chhad lî kone lagâ ân ?
Mushk mâṛâ konâṅ te âutâ chîre kache châm.
Kah, Chandânâṅ, kaisî banî ? kyûṅkar bhûle Bhagwân ?
Maiṅ tainûṅ pûchhdî, Chandanâṅ, kidhar pâiâ dhyân ?
Indarpûrî tû chhaḍke ân bâsiâ gâûṅ ?"

If I look on her with lascivious eye may fire burn the dust.*
With joined hands I pray thee injure not my righteousness."
And Pîpâ built a house for Nûnâ.

Alone she dwelt in her house and her heart was sad.
(Said she), "There is here no village, nor city, nor town:
I have no sister here, nor mother."
In the Chammâr's house was a sandal tree by which they always worked.
(Said she to the tree) "Why didst thou leave Indarpurî† to stand by the tanner's vat ?
From the tanner's vat comes the foul smell of hides.
Say, Sandal tree, how art thou faring ? Why hast forgotten God ?
I ask thee, Sandal tree, what is thy intent ?
Leaving Indarpurî that hast come to dwell in this village ?"

---

* *i.e.*, my body † Or Indrâvatî, the city of Indra.

Chandan aggon boldâ; "tainûn deân sunâe:
Lagî Kachahri Râjâ Indar dî, sab deotâ baiṭhe âe.
Pîpâ het mere mâlâ phardâ mainûn lîâ bharmâe:
'Mere ghar men Gangâ bagdî, tainûn uthe chhoṛûn lâe.'
Khabar nâ kare Chamârân nûn, baḍhke phalorî lîe banâe.
Dekhen khabar kardî, pardâ nâ setî gâe.
Terî sâḍî adâlat karo âp Khudâe.
Asî kî Rabb dâ piṛhiâ latthe nîch de âe?"

Nûnâ pânî nûn nikalî, âî khûh de bâr.
Pânchon pahine kapṛe, pânchon lâe hathiâr,
Koṭon Râjâ ṭur piâ, khelan chaṛhâ shikâr.
Khachrân lâdiân daulatiân khûh te baiṭhe ân.
"Ginman laj lagâundîe, jîman tere bîr:

Said the Sandal tree: "I tell thee.
Râjâ Indar held his Court and all the gods sat in it.
Pîpâ told his beads beneath me and deceived me, saying:
'The Ganges floweth through my house, I would take thee there.'
Let not the Chammârs (tanners) hear of this or they will make vats of me.
Let them not hear and keep my secret.
God himself will judge for me and thee.
What harm have we done to God that he hath sent us to (dwell with) the low?"

Nûnâ went to fetch water from the well.
Wearing the five garments and armed with the five arms,
Came Râjâ (Salwân) from the fort, going a hunting.
With the mules laden with riches he came and sat at the wall (and said
"O thou that lightly droppest thy rope (into the well), long may thy brothers live:

Asî piâse jal de, bharke pilâ de nîr."
"Nîle tâzî-wâliâ, nîle dâ aswâr;
Tarkash jaṛiâ motîâṅ, hîre jaṛî kumân;
Maiṅ chamkoṭâṅ dî betṛi, nîch hai sâḍî zât,
Chhattîs dhârm gawâunâ apne kul nûṅ lâunâ lâj."
Agge woh Râjâ boliâ: "sun le merî sûṅ,
Kanchan hoe kîch meṅ, bhikmat amrit ho,
Bidiyâ nârî nîch pe; tinne lîe kho.
Dûroṅ â gae chalke, sunke terî sû:
Akhe mere lag jâ, Râjâ dî Rânî ho.
Râj kamâwîṅ bahke, tere tûl nâ ko.
Sûhâ sumbhal seṅveṅ sabhâ gawâî budh;

I am athirst, give me water to drink."
"O grey-horsed warrior, riding the grey horse,
With thy quiver set with pearls and the bow with diamonds.
I am a daughter of the tanners and lowly is my caste,
It will lose thee thy thirty-six (races) and disgrace thy family."*
Then spake the Râjâ: "Hear my say,
Gold from the earth, nectar from the poison,
A wise woman from the low; these three things should be taken.†
I have come from afar hearing of thy praises:
Do thou take me and be a Râjâ's Queen.
Thou shalt enjoy royalty and there shall be none equal to thee.
Thou hast cherished the red cotton flower‡ and lost all thy sense;

---

* If I give thee water to drink. Allusion here to the 36 "royal races" of the Râjpûts.

† This is a proverb.

‡ The cotton-tree or *sumbhal* has nothing valuable about it but its red flower.

Phul nûn vekhke ram rahâ, phal dî na le sudh."
"Indar Akhâṛe dî pachhiân, tainûn hai nahîn budh!
Asîn jo â gaî bhulke ḍûbe Chârон Jug.
Ankhen ḍiṭṭhâ ghî bhalâ, nâ pilâe tel.
Tujhe bagânî kyâ banî? Ithon ghoṛe nûn chhoṛ!"
"Kî Ḍhol dî Mârwan? Kî Râm gawâî Sî?
Kî hain beṭî Jânak dî? Kîs Râjâ di dhî?"
"Nâ Ḍhol dî Mârwan · nâ Râm gawaî Sî!
Nâ main beṭî Jânak dî: nâ Râjâ di dhî!
Zât Chamelî sunî dî, Pîpe Bhagat dî dhî.
Indar Akhâre bich main rahân, jîkar Râwan de Sî."

"Râjâ â gae chalke, âiân de rakhe mân.

Thou hast been taken with the flower and thought nothing of the fruit."
"I am a maid from Indar's Court, and thou knowest me not!
I came here by mistake and am ruined for the Four Ages.*
Thou dost show butter to the eyes and givest but oil to drink.
Why dost meddle with others' affairs? Spur thy horse hence!"
"Art thou Ḍhol's Mârwan? Art thou Râm's lost Sîtâ?
Art thou Jânak's daughter?† What Râjâ's daughter art thou?"
"I am not Ḍhol's Mârwan: I am not Râm's lost Sîtâ:
I am not Jânak's daughter: I am not a Râjâ's child.
I am told I am a Chammâr and daughter of Pîpâ Bhagat.
I dwelt in Indar's Court, as Sîtâ in Râwan's (house)."

"The Râjâ hath come to thee,‡ honour then thy guest.

---

* i.e., for ever.
† i.e., Sîtâ. These names are brought in as those of well known legendary heroines. The story of Ḍhol and Mârwan is given at length at p. 276 ff. *ante*.
‡ Sâlivâhana's messengers to Pîpâ.

Âe mîṅ kahîye baiṭhnâ, manjâ dîe ḍâh.
Potrî dâ ḍolâ chakde mange Râjâ Salwân."
"Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deâṅ, hove tânoṅ tâu."
Râje purzâ likh lîâ, âiâ Pîpe pâs.
Pîpe purzâ vekhiâ, vekhke siṭṭâ phâṛ.
"Faujâṅ lâeṅ chaṛhke, topâṅ le âeṅ sâth,
Je tâṅ jang hai karnâ karke mere nâl."
Pîpe ârân kaṭhîâṅ kîtîâṅ, kîtîâṅ kae hazâr.
"Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deâṅ, hove tânoṅ tâu"
Agge Nûnâṅ boldî; "Sun lîe merâ jawab.
Kâh nûṅ kaḍḍhdâ taddîâṅ? Kâh nûṅ hotâ khwâr?
Ḍolâ merâ de Râje Salwân nûṅ; nahîṅ, koî byâhke le jâ Chamâr."
Agge Pîpâ boliâ: "Betî, âpe ho gaî tayyâr!"
Pîpe Bâhman saddiâ bedâṅ lîo gaḍâe.

Ask thy guest to sit and give him a couch.
Râjâ Salwân asketh thy daughter in marriage."
"I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye may."
The Râjâ wrote a letter and it came to Pîpâ.
Pîpâ saw the letter and tore it up. (Said he):
"Bring thy armies and bring thy guns (!) with thee,
If thou have a mind to fight with me."
Pîpâ collected many thousand of his (tanning) needles, (saying):
"I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye may."
Then said Nûnâṅ: "Hear my say:
Why art offering battle? why art troubled?
Give me in marriage to Râjâ Salwan, else some Chammâr will marry me."
Then said Pîpâ: "What, art ready thyself, my daughter?"
And Pîpâ called the Brâhmans and fixed the marriage posts (and said):

"Saddo Râjâ Salwân nûṅ, pherâ dîo diwâe."
Pîpâ bedâṅ gaḍiâṅ, Râjâ lîo bulâe;
Bâhman Bedâṅ paṛhde, ditte got ralâe.
Râjâ ne Rânî byâh lîe, lîe ratte ḍolâ pâe.
Kuṛîâṅ mangal gâunîâṅ, pherâ de do châr.
Râjâ byâhke ḍolâ le gîâ, pai gîâ apne Shahar dî râh.
Pîpâ ne jândâ ḍolâ vekhke, mârî sabar dî ḍâh.

Râjâ gîâ bich ujâṛ de, faujâṅ hoîâṅ sâth.
Ganjâ pâlî boldâ ḍâḍî kardâ pukâr:
Sajje tiliar boliâ, kubbhe kâlâ kâûṅ:
"Jeh nûṅ le chalâ byâhke rakhoṅgâ chhittrâṅ de thâṅ.

"Call Râjâ Salwân, for I will give her in marriage."
Pîpâ fixed the marriage posts and called the Râjâ.
Brâhmans read the *Vedas* and mingled their families.*
The Râjâ married the Rânî, and put her into a red palanquin.
Girls sang songs of rejoicing and they went four times round (the fire).†
The Râjâ married and took her away in the palanquin to his own City.
And when Pîpâ saw the palanquin going, he cried out impatiently.

The Râjâ went along the wilds with his cavalcade.
Ganjâ the neatherd cried and made a loud complaint:
On the right a partridge called and on the left a black crow:‡
"Whom thou art taking in marriage will treat thee as a shoe.

---

* See above, line 83.
† Final ceremony of the marriage: should be seven times.
‡ Bad omens.

Jâd main mân de adar thâ, khusre nâche bûhe bâr.
Latton langhân tân rahâ, sir nâ jame bâl.
Je main sâbit jamdâ sukh nâ basta sansâr!
Jinhon le chalâ byâhke, ose pâ jâ râh."

Nûnâ bândî nûn boldî: "Tûn jhabdî Shahar nûn jâ;
Mere bargâ âdmî tûn chhetî bhâlke lâ.
Râjâ Salwân buḍḍhâ hai, mere kam dâ nâ."
Hîrâ bândî tur pie, barî Shahar men â;
Jab mukh Pûran dâ vekhiâ diggî sî ghash khâe.
Chhetî uthon uṭhke âî Nûnân de pâe.
"Pûran taithon bhî sohanâ, jorî bandî tere nâl;
Pût hai terî saukan dâ, sûrat aprâpâl."

When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at the door,*
And so I am lame and have no hair on my head!
Had I been born whole the world would not have dwelt in ease!
Whom thou hast taken in marriage take back again."

Said Nûnâ to her Maid:† "Go quickly to the City,
And bring me quickly a man fit for me.
Râjâ Salwân is old and of no use to me."
Hîrâ the maid went off into the City,
And when she saw Pûran she fell down in a swoon.
Rising quickly thence she went to Nûnâ, (and said):
"Pûran is more beautiful than thou and a fit pair for thee:
He is the son of thy co-wife‡ and very beautiful."

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* It is customary for the class of eunuch mendicants to sing songs, &c., at births for fees.
† She has now reached her new home.
‡ *i.e.*, of Achhrân and so Lûnân's stepson.

Athoṅ bele pai rahî, mahil andherâ pâe.
"Kî â gaî sunâunî Pîpe Bhagat de? Kaun margîâ bîr bharâû?
Kis ne mandâ boliâ? Kis ne kaḍḍhî gâl?
Jis ne kîtî ungalî, ungalî dewâṅ katwâe.
Jis ne mandâ boliâ phâe dewâṅ charhdâ.
Dil de bedil das de, sachî âkh sunâe."
Nûnâ Râjâ nûṅ boldî: "Sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Achhrâṅ lânde byâhke, rattî ḍolâ pâe.
Maiṅ Rânî dharîl hâṅ kaḍḍhî mahilâṅ se bâr!
Pûran sabhnâṅ nûṅ matthâ ṭek gîâ, maiṅ dittî mâṇ o bisâr!
Matthâ ṭeke to bachûngî; nahîṅ, marûṅ katârî khâe."
Râjâ Nûnâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ, "Tûṅ uṭhke surat sambhâl!
Palang bichhâeṅ rangalâ, phûlâṅ dî sej khanḍâe.

She lay down in the evening and the palace became dark.*
(Said Salwân): "What hast heard about Pîpâ Bhagat? Which of thy brethren is dead?
Hath any one spoken harshly to thee? Hath any one abused thee?
If any finger hath been laid on thee I will cut it off.
Who hath spoken thee evil I will have him hanged.
Tell me the sorrow of thy heart and speak the truth."
Spake Nûnâṅ to the Râjâ: "I tell thee truth.
Thou didst marry Achhrâṅ putting her into the red palanquin.
I am but a mean woman turned out of the palace!
Pûran hath made his obeisance to all, but hath neglected me!
Let him make his obeisance to me and I am saved, else will I stab myself with a dagger."
Said the Râjâ to Nûnâṇ: "Get up and be at thy ease.
Lay the painted bed and spread the flowers on it.

---

* Signs of sorrow. Natives do not usually go to bed in the evening, and here also the sense is, she did not light up the palace.

Rât kaṭîye sukh dî, banke bhartâ nâr.
Pichhoṅ Kachahrî karûṅgâ, jad Pûran nûṅ leûṅ bulâe.
Din chaṛhde nûṅ matthâ ṭekogâ taiuûṅ banâke dharam kî mâṅ."
Râjâ lâgî bhejke Pûran lie mangwâe:
"Unche dhaular teri mîtie de jâke sis niwâe."
Mâtâ nûṅ matthâ ṭekdâ, piû nûṅ kahe 'jagdîs.'

"Unche dhaular mâtâ Nûnâṅ de jâke niwâṅwâṅ sîs."
"Nau darwâzâ Shahâr de, dasveṅ mûl na jâ.
Dasveṅ dhaular Nûnâṅ matîe de, tere nâl rakhdî khâr.
Change bhale nûṅ dekhke, châṇak siṭde mâr.
Kal le ânde byâhke, mailî nahîṅ hoî râh.
Kesh malî, mal nhâutî, sârâ kapṛâ lâ:
Indar Akhâre dî pachhrâṅ, haigî burî balâe.

Let us pass the night in delight as husband and wife.
Then will I hold my Court and send for Pûran.
At daybreak shall he salute thee as his foster-mother."
The Râjâ sent messengers and called Pûran, (and said):
"Go to the lofty palace of the stepmother and bow thy head to her."
He bowed his head to his mother and called his father 'lord.'

"I go to the lofty palace of mother Nûnâṅ to bow my head."*
"There are nine gates to the City, go not to the tenth.
The tenth is the palace of thy stepmother, Nûnâṅ, who hath enmity with thee.
When she sees thy beauty she will at once slay thee.
It was but yesterday he married and brought her here, the very road has not become dirty yet.
She decks her hair and bathes and wears many garments:
She is a maid of Indra's Court and a great horror.

* Pûran to his mother Achhrâṅ.

Pût dâ sâk nahîn jândî, tainûn bhartâ lîo banâe.
Mânas deh durlamb, hot na bâr-o-bâr."
Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn nannâ mûl na pâe.
"Je mâmâ ḍainâ hondîân len nâ pûtân nûn khâe.
Je mân âve khân nûn agge deân sîs niwâe.
Mâmâ kol putrân jândiân sharam na âve kâe.
Tûn merî Mâtâ janam dî, Nûnân lagî dharam dî Mân.
Hatth bandh kardâ bintî, mâtâ kol jânde nûn moṛâ na pâe."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn dekhke boliâ kâlâ kâg.
"Âkhen merâ lag jâ agge na dhareṅ pâûn.
Oh gal chit vich rakhe jehṛî kahindî sî Achhrân mân.
Marîdâ mar jâegâ, terâ kinnî nahîn karnâ niwâûn."

She will not know thee for a son and will make thee into a husband.
The body of a man is a precious thing, and comes not again and again."*
Pûran Bhagat would not be dissuaded at all from going.
"If a mother be a witch she will not destroy her son.
If my mother desire to destroy me, even then I will bow my head.
There is no shame in a son going to visit his own mother.
Thou art my Mother by the body, Nûnân is my Mother by faith.
With joined hands I pray stay me not from going to my mother."

Seeing Pûran Bhagat going spake a black crow to him:
"Harken to my say and put not thy foot forward.
Let the words of thy mother Achhrân sink into thy heart:
(Or) thou wilt be slain and none will do thee justice."

---

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Don't risk your man's body now, as you may not get one in the next life: some believe that a man's body comes but once to a being.

"Kâgâ kâlî dhâr dâ, mere sir par ṭur na pher.
Tujhe bagânî kî pie? Apnî âp nibeṛ.
Mâtâ ne neundâ deke sadd lîâ, chaliâ rasoî jîmeṅ.
Hatth bândhke karâṅ bintî; tûṅ kyûṅ boliâ, kâlâ kâûṅ?"

Pûran âkhe, 'Râm Râm,' mukh se kahe jawâhir:
"Hatth bandh kardâ bintî, merî Pûran dî ardâs.
'Mâtâ' na kahe, hânoṅ hân pahchân.
Nekî badî âshikâṅ bahke sejâṅ mân.
Sej bichhâwâṅ rangalî, bahute phûl khaṇḍâe.
Deke kashîshâṅ mân le, tillî chaṛhî kumân."
Boliâ Pûran, "Sej te chaṛhe, jal marâṅ jalke bhashm ho jâeṅ.
Piâ ne lândî byâhke, tû lagî merî dharam dî mâṅ.

"O crow of the black hills circle not round my head.
What hast thou to do with others? Mind thine own affairs.
My mother hath invited me and I go to feast with her.
With joined hands I beseech thee; why speakest thou, thou black crow?"

Pûran made his salute,* and spake his greeting with his lips, (saying):
"Hear the prayer I Pûran make with joined hands.
Say not 'Mother' to me, know us for a well-matched pair.
Let us know the joys and grief of lovers sitting on this couch.
I will lay the coloured bed and cover it with many flowers.
Enjoy thyself, for the bow is ready for use."
Said Pûran, "If I mount thy bed I shall be burnt, burnt to ashes.
My father hath brought thee in marriage and thou art my mother by faith.

* See Vol. I., p. 2.

Achhrâṅ mâtâ pâp dî, tûṅ haiṅ dharam dî mâṅ.
Mâtâ putrâṅ neh lagî, dhartî nigar jâ."
"Kad maiṅ tainûṅ kokh napaniâ? Kad liâ god khilâe?
Battîs dhârâṅ na taiṅ chungiâṅ, kis bidh saddâ 'mân'?
Tûṅ bhartâ, maiṅ istrî; donoṅ ik hî hâṅ.
Jholî âḍh khaṛî dar tere haiṅ; sâre khair pâ."
"Pâp dâ garwâ ḍohal de, gaṛwâ dharam meṅ nhâo.
Chhapṛiâṅ de mudh ṭobî, pinḍâṅ de muḍh grâṅ:
Shâh bâj pat nahîṅ, Gurû bâj gat nahîṅ, putrâṅ bâj nahîṅ rahinde nâṅ.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, mere bich bhang na pâe."
"Bhalî hoî tûṅ â gîâ; jâge sâḍe bhâg.
Ghî de dîwe much gae, jad tûṅ mahiloṅ baṛiâ âe:

Achhrâṅ is my mother by sin,* thou art my mother by faith.
If mother and son commit sin the earth will sink beneath me."
"When did I bear thee in my womb? when did I feed thee in my lap?
Thou didst never take thy 32 teeth (full of milk from me) and how canst thou call me 'mother'?
Thou art husband, I wife; we are a pair.
I stand suppliant at thy door, give me of thy alms."
"Throw aside the river of sin, and bathe from the river of faith.
Ponds are near lakes, villages near towns:
There is no honor without a king, no salvation without a Gurû, no name without a son.†
With joined hands I pray thee, do no wrong to my virtue."
"Well was it that thou camest; propitious is my fate.
Lamps of *ghî*‡ have been lighted, since thou didst enter the palace:

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* *i.e.*, my carnal mother.
† Two well-known lines thrown in for effect.
‡ See above, line 60.

Jaisî lât tandûr dî raṭî, bujhiâ na bujhâe.
Je dar rakhdâ Salwân dâ, dine chaṛhde nûn sittâṅ mâr.
Mohrâ de dûn tere bâp nûṅ, dewân jân ganwâe.
Jinne pattan âute beṛîân, tere dâman chhaḍḍâṅ lâe.
Chhoṭî umar diâ Pûranân, thore sîs niwâe:
Sej bichhâûn rangali, bahle phûl khandâe.
Kyún nâ sej kabûldâ, ho jâ Surg tayyâr.
Hatth baṅh kardî binti, merî joṛî bhang na pâe."
"Mâtâ, kyûṅ jar paṭdî dharam dî? Hathîṅ pâp na bîj.
Jat jattiân de rahin de, tainûn kujh nahîṅ chîj."
"Jat jattiâṅ nahiṅ chhadne, karke bhajâ patîj."
"Jadân jat Pûran. dâ tût jâo, sukh jâo Gangâ mândâ nîr.
Jat Púran dâ tút jâo, duniyâ ghatke jâo bhîr.

Like as the blaze of the (public) oven, which cannot be put out.
If thou dost fear Salwân I will have him slain in the morning.
I will give thy father poison and destroy his life.
I will put all the boats at the ferries under thy power.
My youthful Pûran, bow not thy head so low:
I will lay thee the painted bed and cover it with flowers.
Why not agree to my bed and be in Heaven?
With joined hands I pray thee destroy not the match (made for me)."
"Mother, why destroy the roots of faith? The seeds of sin prosper not.
Let the virtue of the virtuous remain, it concerns not thee."
"I will not let the virtue of the virtuous remain: be certain of this."
"When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the water of Ganges shall be dried up.
When the virtue of Pûrán is destroyed, the earth shall perish.

Maiṅ chelâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, jamdâ sâdh fakîr,
Mainûṅ tere jânde nûṅ ḍûbdî, merî jât nûn lâwandî lîk.
Hatth baṅh kardâ binti, Mâtâ, eh santâṅ dâ rît."
"Neundâ deke saddiâ, mahileṅ baṛiâ âe.
Je mere mahileṅ â giâ, chhîj âute chaṛh jâ âp.
Iko jeḍîâṅ mildîâṅ bich Darge hai nahîṅ pâp.
Nahîṅ tâṅ chhîj kabûl le; nahîṅ, kar lâṅ terâ nâs."
"Mâtâ, neundâ deke sadd lîâ, maiṅ bhî rakhiâ dhyân.
Nâ rûwâṅ, nâ dhûâṅ, kithe hai nahîṅ rasoî dâ thân.
Kithe gaî jagâ rasoî-wâlî? kithe pakan pakwân?
Sunîâṅ manḍîâṅ mâṛîân mainûṅ deoḍîâṅ barbar khâen
Arsoṅ paindîâṅ golîâṅ kidhar nahîṅ dendîân jân.
Jehṛî gall Achhrân bachan bol, oh de bâk nâ bharte jân."
"Pairen pawwe pâke baṛâ mahileṅ âe.
Maiṅ Indar Râjâ di pachhrâṅ, hâṅgî burî balâe.

I am a disciple of Gorakh Nâth, and a saint from my birth.
Thou wouldst destroy me with thyself, casting a stain on my virtue.
With joined hands I pray thee, mother, this is the way of saints."
"I did invite thee and thou camest to my palace.
As thou hast come to my palace do thou mount my bed
In the meeting of match (with match) there is no sin before the Court (of God).
Either agree to my bed, or I will destroy thee."
"Mother, thou didst invite me, I obeyed thee.
I see nor fire, nor smoke, nor any place for a feast.
Where is the feasting place? where is the feast?
Seeing the palace and hall thus empty I am afraid.
Thunderbolts from the heavens spare not life.
What Achhrâṅ spake hath come very true."
"Thou camest into my palace with shoes on thy feet.
I am a maid of Râjâ Indar and a great horror.

Hatth pair tere bándhke dewâṅ khúh siṭṭáe.
Kyûṅ nahîṅ kahnâ mandâ ? dewâṅ jâu gaṅwâe."
"Hatth baṅh kardâ, Mâtâ, bintî ; tainûṅ sachîân deâṅ suṅâe.
Râwan nâl kihâṅ guzrîâṅ, ditte sone dî Lankâ luṭâe ?
Singh Rikhjî gher lîe bich banwâs de, dittî babhút bhulâe.
Shams Tabrez mârâ bich Multân de, khal dittî bhuṅs bharâe.
Kî khûâ ? kî jal ghare ? kî ṭobhâ ? kî bâṅ ?
Sabh dâ pânî ik hai ; taiṅ dhariâ chit kuthân.

I will bind thy hands and feet and throw thee into a well.
Why hearest not my prayer ? I will destroy thy life."
"With joined hands I beseech, Mother ; and I tell thee truth.
What trouble did Râwan suffer when his gold Lankâ was destroyed ?*
Singh, the Sage,† was encompassed (by fair women) in the wilds and forgot his saintship.
Shams Tabrez‡ was slain in Multân and his skin filled with chaff.
What is the well ? what is the water-pot ? the pond ? the pit ?
The water in all is the same ; thou hast misplaced thy heart.

---

* By Râma Chandra for the abduction of his wife, Sîtâ. The allusion is to the story in the *Râmâyana*.

† Probably meant for Viśvâmitra in allusion to the story of his seduction by the nymph Menakâ : the Sanskrit form is Śṛinga.

‡ This carries us into Muhammadan legend. Shamsu'd-dîn Muḥammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, was the celebrated Sûfi master of Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddin Rûmî, founder of the Sûfi *durveshes* of Qunia (Iconium). His son, 'Alâu'ddîn Mahmûd, killed Shams Tabrez by throwing him down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D. There is a story that he was also flayed alive, and wandered about for four days afterwards with his skin in his hand. His descendants, a Shi'a family of Multân, in 1787 A.D. raised a tomb to him there. This explains the allusion in the text.

Gaû te gadhâ charhde, bich Darge na milo thân.
Donoṅ par mil jâenge, Dhartî te Âsmâu."
"Tûṅ sâḍâ bulâiâ nahîṅ boldâ, bhajke kahîṅ bal jâeṅ?
Bhaje nûṅ jân na dûṅgî, bhaṅwarke leûṅ mangâe.
Tere barge ghabrû ditte pûr khapâe.
Âkheṅ mere lag jâ, nahîṅ baḍhke dewâṅ ṭangâe."
Pûran ḍâhâṅ mâriâṅ, mukh se japke Râm:
"Mâtâ, chalnâ Kachahrî Rabb dî, othe dohâṅ mâmlâ pân.
Sachiâṅ jhûṭe Surg de, jhûṭe kumbhe Narak nûṅ jâeṅ.
Kamnâ dî gur istrî, lobhî de gur dâm,
Kabîr de gur sant haiṅ, santâṅ de gur Râm.
Mâtâ, hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, merâ rahin de sidak îmân."

By mounting the ass on the cow thou wilt gain no place in the Court (of God).
Both spheres will meet, the Heaven and the Earth."
"Thou dost not listen to my say, and whither wilt thou flee?
I will not let thee flee, I will have thee brought and bound.
I have destroyed many youths like thee.
Agree to my say, or I will cut off (thy head) and hang it up."
Pûran cried out and called on God with his lips:
"Mother, we must go to God's Court, and there be judged for our deeds.
The true will enjoy themselves* in Heaven, and the false go to Hell.
The teacher of the lustful is woman, the teacher of the greedy is gain,
The teacher of Kabîr a saint, and the teacher of the saints is God.†
Mother, with joined hands I pray thee, let me keep my honor and faith."

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* *Lit.*, swing in.

† An aphorism of Kabîr, the religious reformer of 15th century, dragged in for effect.

"Uthîṅ, Hîrâ bândî, jandî de charhâe.
Sâre darwâje mârke, kithe Pûran na jâṅâ pâe.
Sir Pûran dâ baḍhnâ, kisî bhaṅwar denâ siṭṭâe.
Kahnâ nahîn eh mandâ, jîundâ chhadnâ nâe."

Pûran Râm dhyâke chaṛhiâ pauṛîâṅ jâe.
Pûran chhâlân mâriâṅ pairon pawwâ le gae khaskâe.
Kâmpiâ singâsan Indar kâ, bich pûrîân pie hakâe.
Ḍigdâ Pûran dekhiâ, âp Rabb ne dittâ kambh aṛâe.
Takhte zamîn de rakhiâ, jûn mâlan deve phul takâe.
Pat Pûran dî rakh lî, rakhî ap Khudâe.

Mâtâ Achhrâṅ boldî: "Tû kyûṅ mândâ lambî dhâh?
Kis ne mandâ boliâ? kis ne kaḍḍhî gâl?

"Up, Hîrâ, my maid,* and lock all the doors.
Close all the gates that Pûran escape not.
Cut off Pûran's head and throw it into a well.
He would not listen to my say and I will not let him live."

Pûran praying to God went to the stairs.
When Pûran leapt his shoes slipped from his feet.
Indar's throne trembled and a cry arose through the cities (of heaven).
God himself delivered Pûran as he leapt (from the palace),
And placed him upon the earth as a gardener layeth down a flower.
God himself preserved the honor of Pûran.

Said his mother Achhrâṅ: "Why weepest thou so loudly?
Who spake harshly to thee? who hath abused thee?

---

* Lûnâṅ is speaking.

Tûṅ betâ Râje Salwân dâ, jedâ Châhûṅ Pâse râj :
Jis ne tainûṅ mâriâ phâṅsi deân cha hâe."
" Mâtâ Nûnâu ne lâiân síliân khole hâr singâr.
Kamar katârâ kholiâ, je.â maiṅ baliâ le lak de nâl.
Dhakâ deke mahilân se siṭṭiâ, mainûn rakhiâ Parbatgâr.*
Âe mere pitâ nûṅ Mâtâ Nûnâṅ ne dînâ sikhâl."
" Bachâ, tainûn le dûngî sîliâṅ topîâṅ, hor le dûṅ hâr singhâr :
Kamar katârâṅ le deâṅ, baṅh le lak de nâl.
Chandrî de mahileṅ kyûṅ gîâ ? âiâṅ jân bachâe.
Nûnân matîe terî lagdî, âde dîo pâe."

Salwân Nûnân nûn boldâ ; " Sun len merâ jabâb :
Mandî shagunî main tur âke : bagî kokhî bâ.
Tûṅ Indar Râje dî pachhrâṅ, Rânî, sabhnâṅ dî sardâr.

Thou art the son of Râjâ Salwân, who rules in the Four Quarters :
If any one hath beaten thee I will have him hanged."
" Mother Nûnâṅ hath taken my necklace and my jewels.
She hath taken the dagger from my waist, that was upon my waist.
She thrust me out of the palace and God preserved me.
And Mother Nûnâṅ will deceive my father, when he comes to her."
" My son, I will give thee necklace and cap and jewels :
I will fasten another dagger round thy waist.
Why wentest thou into the harlot's palace ? Thou hast but saved thy life.
Thy step-mother Nûnâṅ will yet do thee an injury.'

Spake Salwân to Nûnâṅ : " Hear my say :
Evil omens came to me on the way : a violent wind was blowing.
Thou art a maid of Râjâ Indar, my Queen, the chief of all.

---

* For *Parwardigâr*.

Tere mahileṅ âke Rânîâṅ sabhnâṅ dittî basâr.
Kî lût liâṅ kisî chor ne? kidhroṅ pai gaîdhâr?
Sachîâṅ bâtâṅ das de, kî guzre tere nâl?"
"Ithoṅ bakhat* dhudhol dâ Pûran mereṅ mahileṅ bharâiâ.
Maiṅ tere bhulâve bhul gaî, rakhî chhîj bichhâe.
Pûran ne pairâṅ se jorâ kholiâ, chaṛhiâ chhîj par âe.
Karkaṛ bhanne gîâ hadîâṅ, mâs burkiâṅ khâe.
Sih de mohre bakrî, jiûṅ bhâve tiûṅ khâe.
Main palî hoî gaû dî makhan dî, maiṅ rakhî hai jân bachae.
Kurtî phâṛ gîâ, beganî ṭukre kar dîâ châṛ.
Dukhan kanâṅ dî bâlîâṅ, dukhde sir de bâl.
Terâ bohal sonâ dâ luṭ lîâ, bâkî kujh chhoṛâ nâṅ."
Âkhe; "Pûran nûṅ mâr de; nahîṅ, maiṅ mar jâûṅ kaṭâre khâe."
Râjâ Salwân Nûnâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ; "Eh gall hoî nahîṅ kisî jug.

I have deserted all the Queens to come to thy palace.
Hath any thief robbed thee? Hath any entered in?
Tell me truth, what hath happened to thee?"
"It was dusk when Pûran entered my palace.
I mistook him for thee and laid thy bed.
Pûran took off his shoes and mounted thy bed.
My bones crackled and my flesh was crushed under him.
If a goat be before a lion, he can eat her when he please.
I have been bred on cow's butter and I but saved my life.
He tore the coat from my breast into four pieces.
My earrings pain me and so doth the hair of my head.
Thy golden farm hath been robbed and nothing remains of it."
Said she, "Slay Pûran, or I will stab myself with a dagger and die."
Said Râjâ Salwân to Nûnâṅ: "Such a thing could not be in any age.

---

* For *waqt*.

Tûṅ Indar Râje dî padmanî bâṛî sunî dî dhaj.
Jat Pûran dâ rakhin de, nâ lâo jatî de pag.
Pûran merâ jatî hai ; kyûṅ lâunâ chîkar nûṅ ag ?
Taiṅ chab le til chaulî, tere hoṭeṅ rahinde lag.
Pûran dî sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, kar diṅ haiṅ bheṛe sabâb."
" Râjâ, Dhartî dâ maṇḍal Mengalâ, parjâ dâ maṇḍal bhûp,
Ghar dâ maṇḍal istrî, kul dâ maṇḍâl pût.
Ag lage tere maṇḍat, mâṛieṅ balke ḍigan satût !
Tere muṅh dahṛî, sir pag ; kyûṅ baliâ sirak-sût ?
Le âiâṅ mainûṅ âp biyâhke, chhîjâṅ mâne Pûran pût !"
Âkhe ; " Pûran nûṅ mâr de ; nahîṅ, maiṅ ḍere kar jâûṅ kûch."

Thou art a beauty of Râjâ Indar's (Court) and high is thy repute.
Preserve the honor of Pûran, put no stain on his virtue.
My Pûran is honest : why dost thou put fire to the mud ?*
Thou hast eaten sesamum and rice,* for they are on thy lips.
Seeing Pûran's beauty, thou art captivated and doest this evil."
" Râjâ, the ornament of the Earth is Heaven, the ornament of the nation is the king.
The ornament of the house is a wife, the ornament of the family is a son.†
Fire burn thy house, and may the rafters fall !
There is a beard on thy face, and a turban on thy head, and why didst thou bind it on ?
Thou didst bring me here in marriage and Pûran thy son hath enjoyed my bed."
Said she : " Slay thou Pûran or I will go home."

---

* Both idioms : to tell a lie.
† This is a proverbial saying.

Râjâ Chûhṛâ saddiâ, lîâ Kachahrî mangâe:
"Hatthen kardân pharo, sârdî leo sâṅ chaṛhâe.
Sir Pûran dâ badhio, kisî khûh bich âio pâe.
Apnî mâtâ de chhîjân mân gîâ, kul nûn lâ gîâ lâj."
Wazîr dâ larkâ Râje nûṅ boldâ; "Araz sune man lâe;
Khamân baṛân nûṅ hot hai, chhoṭân nûn utpât.
Nârâṅ zahar dîân gandlân, rakhîye sanwâr sanwâr:
Je bich satrâṅ de rakhîe, to kheḍan bich ujâṛ,
Mandâ changâ nâ dekhdîâṅ, dekheṅ piû dâdâ dî nâ lâj.
Âkhe Nûnâṅ de lagdâṅ: kî kardâ kul dâ nâs?"
Aggioṅ Rânî boldî: "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Jhuṭîâṅ gallâṅ Wazîr âkhdâ; eh hai Pûran dî jundî dâ yâr."
"Sunîo, lagîo badhîo, leo dam ginâe.

The Râjâ sent for the Scavenger* from his Court, (and said to him):
"Take thy knives and have them sharpened on the whetstone.
Strike off Pûran's head and throw it into a well.
He hath enjoyed his mother's bed and shamed his family."
Then spake the Minister to the Râjâ: "Hear my petition;
Elders should pardon the faults of the young.
Women are poisonous pests, however carefully they be kept:
Keep them in seclusion and they will play in the wilds.
They regard not right and wrong, they regard not the honour of their families.
The words of Nûnâ are approved of thee: why dost destroy thy race?"
Then spake the Rânî (Nûnâṅ): "Râjâ, hear my words:
Falsely saith the Minister; he is the friend of Pûran's party."
(Said the Râjâ): "Hear, ye slaves and minions, take your wages and count them.

---

* The common scavenger is always the executioner in Hindû India.

Pûran de bâheñ rassî pâ, leo karare bat charhâe,
Sir Pûran dâ badhke, sohane karo kabâb.
Putr apnâ maiṅ mârnâ, phir koî nâ pawe is râh.
"Bhat pîe terî naukari, mahîne apne aisî taisî bich pâe!
Pûran bargî sûratâṅ koî balṛî jâve nâr.
Jis kûndh Pûran jâ raho baiṭho râj diwâe.
Naukarî terî chhadânge sâthe, Pûran na mârâ jâe."

"Bhaje â gae, Pûran, tere bâp de, kar lîâṅ piû ne yâd
Jal bich nhâutâ, Pûranâ, ho jâ jal se bâhar.
Jal bich nhândâ kî bane, man bich rahinde pâp?
Tere gal mâlâ rudhrâs* dî baithâ Râm dhyâe.
Din nûn mâlâ phirdâ, rât nûn mâṛe pâṛ.
Sûlî gaddî tere bâp ne, sidhâ hoke sûlî jhâk."

Fasten Pûran's arms with ropes: bind them tightly with cords.
Cut off Pûran's head and make a fine roast of it.
I slay my son that none may follow his ways."
(Said the Scavengers): "A curse on thy service, and may thy wages go as they will!
It is a rare woman that bears the like of Pûran.
Wherever Pûran may go there will he rule.
We had rather leave thy service than slay Pûran."

"Pûran, †thy father hath sent us for he hath remembered thee.‡
Thou art bathing in the waters, Pûran, come out of them.
What boots it to bathe in the waters, when the heart is evil?
With thy beads around thy neck thou dost worship Râm.
By day thou dost tell thy beads, by night thou breakest into houses.
Thy father hath erected the gallows, bear the gallows courageously."

---

* For *rudrâksha*; mendicant's beads. † The executioners to Pûran. ‡ *i.e.*, found thee out and will punish thee.

Pûran Chûhṛâṅ nûṅ pûchhdâ: "Mere se keṛe bigaṛ gae kâj ?
Dohî tainûṅ Rabb dî, mainûṅ le chalo pitâ de pâs."

"Ḍanḍîe ghaṭ mangwâ lîâ, pitâjî, maiṅ â gîâ tere pâs.
Kareṅ niyâû merâ sodhke, dîeṅ dukh niwâr.
Âkhe na Nûnâṅ de lageṅ, merâ dahî nâ kharch karâe.
Chand-putr nahîṅ thyâunâ, kâh nûṅ ghaṭe ralâwandâ lâl ?"
"Bachâ, jatîâṅ bichoṅ jat gîâ, tapîâṅ bichoṅ tap.
Jad nâûṅ lîâ tere biyâh dâ doheṅ kane dhar gîâ hatth.
Shahreṅ khabarâṅ ho gaîâṅ, bich desâṅ de pai gaî sath.
Kal Nûnâṅ de mahileṅ jâke kî dhan ûiâ khaṭ ?"

Said Pûran to the Scavengers: "What evil have I done ?
In the name of God* take me to my father."

"Thou hast sent for the executioners, father, and I have come to thee.
Do me justice according to my desert and relieve my pain.
Listen not to the words of Nûnâṅ and destroy not my body.
Sons are not (always) begotten, so why throw thy ruby in the dust ?"
"My son, virtue hath left the virtuous, and righteousness the righteous.
When I mentioned marriage to thee thou didst stop both thy ears.
It is noised abroad in the City, it hath gone into all the land.
Yesterday thou wentest into Nûnâṅ's palace and what didst thou gain ?"

---

* Observe the use of *Rabb* here by a *Hindû Bhagat !*

" Pitâjî, akk dî nâ khâîye kakṛî ; sap dâ nâ khâîye mâs ;
Istrî nâ karîye lâḍlî, jad kad kare binâs.
Anhe nûṅ chânan kî kare, dîwe balan pachâs ?
Bole nûṅ khaṛkâ nâ sune, ṭamak baje pâs.
Gadho nûṅ mahllâ kî kare, rûṛî jis dâ bâs ?
Nârâṅ Bhoj par prabal ho gaîâṅ, nak bich pâwan nath :
Aḍe mâr nachâundiâṅ mâṛe mard nârî de bas.
Jat sat merâ dekhke, tâṅ siṭṭeṅ bhâṅveṅ mâr."
" Pûran, Pûran âkhîe, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed.
Kal do pahre luṭ gîâṅ, sûnâ dekhke khet.
Harîâṅ belâṅ muchh gîâ, khâke kar gîâ ḍher.

" Father, eat not the fruit of the *âk* ;* eat not the flesh of snakes ;
Make not thy wife a darling, or some day she will ruin thee.
What will the brightness benefit the blind, if thou light a hundred lamps ?
The deaf hears no sound, though thou sound a drum beside him.
What will a palace benefit the ass that dwelleth on the dunghill ?
Women have conquered (Râjâ) Bhoj† and put a ring in his nose.
And spurring him the women make the conquered man dance.
Test my virtue ere thou dost destroy me."
" Pûran, Pûran we call thee, but none hath fathomed thy secret (heart).
Yesterday at noon didst thou rob it, seeing my field unguarded.
My tender creepers were destroyed and thrown into a heap when eaten.

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* *Asclepias gigantea*, a poisonous plant.

† Probably this merely means a great king : Bhoja-deva of Dhâra, *Ob. circa* 1002 A.D., is a name of household fame in India.

Buḍhe pîle baj rahe, râkhâ nahîṅ suchet.
Kal lâiâ Nûnân nûṅ biyâhke; merî dhaulî kanî dekh.
Tainûn mulk bahoterâ khâne nûn, basdâ sârâ des:
Kâm bigâṛâ bâp dâ, sonâ ralâ gîâ ret.
Mandir Nûnân de luṭ lie, kîtâ â gîâ tere pesh."
"Pitâ, ankhen vekhke sach karen, kanne sunke na mâr.
Châṛh kaṛâhâ tel dâ, khundâṅ dî ag machâe.
Jadoṅ kaṛâhâ tap jâo, merâ sajjâ dast ḍubâo,
Chîchî ungalî je saṛe, phâhoṅ dîe chaṛhâe.
Mere sir par ârâ rakhke ḳichâleṅ siṭṭî chirwâo
Sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, maiṅ mukh kahindâ rahâ 'Mâṅ'!"
Nûnâṅ kaṛâhâ châṛh dîâ, dittî ag jalâe.
Jadoṅ tel karâhâ tap gîâ, Pûran lîâ mangwâe.

The old man sowed the field and the keeper was not alert.
Yesterday I married Nûnâṅ, and, see, my hair is grey.
Many lands are thine to take, for thou hast all the country:
But thou hast spoilt thy father's work and mixed gold with the sand.
Thou hast robbed Nûnâṅ's house and now (the consequences of) thy deeds are before thee."
"Father, see the truth with thine eyes, slay not for what thy ears have heard.
Light a fire of logs and place a caldron of oil thereon.
When the oil is hot plunge in my right hand.
If my little finger (even) be burnt hang thou me up there.
Put a saw to my head and have it sawn into halves.
She saw my beauty and forgot herself, but I only called her 'Mother'!"

Nûnâṅ lit the fire and put on the caldron.
When the oil was hot she sent for Pûran.

Jad te ne jhâlâṅ chhaḍiâṅ Púran dittâ kaṛâhe pâe.
Un seveṅ Devî Jâlpâ, Gorakh nûṅ lîâ dhyâe.
Sawâ pahar kaṛâhe bich rahâ, phir dhûke kaddhâ bâhar.
Jat sat Pûran dâ kâim si, nâ lagî tattî bâl.
Aggion Râjâ boliâ: " Suno, Chûhṛo, jawâb:
Lîrâ littâ lâke, Nûnân nûn chhabânâ tîrâṅ de nâl."

" Pitâ kaṛâhâ banh lîâ, put ne bândhâ tel.
Maiṅ parî thî Baṛe Bahisht dî, bich pariâṅ kardî sel:
Pûran apnâ rakh lîâ, karke akal dâ khel.
Aisî sundar istrî phir kadhî nahîn honâ mel.
Bhulbhûlekhî main bhul gaî, mere akal thikânâ nâe.
Nûnâṅ sach boldî, Pûran sachâ nâe."

When the oil bubbled up Pûran was put into the caldron.
He worshipped the Goddess Jâlpâ,* and meditated on Gorakh.
A watch and a quarter he remained in the oil and was taken out by force.
Pûran's virtue was proved, not a hair of him was injured.
Then said the Râjâ: " My Scavengers, hear me:
Strip the clothes off Nûnâṅ and pierce her with arrows."

"The father stayed the caldron and the son stayed the oil (by magic).
I was a fairy in the Great Heaven, wandering amidst the fairies,
And Pûran hath proved himself by a skilful trick.
Never again shalt thou meet so beautiful a woman.
I have been deceived by impositions and my (poor) skill availed me not.
Nûnâṅ saith truth that Pûran is not true."

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* See above, line 124.

"Jâke Pûran nûṅ marîo, jithe an pânî bhî nâe.
Aise putr dâ marnâ, mere râj nûṅ âwandî hân."
Agge Chûhṛâ boliâ, rondâ ḍâhâṅ mâr:
"Mere hatth nahîṅ Pûran par nahîṅ bagde, hattheṅ apne mâr.
Sâḍe sir ulte manje rakhde shahroṅ de ujâṛ:
Ithoṅ kulî paṭke, hor te pâwânge jâe.
Bhagat Pûran nûṅ mârke, Nûnâṅ, keṛe saṅwâregî kâj?
Mere châroṅ beṭe mârke Pûran nûṅ lieṅ bachâe."
Nûnâṅ Râje nûṅ âkhdî: "Itnî der na lâe;
Choráṅ yâràṅ nâl dostî kadhî bhî bantî nâe.
Eh dâ mârnâ hakk hai, eh dî nîtar lieṅ kaḍhâe.
Hatth pair is de baṅhke, siṭṭan khûh de bâr."

"Pûranâ, tere hatth bândhke sankoniâṅ, chale goḍâṅ de bhâr.

"Go and slay Pûran,* where is nor water nor corn.
Such a son should be slain, that hath ruined my kingdom."
Then spake the Scavenger weeping aloud:
"My hands rise not against Pûran, slay him with thine own hands.
I will put my bed on my head and leave the city.
I will pull down my hut and raise it up elsewhere.
What dost thou gain, Nûnâṅ, by slaying Pûran, the Bhagat?
Better slay my son and save Pûran."
Said Nûnâṅ to the Râjâ: "Delay not thus;
It is useless to be friends with a thief.
He should be slain that hath destroyed (the apple of) thine eyes.
Bind him hand and foot and throw him into a well."

(Said Lûnâṅ): "Pûran, thy hands are bound behind thee and thou goest upon thy knees

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* Salwân says this, giving into Lûnân.

Âjâṅ bhî kahâ mân le, hun le âwâṅ chhurâe.
Jeṛî badî tainûṅ lag gaî hor pâse dînâṅ tâl.
Eh gall merî mân le, ban jâ bhartâ, maiṅ terî nâr."
"Mâtâ, chhîjî terî agg balî, maithoṅ chaṛhâ na jâe.
Heṭh Dharti Mâtâ dekhdî, utte Parbatgâr.*
Dohâṅ se chorî maiṅ karâṅ, paṛâṅ Nark meṅ jâe.
Hatth baṅh kardû bintî, tû lagî dharm dî mâṅ."

"Suniye, tûṅ Khiḍḍû Chûhṛâ, sun le merâ jawâb.
Hatth le âîyo Pûran de baḍhke rakhâṅ sirhâne nâl.
Netrî le âîṅ kaḍḍhke, surmâṅ lawâṅ banâe!
Us di rat le ânî kaḍḍhke lâwâṅ hâr singâr!
Je Pûran jîundâ rakhiâ, terâ deâṅ kabîlâ gâl.
In kahnâ merâ nahîṅ mâniâ; siṭṭiyo khûh de bâr."

Hear my say to-day and even now will I release thee.
What evil hath been charged against thee will I pass on to another.
Only hear my say that thou be my husband and I thy wife."
"Mother, fire burns thy bed, I cannot ascend it.
Beneath Mother Earth is looking on and above is God:
If I steal from both I shall go into Hell.
With joined hands I beseech thee, be my mother by faith."

"Hear† thou Scavenger Khiḍḍû, hear my say.
Cut off Pûran's hands and place them beneath my pillow.
Take out his eyes that I may make eye-salve of them!
Bring me his blood, that I may put it to my jewels and clothes!
If thou let Pûran live I will destroy thy family.
He listened not to my words; throw him into a well."

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* For *Parwardigâr* see above, line 371.
† Lûnâṅ says this.

"Satiâ dî bhalî jhompṛî, bhût kostî dâ gâûṅ.
Ag lage pitâ, terî maṇḍat, mûṛîeṅ bich hai nahîṅ Har da nâûṅ!
Râj nûṅ bijlî mâr jâ! Nûnâṅ nûṅ laṛ jâ kâlâ nâg!
Terâ shahr gharak ho jâe, gawwâṅ nâ chugdîâṅ ghâ!
Be-gunâh mâriâ, merâ kus nahîṅ kîtâ niwâûṅ.
Hatth baṅh kardâ binti, milî nâ Achhrâṅ mâṅ."

"Sâdhû tainûṅ boldâ; suniye, Pûran, jabâb.
Pichhle janam bich asîṅ donoṅ sî sake bhrâe:
Tûṅ jamiâ ghar Râje de, maiṅ lîe phakirî pâe.
Tûṅ merî gadi par baiṭh jâ, maiṅ mardâṅ tere thâṅ."
Pûran aggîoṅ âkhdâ: "Tainûṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Honî bîtî pagambarâṅ, maiṅ kih dâ pânîhâr?

"Better the hut of the virtuous than the village of the sinful.
Fire burn thy palace, father, wherein God's name is not feared!
Lightning destroy thy kingdom! May the black serpent destroy Nûnâṅ!
May thy city sink and cows not graze thy grass!
Slaying me without fault thou hast done me no justice!
With joined hands I pray thee: I have not (even) met my mother Achhrâṅ."

"The holy man telleth;* Pûran, hear his say.
In the last birth we were own brothers:
And now thou art born in a Râjâ's house and I have become a *faqîr*.
Sit thou in my place and let me die for thee."
Then said Pûran: "I say to thee:
Fate hath happened to the prophets; I am but a water-bearer.†

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* Pûran is now consoled by a saint.
† *i.e.*, a humble person compared to them.

Bhalî hoî mâpe mârde, mere prân Surg nûṅ jân.
Ik achhnabâ ho giâ, Mâtâ Achhrâṅ ho birân."

Chûhṛâ hirnû dâ bak mâriâ, rat lî channe bich pâe.
Donoṅ nîtar mirg de kaḍḍhke banat banâe:
"Je Nûnâṅ kahâ mân gaî, tâṅ Pûran nûṅ deâṅge bachâe
Je honî Pûran dî jâg pie, tâṅ muṛke deâṅge mâr."
Hirnî ḍâhâṅ mâriâ, kîtî Rabb agge faryâd:
"Hirnî maiṅ sâmân ṭhâr dî, charhke âe utâr,
Ḍardî chher, bhagîlieṅ, chitioṅ, dittâ bak ujâṛ!
Nâ meriâṅ sâkhâṅ chungîâṅ; nâ chugiâ hariâ ghâ;
Nâ chhâlâṅ mâriâṅ; nâ ṭuriâ mere sâth;
Nâ than chunge rajke, merâ pâṭ hamâme jâe.
Be-badosî dâ bak mâriâ, nâ lagî duniyâ dî bâ!
Jih de khâtir mâriâ, so Pûran bhî mârâ jâe!"

It is well that my parents slay me, for I go to Heaven.
But there is one evil, that my mother Achhrâṅ is ruined.'

The Scavenger slew a fawn and put its blood into a cup:
Both eyes of the fawn he took out, and made a plan:
"If Nûnâṅ listen to me, then will I save Pûran.
But if Pûran's fate be awake* I will come back and slay him."
The doe cried out and complained to God (and said):
"I was a doe on the lower grounds and climbed up hither,
For fear the lion, the wolf, and the leopard, and I have (now) lost my fawn.
It sucked not my teats; it ate not the green grass,
It bounded not; nor wandered beside me;
It sucked not my teats to surfeit, for they are full to bursting;
My harmless fawn hath been slain, ere yet it hath breathed the air of this world!
May Pûran for whose sake it hath died be also slain!"

---

* Be against him

Chûhṛâ âkhdâ : "Pûran nûṅ maiṅ lâiâ mâr.
Eh le, Nûnâṅ, rat Pûran dî lâ le hâr singâr."
"Uṭhîye, Hîrâ bândî, motî kaḍḍhke rat bich pâo :
Je rat Pûran dî ho, tâṅ motî milange us dî nâl."
Motî chhanne siṭṭ ditte, jûṅ ratî nahîṅ lagâ nâl.
"Dâde mugâune Chûhṛiâ, kî lâiâṅ banat banâe?
Maiṅ nahîṅ Jaṭṭî Panjâb dì, jinhoṅ laweṅ bharmâe.
Jithe Pûran mâriâ, woh dikhâve thâe."
Chûhṛâ akhdâ : "Dâdâ hage khasam dâ, jin mahileṅ bâṛe chhâḍ!
Tere andar dî âg tâṅ bhuje, terî taprî pawe bâzâr!"
"Ki karâṅ Râje Salwân nûṅ, chhaḍe kamîn bigâṛ?

Said the Scavenger (to Lûnâṅ) : "I have slain Pûran.
Take this blood of Pûran, Nûnâṅ ; take it to the jewels and clothes."
"Up, my maid Hîrâ, and put a pearl into the blood :
If the blood be Pûran's the pearl will be stained by it."
The pearl was thrown into the cup and blood stained it not.
"Thou accursed Scavenger, what trick hast thou played me?
I am no Jaṭṭ's wife of the Panjâb, that thou canst deceive me.
Show me the place where thou hast slain Pûran."
Said the Scavenger : "Cursed be thy husband, that let thee enter the palace!
The lust within thee will only be appeased, when thou hast raised thy hut in the market!"*
"What shall I do to Râjâ Salwân for spoiling his menials?

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* *i.e.*, by becoming a prostitute.

Je bas pai jâṅ mere, tainûṅ lambî ghallâṅ bagâr :
Tainûṅ bagârî ghallke tere ṭabbar deâṅ ujâṛ.
Sâmhnâ sânûṅ boldâ, tainûṅ phâe deâṅ jân."
"Sânûṅ changî bagâr, bagâr hai sâḍe kâr.
Dâne âveṅ bagâr de ṭabbar kare bahâr.
Je tûṅ iskh kamâunâṅ kanjṛî banke jâ :
Ṭaprî pâo bâzâr bich, bahke ishk kamâo.
Pûran barge gabrû bhâleṅ is bâzâr.
Je bas pai jâṅ Chûhṛîâṅ donoṅ khâkâṅ siṭṭe phâṛ!"
Nûnâṅ uthoṅ muṛ pie, mahiloṅ baṛe âî :
"Lago Kachahrî Râje Salwâu dî, tainûṅ baṅhke leo
mangwâe."

Chûhṛâ ḍardâ bhaj gîâ, gîâ Pûran de pâs :
"Honî ne gherâ pâ lîâ, tere bachan nûṅ nahîn chhaḍâ
râh.

If I have the chance I will send thee on a far service?
And when thou art gone on service I will destroy thy
family.
Thou that speakest against me, I will have thee
hanged."
"Service is well for me, service is my duty.
On the fruits of service doth my family rejoice.
If thou wouldst indulge thy lusts go and be a prostitute.
Pitch thy hut in the market and indulge thy passions.
Meet some gallant like Pûran in the market :
And if thou fall under the power of the Scavenger he
will slit both thy lips!"
Nûnâṅ went back into her palace (saying) :
"I will go into the Court of Râjâ Salwân and have thee
brought there bound."

Fear entered the Scavenger and he went to Pûran (and
said) :
"Thy fate hath encompassed thee and there is no way
to save thee.

Hatth pair mainûṅ baḍh len de, le jâwâṅ Râjo de pas.
Mâriâ tairûṅ tere bâp ne, sâḍe kujh nahîṅ chaldi gharî-bâṅ dî wâh."
Pûran âkhdâ; "Chûhṛiô, suno merâ jabâb.
Bhaje â gae ho bâp de, â gâe mere pâs.
Hatth pair mere baḍhke kâm banâio râs.
Goḍîâṅ te lattâṅ baḍh lo, askûṅ koloṅ hâth.
Nîtar deke nahanîâṅ kaḍh lo ḍonghe deke châk.
Utte gîjâṅ jhurmuṭ maliâ, bahindiâṅ gherâ pâe:
Gîdar chângâṅ mâriâṅ mangde merâ mâs:
Sherâṅ bhûbhâṅ mâriâṅ, koî hai nahîṅ Pûran de pâs!
Loth merî nûṅ chak leo, le chalo khûh de pâs.
Ik anherâ khûh dâ, dûjâ kâlî rât!
Jâke kah do merî mâṅ nûṅ: 'roke nain na leo gaṅwâe;
Dil nûṅ deve sabar diâṅ tâkîâṅ, chit nâ kare udâs.'

Let me cut off thy hands and feet to take to the Râjâ.
It is thy father that slays thee; I, a poor man, have no power."
Said Pûran: "Scavenger, hear me.
Sent by my father have ye come to me.
Cut off my hands and feet and do your duty.
Cut off my legs from below the knees and my arms from below the elbows.
With nail-parers take out both my eyes.
Above the kites are gathered and circle round me:
And jackals howl for my flesh:
And lions roar and none is near (me) Pûran!
Cut off my hands and take my body to the well.*
Dark is the well and dark is the dark night!
Go and tell my mother not to lose her eyes for weeping:
To close the doors of patience on her heart and to sorrow not in her mind.

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* See Vol. I., p. 2.

Bârâṅ baras te â milûn, mere ure nâ rakhe âs.
Hatth baṅh kardâ binti, merî mâtâ âge ardâs."

Jáke Râjâ dâ Chûhṛâ kûkdâ Achhṛâṅ dî bâr:
"Rattî pîṛhî baithîe, sun le merâ jawâb.
Nak te besar khot de; chûrîâṅ bhunne mahilân de nâl!
Putr jinhâṅ de mar gae, unhâṅ de man vich kaise châe?
Pûran terâ mâriâ, mâriâ Nûnâṅ kamzât!
Hatth baḍḍhke sankoniâṅ, ankheṅ lîâṅ kaḍḍhwâe!
Bharke chhannâṅ rat dâ Nûnâṅ lâve hâr singâr.
Akheṅ chalke vekh le, siṭṭiâ khûh dî bâr!"
Achhrâṅ piṭṭe niklî hoke bahut hirân.
"Bhâîâṅ bâz ni joṛîâṅ, putrâṅ bâj nahîṅ rahindî nâṅ.

In twelve years will I meet her, there is no hope before that.
With joined hands I pray, (take) my petition to my mother."

The Râjâ's Scavenger went and cried out at Achhrâṅ's door:
"O sitter on the red couch, hear my say.
Take off thy nose-ring, break thy bracelets against the palace (walls)!
How shall they have ease of mind whose sons are dead?
Pûran thy son is dead, slain by the shameful Nûnâṅ!
His hands and feet have been cut off and his eyes taken out!
Filling a cup with his blood Nûnâṅ hath put it to her jewels and clothes.
Go and see with your own eyes that he is thrown into a well!"
Achhrâṅ weeping went out aghast (and said):
"There is no pair without a brother, there is no name to live without a son.

Dukheṅ bûṭâ maiṅ pâliâ, chulîeṅ pânî pâe :
Jad chhâṅ hoî jhûlmî, bagî kahir dî bâl.
Maut jawânâṅ nûṅ kahir, jiûṅ daryâṅ dî ḍhâî.
Terî maut ne galliâṅ miliâṅ, Honî ne rokke râh.
Jis din kalimâṅ likhiâṅ je maiṅ hondî pâs,
Arjâṅ kardî ḍâḍhî Rabb dî, tere kalam likhâwandî râs !"
Jitthe Pûran mâriâ, chalke woh vekhiâ we thâûṅ.
"Pûran merâ mar gîâ, maiṅ marnâ oh de nâl.
Ambâ dî bûṭî baṛhdâṅ, akkâṅ nûṅ kardâṅ bâṛ.
Putrâṅ de khâtir mâpe khûheṅ te ṭobe pâunde jâl.
Sâḍe battîâṅ ṭalî ik phal, so bhî siṭṭîâṅ tûṅ mâr.
Tainûṅ chand-putr nahîṅ thiâunâ ; nâ jammûṅ dûjî wâr !"

With care I cherished the tree and watered it with my hands ;
And when its shade grew thick a violent wind hath overturned it.
Death taketh youth as a river-flood.
Death met him in the street and Fate stopped the way (for flight.)
When thy fate was written had I been by,
I would have made a great cry to God and had it written favorably !"
She went and saw the place where Pûran was wounded (and said) :
"My Pûran hath been slain and I will die with him.
They have destroyed the mango (Pûran) and sheltered the *âk* (Lûnâṅ).*
For the sake of sons parents cast nets into the wells and ponds.†
Among my thirty-two trees but one bore fruit and that thou hast destroyed.
Thou shalt have no son : a second shall not be born to thee !"

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* See above, line 441.

† Allusion to the habit of native women of worshipping at wells and ponds in the hope of obtaining sons.

"Sunîo, lagîo badhîo, dhakke de do châr :
Kachahrî te eh nûṅ kaḍḍh deo, kaḍḍh deo shahr dî bâr.
Hatth vich de do soṭâ, kâg uṛâtî jâe.
Muṛke mahilâṅ nâ baṛe, koî Pûran barge na jâve kamzât.
Bikhat pai gae Râjiâṅ, sireṅ uṭhâ le bhâr.
Bhaṭ jhukhedîâṅ Rânîâṅ, dhakke den gaṅwâr."

Achhrâṅ khûh nûṅ ṭur pie, kardî kûk pukâr :
"Mâwâṅ putrâṅ de mele kadhî karo âp Khudâe ?"
Kah dî : "Bachâ, tere sir pe naubat baj rahî, man âî bhog.
Je taiṅ naubat bhognî, terî lagâṅ kâyâ nûṅ rog.
Maiṅ jâke agge Gorakh de kûkdî, 'Bal jâe teri jog!'
Kaun saumbhe tere mâl khizânâ? kaun karo râj dî bhog?"

(Said Salwân) : "Hear, ye slaves and minions, give (Achhrâṅ) three or four blows,
And turn her out of the palace and out of the city.
Put a stick into her hands to drive away the crows.*
Let her not enter the palace again that no more wretches like Pûran be born.
Heavy troubles have Râjâs suffered, carrying burdens on their heads :
And Rânîs have fed the oven, pushed about by churls."

Achhrâṅ went to the well and cried out :
"Will God be even pleased to let mother and son meet again?"
Said she : "My son, thy turn (for sorrow) hath come upon thy head, suffer it with (a brave) heart.
And as thou bearest thy trouble thy body will be afflicted.
I will go to Gorakh and cry, 'Cursed be thy saintship!'
Who will guard thy treasures? Who will enjoy thy royalty?"

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* See Vol. I., p. 292.

Pûran khûh vich boldâ, mukh se japke Râm:
"Hâthîṅ mere chhaḍ de mâtâ, Kajalî Ban meṅ jân.
Mere ghoṛe tavele khol do: ghâs ṭur ṭur khâeṅ.
Bâz sikre chhaḍ deo, kisî râj-dwâr nûṅ jâeṅ.
Kuttiâṅ dîâṅ rassîâṅ baḍḍh deo, kutte mangde ṭukre khân.
Rone-bhone khizâne luṭâ deo, kar deo pun te dân.
Jîunde rahe, tâṅ milânge; Gorakh rakhe imân.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî Rabb rakhe terâ imân."

Laṛke ḍâhâṅ mâriâṅ, khûh de utte âe:
"Asiṅ munḍe haiṅ terî fauj de, tû sâḍâ sardâr.
Kallâ karke mâriâ; je asî honde tere nâl,
Tâṅ mârde Rânî Nûnâṅ nûṅ, nahîṅ, mar jânde âp."
"Haṅso khelo, munḍe Shahr dîo; Rabb agge faryâd.

Said Pûran from within the well, worshipping God with his lips.
"Let loose my elephant, mother, to go to the Kajalî Forest.*
Let loose my horse from the stable to graze the grass at will.
Let loose my falcons and hawks to go to some palace.
Let loose my dogs' ropes and let them beg their food.
Let my treasures be thrown away and given away as alms.
If I live I will meet thee again; Gorakh will keep my faith.
With joined hands I pray to God to keep my faith."

His playmates cried, coming to the well:
"We boys were of thy following and thou wast our leader.
Thou wast alone when they slew thee; had we been with thee,
We would have slain Rânî Nûnâṅ, or died ourselves."
"Laugh and play, my boys of the City: my complaint is before God.

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* See Vol. I., p. 520

Bhalî hoi mâpe mârde, sâṅs Surg nûṅ jâe.
Mâsâ ghaṭe nâ tal badhe, jûṅ likhe Kartâr.
Râjî hoke bhicharo; bane Pûran de nâl."

Rânî khûh de ṭur pie, pie piṇḍ dî râh.
"Chandâ, terî chândnî soti sî chhej bichhâe.
Chûre pâwe palang de rowângî gal lâe.
Putr nûṅ vidyâ kar châli, kî vekhîâṅ mâṅ ghar jâe?
Beṛâ kâle nâg dâ, lahreṅ de de khâe.
Akhâṅ te anhi ho gaî, mainûṅ kanâṅ se sundâ nâe.
Achhrâṅ mahilâṅ se kaḍḍh dittî, phirdî bich bazâr.
Ik bichhoṛâ put dâ, dûji bhukh kaleje nûṅ khâe.

My parents did well to slay me, for my life goes now to Heaven.
What the Creator hath written changeth not at all.
Part with Pûran without murmur; suffering is for Pûran."

The Rânî (Achhrâṅ) left the well and went towards the village.
(Said she): "O moon, I have slept on my bed in thy light.
I embrace the feet of my bed (now) and weep.
Bidding adieu to her son what will a mother find in her house?
It is the boat of the black snake,* the waves frighten me.
Mine eyes are blind and I hear not with my ears.
I, Achhrâṅ, have been turned out of the palace to wander in the streets.
Firstly, I am separated from my son; and, secondly, hunger eateth into my heart.

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* Metaphor: a very unhappy home.

Kal banî hoî thî paṭ-rânî, ajj bhatî jhonkdî âe!"
Un Rabb par rakhdî ḍorî; kyûnkar umar bhâe?

Indar dîâṅ parîâṅ uḍîâṅ khûh bich latthâṅ âe.
Bârâṅ barsâṅ Pûran nûṅ guzriâṅ, dharam ne pahrâ lîâ pâe.
Mukh te parîâṅ boliâṅ: "Tainûṅ dîe sunâe:
Tûṅ kî hai paristâ? nahîṅ, mahâ balâe?"
Pûran agge boliâ leke Gorakh dâ nâûṅ:
"Nâ maiṅ parî paristâ; nâ maiṅ mahâ balâe.
Beṭâ Râjâ Salwân dâ; Pûran merâ nâûṅ.
Je tusîṅ parîâṅ sach dîâṅ jâke kûkîyo Gorakh de pâs:
'Chelâ terâ mâriâ badhke siṭṭâ khûh de bâr:
Je tûṅ Gurû hai sat dâ, de duniyâ de bâl.'"

Yesterday was I a chief queen, to-day do I serve the oven!"
Her hope was in God, but how was her life to pass?

Indar's fairies came flying into the well.*
Twelve years had passed over Pûran in the performance of religious duties.
Said the fairies with their lips: "We speak to thee:
Art thou a fairy? or art thou a great horror?"
Then said Pûran, taking Gorakh's name:
"I am no fairy: I am no great horror.
I am the son of Râjâ Salwân; Pûran is my name.
If ye are true fairies go to Gorakh and cry out to him (and say):
'Thy disciple is wounded and thrown into a well:
If thou be a true Gurû let him breathe the air of the world.'"

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* The poem breaks off here; Pûran has now been twelve years in the well.

Khûh te parîâṅ uṛîâṅ Gorakh latthâṅ jâe.
Gurû baiṭhâṅ âsan lâke sohanî samâdh lagâe.
"Chele tere dî araz hai, tûṅ sune man chit lâke.
Oh baḍḍhke khûh bich siṭṭiâ, Pûran us dâ nâûṅ."
Gorakh nâdh bajâ liâ man bich Âlakh dhyâe.
Jinne chele Nâth de sabhî lîe bulâe:
"Mere Pûran par bhârî pai gaî, us nûṅ leo chhuṛâe."
Ṭilloṅ Jogî chaṛh pie Siâlkoṭ latthe âe.
Aggioṅ Gorakh boldâ: "Suno, Jogio, bât:
Itthe Pûran Bhagat hai kisî khûh de bâr.
Oh nûṅ sar-bhar ṭolnâ, kaḍḍhnâ khûh se bâr.
Us nûṅ bârâṅ baras guzre, bahutî pâî sazâe."
Jogî Nâr Singh boldâ: "Gurûjî, merî sun le araj man lâe,
Jogî tihâiâṅ jal de, koî khûâ deo batâe."

The fairies flew from the well and went to Gorakh.
The Gurû was sitting at his seat in a beautiful reverie.
(Said the fairies:) "Thy disciples speak, hear them with heart and soul.
He is maimed and thrown into a well that is named Pûran."
Gorakh sounded his conch and thought on the Invisible in his heart.
He called together all his followers (and said):
"My Pûran is in trouble, do ye release him."
The Jogîs* came from Ṭillâ to Siâlkoṭ.
Then spake Gorakh: "Hear ye my words, ye Jogîs:
Pûran Bhagat is here in a well.
Search him out and take him out of the well.
He hath passed twelve years (there), and great hath been his trouble."
Then spake the Jogî Nâr Singh†: "Sir Gurû, listen to my words with thy heart.
The Jogîs are athirst for water, show them a well."

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* His disciples.

† I suspect Nâr Singh or Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, is meant for the Narasiṅha, Man-lion, *avatâra* of Vishṇû. He is also called Anâr Singh and Nar Singh, and is frequently invoked in *mantras* and charms. See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XII., p. 39.

Gorakh Jogîâṅ nûṅ boldâ: "Tuhâ nûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Nagarî hai Râjâ Salwân, kûâ haigâ bich ujâr.
Uttoṅ jal bhar lo, bachoṅ, suno kûk pukâr."

Jogî utthoṅ ṭur pie, khûh par painde âe.
Nâûṇ leke Gorakh Nâth dâ tumbe ditte khûh bich phirâe.
Jadoṅ pânî khâṛakdâ, suniâ Pûran, Gorûkh liâ dhyâe.
Tûṇḍâṅ nâl tumbe phaṛ lie; Jogi nath gae bhau khâe.
Jâke Gorakh nûṅ âkhde, gae Gorakh de pâs:
"Tumbe sâḍe kho lîe; kûe bich hai mahâṅ balâe.
Akheṅ chalke vekh le, tumbe rahe khûh de bâr."
Ḍerioṅ Gorakh chaliâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe;
Utto khûh de âke bah gae âsan lâe.

Said Gorakh to the Jogîs: "I tell you the truth:
The city is Râjâ Salwân's and the well is in the wilds.
Take water thence, my children, and hear if (Pûran) cry out."

The Jogîs went thence toward the well.
Taking the name of Gorakh Nâth they cast their bow into the well.
When the water resounded Pûran heard it and meditated Gorakh.
He seized the bowls with the stumps (of his arms) and the Jogîs became afraid
And they went and said to Gorakh:
"Our bowls have been lost; there is a great horror in the well.
Go and see with thine own eyes, our bowls have remained in the well."
Gorakh went from his place, meditating on the Invisible in his heart;
He went to the well and took his seat there.

Bulâwandâ: "Bachâ, kî hain pari paristâ? kî hain mahâñ balâe?
Mârâñ pawâ gajab dâ, khûh nûn siṭṭâñ bich Patâl!
Jo bhalî châhunâ jân dî, ho jâ khûh te bâhr.
Main chelâ Machhandar Nâth dâ, siddh hâñ baṛâ parkâr."
Agion Pûran boliâ: "Gurûjî, araj karâñ, sun lâe.
Nâ sî main parî paristâ; nâ sî mahâñ balâe;
Beṭâ Râjâ Salwân dâ; Achhrâñ hai merî mâñ;
Chelâ bannâ hai main Gorakh Nâth dâ; Pûran merâ nâûn.
Lekhe dî likhe nâ miṭe, baḍḍhke khûh bich dittâ pâe.
Je tûñ Gurû hai sach dâ mainûñ de duniyâ de bâe."
Gorakh nûñ Jogî âkhde: "Tûñ chhetî nâ hoen diyâl.

He called out: "My son, art thou a fairy? Art thou a great horror?
I will strike the well with my (magic) sandals and sink the well into Hell!
If thou desirest thy life, come out of the well.
I am a disciple of Machhandar Nâth and a mighty saint."
Then said Pûran: "Sir Gurû, I speak, hear me.
I was no fairy: I was no great horror.
I was the son of Râjâ Salwân, Achhrâñ was my mother.
I would be a disciple of Gorakh Nâth; Pûran is my name.
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, they wounded and threw me into the well.
If thou be a true Gurû let me breathe the air of the world."
Spake a Jogî to Gorakh: "Be not over-quick to pity him.

Je Pûran Bhagat hai tâṅ kaḍḍhe kache tâge nâl."
Gorakh Jogî boldâ: "Tusîṅ chhetî tâgâ le âo:
Le âîyo kuârî kanyâṅ dâ, byâhî hoî nân."

Jogî uthoṅ uṛ pie, Kârû des tathe jâe.
Tayyan kuṛîâṅ dâ vekhke tâgâ mangiâ jâe.
Sau baras dî buḍhiâ boldí: "Tuhâ nûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ
suuâe.
Sat Jug charkhâ ghaṛiâ; Trete baṭṭi mâl;
Dwâpar tand khichiâ; tand chaṛh gîâ akâs!
Je ho chele kisî Nâth de, tûṅ tand nûṅ leo utâr!"
Aggioṅ Jogî bolde man bich ghusse khâe:
"Sat Jug Gurû sâḍe Kishn thâ, laṛiâ Kansh de nâl;

If he be Pûran Bhagat he will be drawn out by a single
thread of yarn."*
Said Gorakh to the Jogî: "Go quickly and get me a
thread:
And get it from an unmarried virgin."

The Jogîs flew thence and went straight to the land of
Kârû.†
Seeing the virgins spinning they demanded a thread.
Spake a beldame of a hundred years: "I tell you truth.
The spinning wheel was made in the Golden Age; the
skein and ropes in the Silver Age;
The thread was drawn in the Third Age and went up
into heaven!
If ye be the disciples of a Saint, bring down the thread!"
Then were the Jogîs angered in their hearts (and said):
"In the Golden Age our Gurû was Krishṇa that fought
with Kansa;‡

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* Compare Vol. I., p. 39. This would be a sheer impossibility.
† ? Mâlwâ.
‡ The story of the destruction of Kansa, the king of Mathurâ, by Kṛishṇa, is well known, and is told in the *Bhâgavata Purâṇa*.

Laṛiâ Kansh de nâl, Kansh lîâ mâr :
Phir Gurû Ram Chand hai, Râwan kaḍḍhiâ Lankâ se bâhr :
Hun Gurû sâḍa Gorakh Nâth, hai utariâ bich ujâṛ.
Bhalî châhnî tâgâ rakh de ; nahiṅ, nagarî deâṅge gâl."

Ḍardî tâgâ de diâ, Jogîâṅ de charne lagî ân.
Uthoṅ Jogî ṭur pie, Gorakh pe latthe ân.
Gorakh tâgâ siṭṭiâ, leke Machhandar dâ nâûn ;
"Je terâ jat sat kâim, chaṛhiâ kache tâṅge nâl."
Pûran dâ jat sat kâim hai, sî nikalâ khûh de bâr !
Charne Gorakh de lag giâ ; "Mainûṅ de bâ."
Gorakh mânî chaukṛî, giâ bich Dargâh :

That fought with Kansa and slew him :
Then our Gurû was Râma Chandra that turned Râvaṇa out of Lankâ :*
Now our Gurû is Gorakh Nâth, who is dwelling in the wilds.
If thou desirest thy good give the thread, else will we destroy thy city."

Being afraid she gave the thread and fell at the Jogîs' feet.
The Jogîs went thence and came back to Gorakh.
Gorakh threw down the thread in the name of Machhandar (and said) :
"If thy virtue be steadfast come up by this single thread."
Pûran's virtue had been steadfast and he came out of the well !
He fell at the feet of Gorakh (and said) : "Give me air."
Gorakh sitting cross-legged went to the Court (of God).

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* See above, line 104.

Jâke Indar nûṅ kûkdâ charne sîs niwâe :
"Asîṅ Pûran nûṅ sâbit karnâ, sânûṅ nîtar de phaṛâe.
Gorakh nîtar le lîe, âiâ Pûran de pâe.
Chiṭṭî amrit phalde de, lîe sâbit ditta banâe.
Pûran sâbit ho gîâ, Gorakh de charnoṅ lagâ â
Jogî jhanḍe paṭ lîe, man bich Âlakh jagâe.
Chale Kârû des nûṅ karke sabhî salâh ;
Jogî belde: "Pûranâ, tûṅ ithe aṭak jâ."
Pûran kahnâ maniâṅ, dittâ chaukṛî lâe :
"Je Gurû bakhshe ṭhangrî, mainûṅ ṭhangrî hai parwâu.
Maiṅ kahnâ nahîṅ Gurâṅ dâ mordâ, lage dharam dî hân."

Pûran nûṅ raste chhad gae, Kârû des latthe jâe.

Going to Indar he cried out, bowing his head at his feet:
"I would make Pûran whole, give me his eyes."
Gorakh took the eyes and came to Pûran.
He sprinkled pure *amrita** over him and made him whole.
Pûran being (now) whole fell at Gorakh's feet.
The Jogîs raised the standard and meditated on the Invisible in their hearts.
They all made a plan to go to the land of Kârû ;
And the Jogîs said: "O Pûran, do thou stay here."
Pûran obeyed their command and sat him down cross-legged (and said):
"If the Gurû will grant me a (Jogî's) hut I shall be content.
I will never disobey the Gurû's word, lest my virtue be injured."†

Leaving Pûran on the road they went to the land of Kârû.

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* *i.e.*, holy water.
† From here to line 773 the poem breaks off into a story about the doings of Gorakh Nâth in Kârû Des.

Jhaṇḍe gaḍe Jogîâṅ, dittîâṅ dhunîâṅ lâe :
Bhagt kamâunde, Nâth dî sau samâdh lagâe.
Jad bakhat bhaṇḍârî dâ ho gîâ Jogî nagarî baṛde jâe,
Dudh bhâṇḍâ dâ chak lîâ, lîâ chipîâṅ vich pâe.
Nagarî vich dhûî pai gaî, "Kanphâṭe kidharoṅ latthe âe?"
Sûkhî aurat boldî, sabhnâṅ suhelîâṅ nûṅ lîtî bulâe :
"Aise Jogî â gae kadhî bhî ḍiṭṭhe nâe;
Kane ehnâṅ dî mundrâṅ; jodhe baṛe jawâṇ;
Bin puchhiâ dudh le gîâ, sâḍâ kus nahîṅ rakhîâ mân!"
Sûkhî sarsoṅ palajke mârde leke apne Gurâṅ da nâûṅ.
Jitne the chele Nâth de sabhnâṅ de ditte akal bhulâe.

Jogîâṅ de dhaṇḍe ban gae, singî rassî dittî pâe.
Apo apne gharâṅ nûṅ le gîâṅ, bhanne khoṛlîâṅ jâe.

The Jogîs set up their standards and lit their fires,
And did penance meditating on (Gorakh) Nâth.
When it was time for food the Jogîs went into the city,
And taking the milk for their food (by force) put it into their bowls.
And a cry arose in the city: "Whence have these Jogîs come?"*
Spake the woman Sûkhî calling all her companions:
"Such Jogis have come as have never been seen;
Earrings have they in their ears and are stout warriors,
They take their milk without asking and care nothing for me!"
Sûkhî charmed some mustard seed and threw it over (the Jogis) in the name of her Gurû.
All the disciples of (Gorakh) Nâth lost their senses.

The Jogis were changed into bullocks and were fastened with stout ropes!
Each man took them to his stalls and put them in his mangers.

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* The *Kanphaṭâs*, or Ear-bored Jogîs, are the followers of the Nâths, as these were.

Ik Jogî Gorakh nûṅ âkhdâ, "Gurûjî, sun le jabâb.
Shambhû Nâth Jogî le giâ sambhâû nûṅ nâl.
Karû des vich jâeke unheṅ dittî dhum machâe.
Tâno-tânî dudh chakke kisî nûṅ puchhiâ nâe.
Karû des dî tîvîân ne sâre lîe bald banâe!
Je, Gurû, agiâ tuhâḍe ho jâve, tâṅ unhâṅ lîe chhudâe!"
Gorakh tumbâ jhâṛiâ, man bîch Âlakh dhyâe;
Baṭwâ lîâ bhabût dâ, mantarke dittâ akâs charhâe.
Jitne chele the Nâth de â gae bald Gorakh de pâs.
Jad Gorakh thâpî dittâ, sab âdmî lîe banâe!

Gorakh hoiâ kahirmân, man bich ghussâ khâe:
Jitne khûh Kârû des de sahî ditte sukhâe.
Jeṛâ khûh Gorakh de muḍh sî sab pânî lîâ oh de bich pâe!

Spake a Jogî to Gorakh, "Sir Gurû, hear me.
Shambhû Nâth,* the Jogî, took the disciples with him.
Going into the land of Kârû they created a disturbance.
They took their milk by force without asking any one (for it).
The women of the land of Kârû have turned them all into bullocks!
If it be thy will, Gurû, they can be released!"
Gorakh emptied his bowl, meditating on the Invisible in his heart;
And taking his wallet of ashes he charmed them and tossed them in the air.
All the disciple-bullocks of Gorakh Nâth came to him.
Then Gorakh patted them and turned them into men!

Gorakh was wroth and there was anger in his heart:
And he dried up all the wells in the land of Kârû.
Gorakh drew all the water there was in them into the well beside him!

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* One of the nine Nâths of the Kanphaṭâ Jogîs. The name is a title also of Gorakh Nâth himself.

Satiâ Gorakh dî ho gaî, Nâth thâ baṛâ parkâr.
Oh tîvîâṅ pânî nûṅ â gaî, âiâṅ Gorakh de pâs:
"Gurûjî, pânî sânûṅ bhar lain de, pânî bahutî bhâlî lagî piâs."
Gorakh tîvîâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ: "Chhoṭîâṅ baḍîâṅ sabhî nûṅ jâîyo âe:
Phir pânî nahîṅ is khûh bich rahnâ, tusîṅ bhar lo ik bar."
Kârû des ḍhanḍorâ phir gîâ, sab ranâṅ hoî tayyâr.
Chhoṭîâṅ, baḍîâṅ, buḍhîâṅ, sab gaîâṅ Gorakh de pâs.
Jadoṅ pânî bharan lag gaîâṅ, ditte gaṛwe pharâe.
Ik bhardîâṅ, ik âundîâṅ, ik khûh par khaṛîâṅ ae.
Gorakh ghusse hoke, chikkî dhûṅ dî suhiâ;
Leke nâûṅ Machhandar dâ khûh paṛ dindâ khanḍâe.
Ranâṅ te gadhîâṅ ban gaîâṅ, koî muṛke âe nâe!

And Gorakh Nâth by his virtue worked a great miracle.
The women came to Gorakh for water, (and said):
"Sir Gurû, let us draw water, for we are greatly athirst for water."
Said Gorakh to the women: "Come ye all, great and small:
For there will no more be water in this well, do ye draw at once."
There went out a cry through the land of Kârû and all the women came.
Great and small and old, all came to Gorakh.
Then they threw in their pitchers to draw the water.
Some were drawing, some were coming, and some were standing by the well.
Gorakh was angry and took up some of the ashes from the (Jogi's sacred) fire,
And taking the name of Machhandar (Nâth) threw them on the well.
The women were changed into asses and none of them returned home!

Kan lambe, khur baṭhle, rûṛîâṅ chugdîâṅ jâe !

Hal bâhunde Jatt â gae, jande lage wâr !
Suṇe ghar râh gae tîvîâṅ dî, koî nahîṅ dindâ khabar sâr !
Sau baras dî buḍḍhî âkhdî : "Sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Jeṛe bald kal bâh lîe Jogî the baḍe parkâr ;
Oî Jogî unhâu nûṅ le gae, dittîâṅ gadhiâṅ banâe !
Charne Gorakh de lagîyo, tuhâḍe deve bahe basâe.
Nagarî Kârû des dî â gaî Gorakh de pâs :
"Gurûjî, hatth baṅh karde binti, tere charne dhyân lagâe ;
Je tûṅ Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, sâḍe buhe basâe.
Ehnâṅ landîâṅ tîvîâṅ dâ piṛiâ sânûṅ bakhsh gunâhe."

Long ears, small hoofs (had they, and) grazed on the dung heaps !

When the Jaṭṭs returned from their ploughing all the doors were locked !
The houses were empty of women and there was none to give them news
Spake an old beldam of 100 years : "I tell you truth.
All the bullocks of yesterday were powerful Jogis ;
And they have taken away (your women) and turned them into asses !
Fall ye at the feet of Gorakh, that he may people your houses again."
The whole city of the land of Kârû came to Gorakh, (and said) :
"Sir Gurû, with joined hands we pray thee, falling at thy feet ;
If thou, Gorakh, wilt be merciful, our homes will be peopled again.
Forgive the sin of these our miserable women."

Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, Gorakh hoiâ diâl.
Gaḍiâ jhaṇḍâ Nâth ne, karke Dargâh wal nigâhe:
"Jitnîâṅ tuhâḍîâṅ buḍhîâṅ jhaṇḍe de muḍh deo langhâe."
Satiâ bartî Nâth dî gadhîâṅ te ranûṅ dittî banâe!
Sab âpo apnî leke pai gae Kârû de râh.
Ik gadhî khaṛî rah gaî chardi bich kapâh.
Nodhâ jodhâ kûkde Gurû Gorakh de pâs:
"Sabhnâṅ tîvîâṅ thiâ gaîâṅ, sâḍî Sûkhî thiâwandî nâṅ.
Marpaṭ dî biyâh karwâiâ sî, sânûṅ koî nahîn jhal dâ thân!
Gurûjî, sâḍî tîvîṅ ṭur de, sâḍâ jag vich rah jâ nâûn."
Gorakh unhân nûṅ âkhiâ: "Bhâ lo jâe kapâe."
Kapâ bich gadhî thia gaî, lâwande Gorakh de pâs.
Gadhî te tîvîṅ ban gaî; dittî Rabb ne unhâṅ de âs pahunchâe.

Gorakh was merciful, Gorakh was compassionate.
The Nâth fixed his standard and gazed at the Court (of God, and said):
"Send all your old women past the standard."
The virtue of the Nâth prevailed and the asses were turned into women!
And each took his woman towards the land of Kârû.
But one she-ass remained grazing among the cotton.
Nodhâ, the warrior, came crying out to Gurû Gorakh:
"All the women have been restored, but not my Sûkhî.
With much pains I married her, and now I have no place to go to!
Sir Gurû, let go my wife, that thy name may go through all the world."
Said Gorakh to him: "Go and catch her in the cotton."
He caught the ass in the cotton and brought her to Gorakh.
The ass was turned into a woman; and God granted him his desires.

Kârû desGorakh ne jit lîâ, sab lîâ sewâṅ banâe !

Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ paṭiâ 'Âlakh' jagâe.
Kânîpâ chelâ Nâhar Singh ṭurde Gorakh de nâl.
Majiloṅ majiloṅ chalde bâhareṅ koheṅ latthe âe.
Bahe gae âsan lâeke barmî kare pukâr.
Gorakh Nâth âkhdâ: "Is barmî bich kî hai bulâe ?
Barmî nûṅ paṭke vekh lo, dhartî nûṅ kar do sâf."
Aggioṅ Pûran boldâ, ḍâḍe kare pukâr:
"Maithoṅ Pûran Bhagat hâṅ, mainûṅ rakh le charne lâ."
Gorakh chelâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ: "Pûrâṅ kaḍḍho barmî te bâr.
Eh nûṅ chhattîs baras guzar gae, bahutî pâî sazâe !

Thus Gorakh conquered the land of Kârû and made them all his followers !

Gorakh struck the standard and called '*Âlakh.*'*
Kânîpâ† his disciple and Nâhar Singh‡ went with Gorakh;
Stage by stage thy went twelve *kos*§ and halted.
They were sitting on their seats when a cry came from a hole.
Said Gorakh Nâth: "What is this sound from this hole ?
Open the hole and see and clear away the earth (round it)."
Then spake Pûran (from the hole||) making a loud cry;
"I am Pûran Bhagat, let me fall at thy feet."
Said Gorakh to the disciples: "Take Pûran out of the hole.
Six and thirty years he has spent in it and suffered much pain !

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* See Vol. I., p. 32.
† See Vol. II., p. 16, where he is the opponent of Gorakh Nâth.
‡ See *ante*, line 651.
§ A *kos* is about 2 miles.
|| He had been doing penance in it.

Eh dî jhabde pâo mundrâṅ, Jogî leo banâe.
Chelâ kar do Gorakh Nâth dâ, siddh baṛâ parkâr."

Jad Jogî banâwan lag pie Ṭhîkar Nâth ne kîtî phunkâr:
"Gurûjî, ik merî garîb dî araj hai, eh dâ ajân nâ mundrâ pâo.
Sangaldîp vich Rânî Sundrâṅ utte Pûran te bichhiâ lo mangâe.
Bichhiâ Sundrâṅ se le âve, Jogî leo banâe."
Gorakh Pûran nûṅ âkhdâ: "Bachâ, tûṅ Sundrâṅ de mahilâṅ jâe:
Bichhiâ le aveu mângke, Jogîâṅ nûṅ bhaṇḍârâ banâe.
Bichhiâ le âeṅ Sundrâṅ de hatth de, hor kisî bândî de hatth de lâîyo nâe.
Phir tainûṅ chelâ banâ lûṅ, kisî Jogî dî manûṅ nâe."

Put the rings into his ears at once and make a Jogî of him.
Make him a follower of Gorakh, for he is a great saint."

When they commenced to make him a Jogî, Ṭhîkar Nâth cried out:
"Sir Gurû, hear my humble petition, put not in the earrings without trial.
In Sangaldîp* is Rânî Sundrâṅ,† (send) Pûran to beg alms from her.
When he returns with alms from Sundrâṅ make him into a Jogî."
Said Gorakh to Pûrân: "My son, go to Sundrân's palace,
And ask alms, that the Jogîs may cook their food.
Take the alms from Sundrâṅ's hand, not from any of her slaves.
Then will I make thee a disciple and listen to none of the Jogîs."

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* See Vol. II., p. 276. † Vol. I., p. 3

Pûran ḍeoṛîâṅ nûṅ ṭur piâ, man bich Alakh dhyâe:
Moṇḍe jholî pâ lîe, lîe bhabût ramâî.
Bich nagarî de jâke ditte 'Alakh' jagâe.
Unche dhaular Rânî Sundrâṅ de jâ khaṛotâ bûhe de bâr.
'Alakh' Pûran de sunke, Rânî ne bichhiâ bhajî bândî de hâth.
Jad bichhiâ leke â gaî ḍig gaî ghash khâe.
Pûran us nûṅ âkhdâ: "Sun le gall asâṅ dî.
Sach das, tûṅ Rânî hai? yâ golî hai kisâṅ dî?"
Golî jâke boldî: "Sun, Rânî, merâ jabâb.
Ik aisâ Jogî â giâ, akkhâṅ Jogî de lâl!
Bârâṅ baras dî umar hai, sûrat aprâpâr.
Maite bichhâ nâ leve, tûṅ hatthen apne pâe.
Oh dî sûrat dekhke maiṅ ḍig paî, kujh rahî nahîṅ sudh sambhâl.

Pûran went to (Sundrâṅ's) gate, meditating on the Invisible in his heart:
His wallet over his shoulder and ashes on his body.
Going into the city he called out '*Álakh*.
He went and stood at the door of the Râni Sundrâṅ's lofty palace.
Hearing Pûran's '*Alakh*,' the Râni sent out alms by the hand of her maid.
When she came with the alms she fell down in a swoon.
Said Pûran to her: "Hear my words.
Say truly, art thou a Râni? or art thou some one's maid?"
The maid went (back) and said:* "Hear, Râni, my say.
A Jogi hath come whose eyes are red!
Twelve years is his age† and beautiful his form.
He will not take alms from me, give him with thine own hands.
When I saw his beauty I fell down and lost my senses.

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* *i.e.*, going back to Sundrâṅ.
† But see lines 650 and 782.

Maiṅ chhaḍ jâwâṅ terî naukarî, jâwâṅ Jogî de nâl."
Rânî mandirâṅ te utarî bharke motîâṅ dâ thâl;
Khaṛâ Jogî vekhke, ditte jholî vich ḍâl.
"Taiṅ kî lînâ jog te? Tûṅ rahe pao sâḍe pâs!
Ithe kae karoṛeṅ dhan hai, lashkar be shumâr.
Kyûnkar jive terî ambâṛî, jin lîâ shîr chhangâe?
Kyûnkar jive terî bahinaṛ, jin lîâṅ god khilâe?
Main marâṅ un phakîr nûṅ, jin dittî bhabût ramâe!
Taiṅ kî lînâ jog te? Ban jâ bhartâ, maiṅ terî nâr!"

Pûran muṛke â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pâs,
Kaḍḍhe bichhiâ rakh dî, rakheṅ motî jawâhir.
Gorakh agge boliâ; "Bachâ, âṭe dî bichhiâ lâ;
Eh motî nahîṅ mere kam dî, udhar dîeṅ khilâr!

I will leave thy service and join the Jogî."
The Râni went down from the palace with a platter filled with pearls;
And seeing the Jogi standing put them into his wallet (and said):
"Why should'st thou take the saintship? Come and live with me!
I have many *lákhs* in wealth here and a countless following.
How doth thy mother live (now), whose breasts thou didst suck?
How doth thy sister live, who fed thee in her lap:
I would slay that *faqîr* that rubbed the ashes on thee!
Why should'st thou take the saintship? Be thou my husband and I thy wife!"

Pûran returned and went to Gorakh;
And taking out the alms he put down the pearls and jewels.
Then said Gorakh: "My son, bring alms of flour;
These pearls are useless to me and I cannot eat them!

Je tûṅ jog dhârnâ an dî bichhiâ lâe."
Aggiâ ho gaî Gorakh Nâth di, Pûran muṛke ho gîâ usî râh.
Mahiloṅ Sundrâṅ vich jâke dûjî wâr ditte 'Âlakh' jagâe.
Pûran boldâ, Rânî ne sun lîâ, utarî bûhâ wâe.
Bâhoṅ Pûran phaṛ lîâ, mahileṅ lîâ châṛh.
"Dhan bhâg mere; tûṅ â gîâ, bahke râj kamâe!"
Pûran us nûṅ âkhdâ: "Sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Aggiâ man mere Gurû dî bhaṇḍârâ dieṅ chhakâe."
Aggioṅ Rânî boldî: "Keṛî keṛî chîj dî hai châe?
Laḍḍû, jalebî, kachaurîâṅ aur chauthâ kaṛhâe?"
Châre khâne banâke gaḍḍî lîe laḍâe:
"Jithe terâ Gurû hai, le chalâṅ us de pâs."
Pûran bichhiâ leke muṛ piâ, âiâ Gurâṅ de pâs;
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, chârne dhyân lagâe:

If thou would'st take on the saintship bring alms of corn."
Receiving the order of Gorakh Nâth Pûran went back by the same road.
Going back to Sundrâṅ's palace he called out '*Alakh*,' a second time.
Hearing Pûran the Rânî came down to the gate.
She caught Pûran by the arms and went up into her palace (and said):
"Happy is my fate, that thou hast come to rule (with me)!"
Said Pûran to her: "I tell thee the truth:
(Better) obey the order of the Gurû to give him food."
Then said the Rânî: "What things doth he require?
Sweets and savouries and cakes and confections?"
She made the four kinds of food and put them into a cart (and said):
"Take them whither thy Gurû is."
Pûran returned with the alms to the Gurû,
And with joined hands he spake, bowing at his feet

"Eh bhaṇḍârâ merâ bhagat dâ, chhak lo man chit lâe.
Kan phâṛke mundrâṅ pâ deo, deo bhabût ramâe."
Chele sabhî tayyâr ho gae, dittâ nâdh bajâe.
Jadoṅ nâdh baj gîâ chele âe kae hazâr.
Kae hazâr man an khâ gae, ajân rahindâ be-shumâr!
Aggiâ Gorakh dî ho gaî, Pûran nûṅ lendâ muṇḍh biṭhâe.
"Kin kin mangiâ, bachâ, mehgîâṅ? kin kin mangî dhup?
Kin kin mangiâ bolnâ? kin kin mangî chup?"
"Gurûjî, mâlîâṅ ne mangâ mehgâ; dhobîâṅ ne mangî dhup;
Bhaṭṭâṅ ne mangiâ bolnâ; santâṅ ne mangî chup."
Gorakh jholî jhâṛke mundrâṅ lîâṅ banâe.

"This is the food (gotten) of my alms, eat to thy heart's desire.
Bore my ears and put in the rings and rub the ashes on my body."
All the disciples were called and the conch was sounded.
When the conch was sounded they came in many thousands.
They ate up many thousand *mans** of corn and there remained a countless store!
The order was given by Gorakh and they sat Pûran beside him (said he) :†
"Who want rain, my son? who want sunshine?
Who want speech? and who want silence?".
"Sir Gurû, gardeners want rain and washermen want sunshine;
Bards want speech and saints want silence."
Then Gorakh shook out his wallet and made the earrings‡ (and said) :

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* A *man* is 82 lbs.
† Asking riddles: compare Vol. I., p. 42, etc.
‡ *i.e.*, miraculously.

"Kânîpâ chelâ, kan Pûran de phâṛ le, deâṅ mundrâṅ pâe."
Silîâṅ te murgânîâṅ dittî, bhabût chaṛhâe.
Aggiâ hoî Gorakh Nâth dî, siddhoṅ dittâ ralâe!

Sundrâṅ Gorakh pe kûkdî: "Maithoṅ ki ho giâ gunâe?
Mâl khizânâ luṭâ ditte, koî bâki rah giâ nâe.
Pûran de khâtir ḍere â gaî, taiṅ liâ Jogî banâe!
Je tûṅ Gurû haiṅ sach dâ mainûṅ khair Pûran dâ pâe."
Pûran nûṅ Gorakh âkhdâ: "Bachâ, tûṅ jâ Sundrâṅ de nâl.
Merâ bachan Gorakh dâ ho giâ, tûṅ jâke râj kamâo."
Sundrân Pûran nûṅ le gai, le gai mahilâṅ te bâr.
"Sâm le mandat ambâriâu, phûlân dî chhej samâl."

"Kânîpâ,* my disciple, bore Pûran's ears and put in the rings."
They gave him wallet and necklace and rubbed ashes on him.
By the order of Gorakh Nâth he was counted with the saints!

Sundrâṅ came crying to Gorakh: "What sin have I committed?
I have squandered my goods and money (on thee) and nothing remains.
For Pûran's sake am I come to thee and thou hast made him a Jogî!
If thou be a true Gurû, give me alms of Pûran."
Said Gorakh to Puran: "My son, go with Sundrâṅ.
It is the order of me, Gorakh, that thou go and rule."
Sundrân took Pûran to her palace (and said):
"Take over the palace and the (elephant) litters, and the bed of flowers.

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* See above, line 774.

"Tûṅ bhartâ, maiṅ istrî, jog bal ṅazar na pâe.
Tûṅ ki lenâ jog se? maiṅ le âeṅ Gorakh te bakhshâe."
Pûran châr ghaṛîâṅ mahilâṅ rahâ sî, phir pai gae usî râh.
"Maiṅ jangal chaliâṅ ujâṛ bich, âûṅ sawâ pahar te bâd."
Sawâ pahar golî ḍekdî phir muṛke âwandî Rânî de pâs:
"Pûṛan terâ bhaj gîâ, ralâ Jogîâṅ bich jâe!"
Sundrâṅ phaṛke kalîjâ ṭur pie âwandî Gorakh de pâs.
"Jeṛâ chelâ mainûn bakhshâ sî, hun Jogîâṅ lîâ lukâe.
Akhe tû Pûran de deo; na, mardî maîṅ kaṭârî khâe:
Akhe tû chelî banâe apnî, main rahûngî Pûran de nâl."
Gorakh aggioṅ boliâ sâf karke chit:
"Rânî, bhagwe jinhâṅ de kapṛe, ujal jinhâṅ de chit,
Jangal gae nâ bâwaṛe. Jogî kis de mit?

Be thou husband and I wife and think not of the saintship.
Why shouldst thou take the saintship, when I have thee as alms from Gorakh?"
Pûran remained four hours in the palace and then went back along the same road (saying):
"I am going into the wilds and will return in a watch and a quarter."
The maid waited a watch and a quarter and came back to the Rânî (and said):
"Thy Pûran has run off and joined the Jogîs!"
Sundrâṅ with a broken heart went to Gorakh (and said):
"The disciple thou gavest me has run off to the Jogîs.
Either give me Puran, else will I stab myself with a dagger:
Or make me into a disciple, that I may remain with Puran."
Then said Gorakh with a clear conscience:
"Rânî, whose clothes are red,* and whose minds are clear,
Return not from the wilds. Is a Jogî any one's friend?

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* *i.e.*, Jogîs.

Ajân bhî jâke bhâl le, Pûran honâ mahilâṅ de vich."
Pûran nûṅ mahilâṅ âke vekhdî, kithe tihâwandâ nâe.
Khâṇâ pînâ bhul giâ, hoî bahut hirânî.
Jad mahilâṅ utte chaṛhke vekhdî, vekhiâ sârâ madân ;
Kithe Pûran nazar nahîṅ âutâ ; Rânî ne mahilâṅ te ḍigke gaṅwâ lî jân !

Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ, Ṭille latthâ âe.
Sab Jogî utar pie, dhûîṅ lende apne sâm.
Pûran nûṅ Gorakh âkhdâ : "Tûṅ Siâlkoṭ nûṅ jâe.
Jâke mâtâ nûṅ matthâ ṭek, pitâ nûṅ sis niwâe."
Kahṅâ Gorakh dâ maṅiâṅ, châr Jogî lendâ nâl,
Ṭilloṅ Pûran tur piâ, Siâlkoṭ latthâ âe.
Jadoṅ bâgh Pûran ne apṇâ vekhiâ, hoiâ bâghkhwâr ;
Phaṛke tumbâ jal dâ, dittâ bûṭiâṅ de muḍh pâ e.

Go back and see, Pûran is (probably) in thy palace."
She went to her palace and looked for Pûran and found him nowhere.
She could not eat nor drink and was very wretched.
Then she went up on to her palace (roof) and looked over all the plain.
Nowhere could she see Pûran ; and the Rânî threw herself down and destroyed her life.

Gorakh struck his standard and went to Ṭillâ.
All the Jogîs came and lit the (sacred) fires.
Said Gorakh to Pûran : "Go thou to Siâlkoṭ,
And make obeisance and bow thy head to thy father and mother."
Obeying Gorakh's command and taking four Jogîs with him,
Pûran left Ṭillâ and went to Siâlkoṭ,
When Pûran saw his garden he was filled with joy,
And taking his bowl of water he sprinkled the shrubs.

Sûkhe bâgh hariâule, pânî bharne talâe!
Brichâṅ nûṅ mewe lag gae, khiṛ gae amb anâr.

Mâlî jâke kûkdâ Râjâ Salwân de pâs:
"Bâgh Pûran dâ hariâ ho giâ, pânî bhariâ talâe."
Râjâ Salwân mâlî nûṅ âkhdâ, "Eh sun, tûṅ, merî bât.
Gajke na bariâ meghlâṅ, ḫage na pânî de khâl.
Jhûṭiâṅ bâtâṅ tûṅ kare: tainûṅ kî âe khwâb?
Jis din dâ Pûran mar giâ, us din dâ ujaṛ giâ merâ bâgh."
Mâlî hatth baṅh kardâ bintî: "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Ḍardâ sach nahîṅ dasdâ; bakhsheṅ merâ gunâhe.
Pûran wargâ Jogî bich bâgh de utarâ âe.
Kane mundrâṅ sundarîâṅ, baiṭhâ pinjâṅ Jogîâṅ de nâl.

The dried up garden became green and the lakes filled with water!
The trees began to bear fruit, and pomegranates and mangoes to blossom!

The gardener went and called out to Râjâ Salwân:
"Pûran's garden hath become green, and the lakes filled with water."
Spake Râjâ Salwân to the gardener: "Hear my words.
The clouds have not thundered nor dropped water.
Thy words are false: art thou dreaming?
From the day Pûran died, from that day hath my garden been neglected."
The gardener with joined hands spake: "It is truth that I said.
The frightened speak not truth; forgive my fault.
A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the garden.
He hath beautiful rings in his ears and sitteth with handsome Jogîs.

Akkhen chalke vekh lo, beṭâ terâ Rabb ne dittâ milae.
Mere jimme* koî gunâh nâ kaddhe; mere leveṅ jân bachâe."

Râjâ mandirâṅ te ṭur piâ, bich bâgh de utare âe.
Jogîâṅ nûṅ matthâ ṭekdâ, charne dhyân lagâe:
"Mere mahilen neundâ chal chhako, merî nagarî pâo pâûṅ.
Ik hor mere man chhabnâ hai; mere putr warge pahchân!"
Jogî aggioṅ boliâ: "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Âsan chhaḍnâ charj hai; mahileṅ jânâ Jogîâṅ nûṅ lâj.
Ik jhaṭ ithe kaṭnâ, phir painâ apnî râh.
Mûe kadhî nahîṅ bâwaṛe, jande nahîṅ dûjî wâr.
Je tere man bharam hai, Rânîâṅ nûṅ bhajeṅ mere pâs:
Kis tarah dâ unhâṅ dâ beṭâ sî, apnî akhîṅ lain siân."

Go and see with thine own eyes, if God hath brought thy son.
I have committed no fault: spare my life."

The Râjâ left his palace and came into the garden.
He made his obeisance to the Jogis and fell at their feet (and said):
"Come and eat your food in the palace and place your (blessed) feet in my city.
Another thing is in my mind also; (one of) you is like my son!"
Then said the Jogî (Pûran): "I tell thee truth.
We cannot leave our seats; it is shameful for a Jogî to go into a palace.
We will halt here awhile and then go on our road:
The dead cannot return, nor be born a second time.
If thou hast a doubt in thy mind send thy Rânîs to me,
And let them see with their own eyes what their son is like."

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* For *zimme*.

Râjâ bâghoṅ muṛke âiâ Lûnâṅ de pâs :
" Pûran wargâ Jogî latthâ bâgh bich âe."
Râjâ te Lûnâṅ ṭur pie, karde Achhrâṅ dî bhâl.
Sârî nagarî ṭulke das, bhattî par paindî âe.
Rânî Achhrân nûn Râjâ âkhdâ: " Sun, Rânî, merî bât.
Tere Pûran bargâ Jogî â gîâ, ṭur pio mere sâth."
Aggion Achhrâṅ boldî, ḍâḍhî kare phunkâr:
" Merâ Pûran Nûnân ne mâriâ, gae jâg viâhe.
Hun murke phâṭ jagâune ho, nawe jagâune ghâ.
Pûran mainûṅ tad mile, jo mele âp Khudâe."
Nûnâṅ Achhrâṅ nûṅ âkhdî: " Tuṅ ṭur pio mere sath.
Bich bâgh de Jogî â gae; jekar Rabb pahunchâve âs !"

Kahnâ Nûnâṅ dâ mânke Achhrâṅ pie nâl:
Jad bich bâgh de â gaî roveṅ dâhâṅ mâr.

The Râjâ went back from the garden to Lûnâṅ (and said):
" A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the garden."
And then the Râjâ and Lûnâṅ went out to seek Achhrâṅ
They searched the whole city and found her at the oven
Said the Râjâ to Rânî Achhrâṅ: " Rânî, hear my words
A Jogî (that looks) like thy Pûran hath come, come thou with me."
Then spake Achhrâṅ, making a great cry:
" Lûnâṅ slew my Pûran ages ago.
And again thou dost open the wound, opening afresh the (old) wound.
I will meet my Pûran, when God himself joins us."
Said Lûnâṅ to Achhrâṅ: " Come thou with me.
A Jogî hath come into the garden, and may God fulfil our hopes !"

Obeying Lûnâṅ's word Achhrâṅ went with them,
And when she came into the garden she cried out :

"Tûṅ bâgh liwâwan-wâliâ, ik bâr mainûṅ bulâe.
Je Pûran haiṅ tâṅ bol pio, mainûṅ akkheṅ dikhdâ nâe."
Pûran Jogî boldâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe:
"Mata, kere Pûran nûṅ bhâldî? kî nûṅ mâre hâk?
Maiṅ nahîṅ Pûran nûṅ jândâ; maiṅ rahindâ Gorakh de pas.
Us nûṅ jâke puchh lain, jis ne siṭṭiâ mâr!
Mâtâ, Pûran nûṅ kah dî mar giâ, hun tûṅ charhî hai us dî bhâl!
Mûe kadhî nahîṅ bâwaṛe, peṭ nûṅ le le sabar dî bâṛ."
Achhrâṅ ḍâhâṅ mâriâṅ, Pûran dâ liâ bol siân:
"Maiṅ apne Pûran nûṅ bhâldî; oh de kardî pukâr.
Bâgh hariâ ho giâ; eh kîtâ âp Khudâe.
Isî tarhâṅ Pûran mainûṅ mil pawe, nahîṅ chalî jâṅ âjâheṅ."

"O thou that hast renewed the garden, speak to me once.
If thou be Pûran then speak, for my eyes cannot see!"*
Said Pûran, the Jogî, meditating on the Invisible in his heart:
"Mother, what Pûran seekest thou? To whom art thou crying out?
I know no Pûran; I live with Gorakh.
Go and ask her that slew him!
Mother, thou hast said that Pûran is dead and yet thou dost seek him!
The dead return not, have patience in thy heart."
Achhrâṅ cried out recognizing Pûran's voice:
"I seek my own Pûran; I cry to him.
The garden hath become green: it is God himself hath done this.
Thus hath my Pûran met me, that my life might not depart."

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* She had wept herself blind. See Vol. I., p. 2.

Jogî Nâhar Singh parnâ sittiâ Mâtâ Achhrâṅ de pâs.
"Mâtâ, chakke parnâ mukh lâ le, phir lieṅ Jogî nûṅ siân."
Achhrâṅ ne parnâ phariâ, man bich Râm dhyâe;
Nîtar Achhrâṅ de khul gae; Karam ne dittâ paharâ pâe.
Mâtâ putrâṅ de mele ho gae; kîtâ âp Khudâe.
Pûran paireṅ mâtâ dî pai giâ: "Mâtâ, bakhsheṅ sab gunâh."
Mâtâ Achhrâṅ Pûran nûṅ âkhdî: "Tun bahke râj kumâo.
Râjâ Salwân buḍḍhâ ho giâ, gâhâṅ gaddî ṭurogî nâṅ.
Nâ koî terâ châchâ nâtiâ; nâ koî sakâ bhrâo;
Na koî beṭâ Nûnâṅ de: kaun karogâ râj?"
Pûran hatth baṅh Râjâ nûṅ kardâ bintî: "Pitâ, merî araj sune man lâe.
Achhrâṅ merî mâtâ hai pâp dî, Nûnâṅ dharam dî mâ.

Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, threw his kerchief to Achhrâṅ (and said):
"Mother, put this kerchief over thy face and then recognize the Jogî."
Achhrâṅ took the kerchief in her hand and called on Râm:
And Achhrâṅ's eyes were opened and Fate was kind to her.
Mother and son met together: God himself worked this.
Pûran fell at his mother's feet (and said): "Mother, forgive all my faults."
Said Mother Achhrâṅ to Pûran: "Do thou become a king.
Râjâ Salwân is old and the throne will descend to thee.
Neither hast thou a cousin (for heir), nor hast thou a brother:
Neither hath Lûnâṅ a son, and who will be king?"
Pûran with joined hands spake to the Râjâ: "Father, hear my prayer with thy heart.
Achhrâṅ is my mother by sin and Lûnâṅ by faith.*

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* See above, line 295.

Bas Nûnâṅ dî kus nahîṅ, eh milnî thî mainûṅ sazâe.
Merî lekh dî likhî ugaṛî, Nûnâṅ dos na kâe.
Jis baṭṭhî par Achhrâṅ rahî sî, unhoṇ bandhke dîeṅ râj.
Jeṛe muṇḍe mere nâl de, unhâṅ nûṅ mashabdâr* banâe.
Panj piṇḍ dîeṅ Khiḍḍû Chûhṛe nûṅ; un kîtâ nimak halâl.
Dukh nâ nagarî nûṅ dîeṅ, terâ sukh basogâ râj."

Nûnâṅ Achhrâṅ âkhdîâṅ: "Sune, Pûranâṅ, merî bât.
Eh gaddî hai Râjâ Salwân dî, dharam dâ hai badâ râj.
Agge laṛkâ koî hai nâhîṅ, nâ tû rahnâ sâḍe pâs.
Je sátiâ Gorakh Nâth dî, jag bich sânj ralâe."
Pûran aggioṅ boliâ: "Nâr Singhiâ, tumbâ jholî le âo."
Jadoṅ Pûran tumbâ jhâṛiâ, nikalî dhâk te châwal !

It was not Lûnâṅ's fault; I had to suffer these pains.
My fate was recorded evil, and it was no fault of Lûnâṅ.
At whose oven Achhrâṅ served, halve the kingdom with him.
Make nobles of all the boys that (played) with me.
Give five villages to Khiḍḍû, the Scavenger, that was true to his salt.
Give no trouble to thy city, that thy kingdom flourish."

Said Lûnâṅ and Achhrâṅ, "O Puran, hear our words.
This is Râjâ Salwân's throne, and a very righteous kingdom (it is).
We have no son to follow us, nor wilt thou remain to us.
If the virtue of Gorakh Nâth be (in thee), thou wilt link us with the world"
Then said Puran: "O Nâr Singh, bring thy bowl and wallet."
Then Pûran shook out his wallet and there fell out grapes and rice.

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* For *mansabdár*

"Le, Mâtâ Nûnân, sâbit le langâh; tere ghar jamwan beṭâ, jamwan kaṭâî bâr.
Jamde nûṅ bhaurî pâ dîo, nâ lage duniyâ de bâl.
Âdh dâ jatî sadâo, sir jatîâṅ sardâr.
Chauhîṅ Khûṇṭî phirogâ, kadhî na âve bâr.
Chele banoṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, ho baḍâ parkâr,
Jaisî Achhrâṅ nâl ho gaî, aisî honâ Nûnâṅ de nâl.
Rânîân biâho balâit* dîâṅ, agge nâ ho aulâd.
Machhandar Nâth dî putrî Sîlwantî nâr:
Jat sat Rasâlû dâ ṭoro, jeṛî rahindî Lankâ dî bâr.
Oh de ans Gadhîle honge; eh Pûran dâ srâp!"

(Said he): "Take, Mother Lunâṅ, swallow them whole; and a son† shall be born to thee, (but) in an inauspicious hour.
When he is born put him into a pit, that the air of the world reach him not.
He will be holy from the beginning and the chief of the holy.
He will wander through the Four Quarters, and never come to harm.
He will become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth and a great saint.
As it hath happened to Achhrâṅ, so shall it happen to Lûnâṅ.
He shall marry Queens in many lands, but shall have no posterity.
Silwantî is the daughter of Machhandar Nâth.‡
She will destroy the virtue of Rasâlû that dwells in Lankâ.§
Their posterity shall be Gadhîlâs|| this is Pûran's curse!"

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* For *vilâyat*. † *i.e.*, Rasâlû.
‡ But see Vol. I., p. 296 ff. in the legend of Silâ Daî
§ For the doings of Machhandar Nâth at Lankâ, see Vol. II., p. 19ff
|| The Gandhîlâs are a wretched criminal tribe, of the lowest description belonging chiefly to the Montgomery District, with a tradition that they were once a people of some standing: hence probably the allusion here. Compare with this the legend at p. 65, Vol. I

Pûran bâgh te ṭur piâ, mâtâ pitâ nûṅ sîs niwâe :
" Sukh wasse eh nagarî, sukh base Sansâr !"
Pûran Ṭille â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pâs ;
Charne lagâ Gorakh Nâth de ; baiṭhâ samâdh lagâe.

Eh kishiâ Pûran Bhagat dâ kitâ Qadaryâr.
Kaî paṛhde baitâṅ ; kaî gâveṅ ḍaṇḍhâṅ sâraṅgîâṅ nâl.

Pûran left the garden and bowed his head to his father and mother (and said) :
" Happy be this city : happy be the World !"
Pûran went to Ṭillâ to Gorakh,
And sat at Gorakh's feet and did penance.

This is the lay of Pûran Bhagat as made by Qadaryâr.
Some sing it in verse ; some sing it to drums and fiddles.

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* The author.

No. XXXV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MÎR CHÂKUR,

As taken down in the Balochî Language chiefly from the narrative of Ghulâm Muḥammad Bâlâchânî Mazârî, and translated by M. Longworth Dames, Esq.

[The Adventures of Mîr Châkur form the subject of a great number of ballads and tales among the Rind Baloches of the Derâ Ghâzi Khân District, the adjoining hills, and Kachî in Balochistân. Two ballads on the subject have already been published with translations in Mr. Dames's *Sketch of the Northern Balochî Language*, (Extra No. *Journal As. Soc. Bengal*, 1881, pp. 137 and 148). The present prose narrative is from the recital of Ghulâm Muḥammad Bâlâchânî Mazârî of Rojhân, and the ballads interspersed have been obtained partly from him, and partly from others].

[There can be no doubt that the legend of Mîr Châkur is a genuine tradition unaffected by any literary influence, and handed down by word of mouth among a people entirely ignorant of reading and writing, for nearly four hundred years. Mîr Châkur himself is in all likelihood a real personage, and should probably be identified with the "Meer Jakur Zund," of Briggs's *Farishta*, (IV. 396) who obtained a *jâgîr* at Ûchh in the time of Maḥmûd Shâh Langâh of Multân, (1502-1524 A.D.). In Persian characters the words Mîr Châkur Rind might also, if the diacritical points were not clear, be read Mîr Jâkar Zand. The only copy of Farishta's text (lithographed at Nawal Kishor's Press, Lucknow, p. 329) available for these notes gives an entirely different name, *viz.*, Mîr 'Imâd Karwîzî. The place he came from (called by Briggs Solypoor) is in this text of Farishta Sivlî, and is probably intended for Sivî (Sibî)].

[Jâm Nindâ is also an historical personage. He was king of Sindh from A.D. 1485 to 1492, and the fort of Sivlî (Sibî) was taken from him by the troops of Shâh Beg Arghûn (Briggs, IV., 427, *Farishta's Text*, p. 320). Shâh Beg represented his father Zû'-n-nûn Beg, Governor of Qandahâr, who established independence at about that time (see Erskine's *Lives of Bâbar and Humâyûn*, I., pp. 347-353). Zû'-n-nûn Beg is probably the

Zunâ of the present narrative, and his mother Mâî Begam, may be the Mâh Begam, who was married to Shâh Beg after her first husband's death].

[Another historical character mentioned in the legend is Sohrâb Khâñ Dodâî, who is represented by Farishta, as having come from Kech-Makrân with his sons Ismâ'îl Khâñ and Fatteh Khâñ, and having obtained from Shâh Hussain Langâh the country between Kot Karor and Dhankot (*Farishta's Text*, p. 326, l. 26. *et infra*). Briggs transliterates Duvally for Dodâî (Vol. IV., 388). There was evidently a rivalry between Sohrâb Khâñ Dodâî and Mîr Châkur (*Farishta*, p. 329; Briggs, IV., 396.) Farishta calls Sohrâb Khâñ in one place a Rohelâ or mountaineer, and in another a Baloch. The legend represents the Dodâis to be descendants of one Dodâ, a Somrâ, who was adopted by the Baloch fraternity after marrying the daughter of Sâhle, a Rind. The sons of Malik Sohrâb, Ismâ'îl Khâñ and Fatteh Khâñ are the reputed founders of the towns of Derâ Ismâ'îl Khâñ and Derâ Fatteh Khâñ, notwithstanding the fact that the rulers of Derâ Ismâ'îl Khâñ were Hot Baloches and not Dodâîs. Derâ Ghâzî Khâñ was held by the Mirrânîs, a branch of the Dodâîs, till comparatively modern times].

[The above identifications fix Mîr Châkur's date, as the beginning of the 16th century A.D., with sufficient accuracy. It seems probable that the Baloches joined the banner of the Turks or Mughals, and were with them when Jâm Nindâ was expelled from Sibi. Thence they gradually spread over the Southern Panjâb, and Northern Sindh, sometimes assisting the Mughals, and sometimes fighting against them. Mîr Châkur would seem himself to have obtained a *jâgîr* in Uchh on the Satluj, shortly before Bâbar's invasion. The legend represents him as accompanying Humâyûn to Dehlî, and afterwards returning to Satgarhâ, in the Montgomery District. His tomb is still shown in the neighbourhood, and is marked in the map of the Multân Division (Survey, 1854-56), as lying between the high road from Lâhor to Multân and the bank of the Râvî opposite Sayyidwâlâ, under the name of 'Tukeea Nuwab Chakur ke' (Takia Nawâb Châkur kâ).]

[The characters in this legend are household names among Baloches. Next in celebrity to Mîr Châkur comes Nodhbandagh, who holds among the Baloches a similar position to that held by Hâtim Tâî among the Arabs as the conventional hero of generosity. Poems on the exploits of these heroes are frequently recited, and they are used in modern ballads as models for imitation].

TEXT.

Âṅ wakhtâ ki Balochâṅ Kachî gipta azh kull aulâd Mîr Jalâlâneghâ Rind Lashârî masthar aṭhant. Lashârîâ do brâṭh Noḍhbandagh o Bakar mazain aṭhant. Noḍhbandagh bachh Gwahârâm nâm bîṭha, Bakar bachh Râmen nâm bîṭha. Rindâ Mîr Ishâk sardâr aṭh. Eshî do bachh Mîr Hasan Mîr Shaihak bîṭhaghant. Mîr Hasan phanch bachh bîṭhaghant, pheshî Rehân, guḍâ Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak bachh Mîr Châkur aṭh, ki kull Rindânî Sardâr bîṭha.

Baloch Kech-Makurân theghî laḍiṭho shuṭhaghant, âkhta maṅ Hurâsânâ. Kilâtâ, Mustungâ, Shâlâ, haweṅ deh gipta-ish. Ya sâle hamoḍhâ khuṭha-ish, guḍâ chârî shastâṭhaghant-ish Kachî gindaghâ, ki "hameḍhâ gwahar khafî, zawistânâ na

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TRANSLATION.

At the time that the Baloches took possession of Kachî the Rinds and Lashârîs were the greatest of all the descendants of Mîr Jalâl Khân.* The chief of the Lashârîs were the two brothers, Noḍhbandagh and Bakar. Noḍhbandagh had a son named Gwahârâm, and Bakar had a son named Râmen. Among the Rinds Mîr Ishâk was the chief. He begot two sons, Mîr Hasan and Mîr Shaihak. Mîr Hasan begot five sons, first Rehân, then Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, and Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak's son was Mîr Châkur, who became Chief over all the Rinds.

All the Baloches arose and marched from Kech-Makrân, and moved into Khurâsân. They took possession of Kilât, Mustang, Shâl (Quetta), and all that land. There they passed one year, and then they sent spies to see the land of Kachî, for, said they,

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* An ancestral leader of the Baloches.

gwaẓainthi.' Chârîyân âkhtaghant, Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, Gandâva, Mîlah, Jhal e dighar châ.iṭho âkhto hâl dathaish. Rind Lashârî guḍâ laḍiṭho hawân deh gipta-ish. Rind sarâ Mîr Châkur aṭh, Lashârîa Gwaharâm. Lashârî er-khapta Mîlahâ, Rind ma Bolânâ Rindâ âkhta Sohrân, Sevî, Ḍhâḍar. Sevîâ Jâm Nindâ hâkim aṭh. Mîr Châkur ki âkhta Jâm Nindâ salâmâ, âkhto khuthaî, guḍâ Châkur zorâ go âṅhiyâ phajyâ takht chakhâ nishta.

Guḍâ phelâ khuṭha Mîr Chakurâ, ki 'Haweṅ thaî dighâr paidâwârî chî eṅ.' Jâm Nindâ dasiṭha ki paidâwârî ikhtar eṅ. Guḍâ thî rosheâ Jâm Nindâ salâmâ ki âkhtaî, Jâm Nindâ phadâtho shutha. Guḍâ Rind Lashârî âṅ deh waṭhi khuṭha, sai sâl hameḍhâ nishtaghant. Rindâ gipta Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, Shorân; Lashârîâ gipta Mîlah, Jhal, Gandâva. Zamistânâ Kachîâ biṭhaghant, Âharâ shuṭhaghant Hurâsânâ.

'The cold is great here, we cannot pass the winter here.' The spies came and spied out Sevî (Sibi), Ḍhâḍar, Gandâva, the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and all that land, and then returned and made their report. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs marched and took possession of that land, Mîr Châkur being at the head of the Rinds, and Gwaharâm of the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs came down by the Mullâh Pass, the Rinds by the Bolân. The Rinds arrived at Sohrân, Sevî, and Ḍhâḍar. Jâm Nindâ was the ruler over Sevî. When Mîr Châkur came to do obeisance to Jâm Nindâ, having come in he made his salutation, and then seated himself by force beside Jâm Nindâ on the throne.

Then Mîr Châkur asked of him, 'What is the income of this thy land?' Jâm Nindâ explained to him that the income was such and such an amount. The next day when he came again to do obeisance Jâm Nindâ fled away. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs made that country their own, and abode there for three years. The Rinds took Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, and Shorân, and the Lashârîs took the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and Gandâva. They passed the winter in Kachî, and in the summer they went up to Khurâsân.

Rosheâ Râmen Lashârîâkhta Mîr Châkur shahrâ, Rehânâ gwar er-khapta-î. Râmen o Rehân pha-wathân adathaghant mâdhiuâni sarâ; Rehânâ gwashta, ki 'Maiṅ mâdhin shâghar eṅ'; Râmenâ gwashta, 'Maiṅ mâdhin shâghar eṅ.' Gudâ shart jatha-ish. Go philân mochiâ gurânde ath, rangâ boreṅ, sakîâ lândaveṅ. Gwashta-ish, 'Mâdhinâṅ thâshûṅ; hawâṅ mâdhin ki guzî gurândâ bârth, zarân phadhî phur khanth.' Gudâ shafâ Râmen mâdhin Rindâ ochan bokhto phirentha: shafâ mâdhinâr gwahar bîtha. Bânghavâ sanj khuthaghant-ish, galagh thâkhta-ish: gudâ Râmen mâdhin gwastha. Rindâ gawâhî dâtha, ki Rehân mâdhin gwastha, drogh bastha-ish. Râmenâ zahr gipta, gudâ shodhâ charitho shuthâ.

Aṅ wakhtâ Gohar jatanî, Lashârîâ azh Mîlahâ khashtagheth. Gohar go wathî bagâ âkhto bâut bîtha go Mîr Châkurâ. Mîr Châkurâ âṅhiyâr ma Kacharak nyâstha.

Râmen galagh-thâshi phadhâ shodhâ charitho, thî Lashârî

One day Râmen Lashârî came to Mîr Châkur's town, and alighted at the abode of Rehân. Râmen and Rehân disputed regarding their mares; Rehân saying, 'My mare is the swiftest,' and Râmen, 'Mine is the swiftest.' Upon this they made a bet. A certain tanner had a ram, red in colour and very fat. They said, 'We will race our mares; the mare that comes in first shall win the ram, and the hindmost shall pay its price.' But at night the Rinds untied and threw off the horsecloth from Râmen's mare, so that the mare felt the cold in the night. In the morning they saddled and raced their mares, and Râmen's mare came in first. The Rinds bore witness that Rehân's mare had won, but they lied. Then Râmen was very angry, and mounted and departed thence.

At that time a woman named Gohar, a camel-owner, had been turned out by the Lashârîs from the Mullâh Pass. She came with her herds of camels as a refugee to Mîr Châkur. Mîr Châkur settled her in Kacharak.

Râmen after the horse-racing rode off and assembled other

much khutho, Gohar hir gudathaghantî. Mir Châkur o Gwaharâm har do pha Goharâ'âshiq athent, geshtar Châkur neghâ zor ath-î. Gudâ hirâṅ guḍithọ phaḍhâ ya rosheâ Châkur âkhto er-khapta Gohar meṛhâ. Begahâ ḍâchî ki âkhtaghant, garraghaṭhant; gudâ Châkurâ azh Goharâ phol khuṭha, 'Ḍâchî phache garraghant?' Goharâ wath hâl na dâtha-ish. Jateâ gwashtâ, ki 'Râmen Lashâriâ phairi rosha hir gudathaghant.' Gudâ Châkurâr zahr mân-âkhta; shutha wathî handâ; har-gureâ avzâr shastâṭhaghant-î. Rind kull much khuṭhaghant-î, ki 'Miṭûṅ go Lashâriâ.' Lashârîâ ḍâhî shuṭha ki Rind much bîṭhaghant. Laḍiṭha Lashârîâ, shuṭha go Omar Nuhânîâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashtâ, ki 'Rind go mâ miṛîṭh; maṅ thaî bâutâṅ, tho manî phushtâ khan': ki Nuhânî Rînd ath. Omarâ gwashta, ki 'Châkur saken marden, maîṅ dâraghe nen; sathe khanânî; kaizâṅ hairâ khanth.' Omarâ Kahîrî shastâthaghant-

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Lashârîs, and they killed some of Gohar's young camels. Mîr Châkur and Gwaharâm both loved Gohar, but her affection for Châkur was strongest. One day after the slaughter of the young camels Châkur came and alighted at Gohar's encampment. In the evening when the female camels came in they were lowing; then Châkur asked of Gohar, 'Why are your female camels lowing?' Gohar herself would not tell him the reason. But a camel-herd said, 'The day before yesterday Râmen Lashârî slaughtered their young ones.' Then rage took possession of Châkur; he returned to his home and sent out riders in every direction. He assembled the whole of the Rinds, saying, 'Let us fight with the Lashârîs.' The alarm went out among the Lashârîs that the Rinds were assembling. Then the Lashârîs marched away to Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâm said, 'The Rinds will attack us; we are thy refugees; do thou extend thy protection unto us,' for the Nuhânîs were Rinds. Omar said, 'Châkur is a mighty man, and not to be held back by me, I will send him a deputation, perchance he may make peace.' Omar sent the Kahîrîs to him, saying,

î, ki "Châkurâr gwash, 'Ma mireṭh go mâ; mâ dî Baloch ûn, tho dî Baloch e; miṛagh jawain neṅ.'" Châkurâ gwashta, 'Man nelân-î; mirân.' Hawen jawâb daṭha-î sathâr. Guḍâ Omarâ gwashta, 'Nî maṛ bi; mirûn-î.' Âṅmar Nalî Khaurdafâ basthaghant-ish, saken jange bîṭha oḍhâ; bhorenṭha-î Rind. Rind phrushta, havd-sadh mar khushta; Mîr Hân dî khushta: Mîr Châkur barâvaren mardaṭh. Ḍombeâ hâl ârtha loghâ, ki 'Rindâ phadâṭha.' Shaihakâ phol khuṭha, ki 'Mîr khushta ki dar-shuṭha?' Dombâ gwashta, ki 'Mîr dar-shutha; Mîr Hân khushta.' Shaihakâ gwashta, "'Mîr' man Mîr Hânâr gushagheṭhâṅ."

Châkur pha shikârâ rapta,
Bagâeṅ tharâe wârṭha-î.
Lahze pha sawâdâ nishte:
Ḍâchî âkhtaghan' danzâna,
Shîr pha mâighân shanzâna.

"Say to Mîr Châkur, 'Do not fight with us; we are Baloches, and thou also art a Baloch; it is not good that we should fight.'" But Châkur said, 'I will not allow it; I will fight.' And he gave this answer to the envoy. Then Omar said, 'Now be men; let us fight with him.' They entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Nalî Torrent, and there was a great fight there; they defeated the Rinds. The Rinds gave way, and seven hundred of them were killed, Mîr Hân among them, who was a man equal to Mîr Châkur himself. A Ḍom (minstrel) brought home the news that the Rinds had fled. Shaihak* asked, "Is the Mîr killed or has he escaped?" The Ḍom said, "The Mîr has escaped, but Mîr Hân is killed." Then Shaihak said, "When I said 'the Mîr' I spoke of Mîr Hân."

Châkur went forth to hunt, and he
Ate at the return of the camels.
For a little while he sat down to look round:
The female camels came, stirring up the dust,
The milk dripping from their udders.

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* Father of Mîr Châkur, and uncle of Mîr Hân.

Gwashta Châkurâ Mîrenâ,
Wa'pha Goharâ hîrenâ:
"Thaî ḍâchî phache kâre danzant?
Shîr pha mâighâṅ shanzant?"
Gwashta Goharâ durrenâ,
Wa'pha Châkurâ Khanenâ:
"Maîṅ hirâṅ wârṭhaghant zahreṅ sol;
Maîṅ hirâṅ waḍḥ-mireṅ go khapten."
Guḍâ bag-jat Melaveṅ gâl-âkhte:
"Phairî âkhtaghant Lashârî;
Shikko saile bor thâshî;
Hir azh maîṅ khushtaghant jukhtîâ;
Shingo garṭhaghant mastîâ."
Châkur maṅ dilâ grân bîṭha.
Rinde hapt hazâr loṭâe:
"Mâ chyâr sadḥ ya-thareṅ warnâ bûṅ;

Then spake Châkur the Mîr,
Himself to Gohar the fair:
"Why do thy female camels stir up the dust?
Why does the milk drip from their udders?"
Then spake Gohar the beautiful,
Herself to Châkur the Khâṅ:
"My young camels ate poisonous shrubs;*
My young camels fell down through self-slaughter."
Then spake out the camel-herd Melo:
"The day before yesterday the Lashâris came;
They raced their chestnut (mares) with great delight;
They slaughtered a pair of our young camels
Hence they returned in their madness."
Châkur became heavy at heart.
He called together seven thousand Rinds (and said):
"Let us form a band of four hundred youths, equal one to the other.

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* *Sol, i.e.*, the *prosopis spicigera* or *jand*.

Ḍâne dar-shafûṅ sÿâralî ;
Barivagh Khân phaḍḥâ dragâna."
Wâge giptaghant sardâre :
"Châkur khenaghân khame khaṅ ;
Nuhâni hazâr mardâṅ bî ;
Lâlo khushtaghan' Lâshârî !"
Guḍâ gwashta sar-batâkî mardâṅ,
Jâro, jareṅ Rehânâ :
"Barîvagh gondalâṅ sâhmenthe :
Hindîâṅ ma ; thars ser-dâṭḥe :
Rekh zahraneṅ whardâṅ !"
Guḍâ Ḍomb langavâṅ shâkârom :
"Barîvagh Khân thârâ dîr nyâḍḥûṅ :
Màḳh-oṅ zahm-janeṅ Lâshârî :
Âfo banaî mânah-ûṅ.
Hoshagh phinj khanûṅ âptiyâ,
Nind o giud khai sîṭḥ bî ?

Let us issue forth cunningly from the low hills ;
Hastening after Barîvagh Khâṅ."
They caught hold of the chief's bridle (and said) :
"Châkur, abate your rage a little,
The Nuhânîs are a thousand men.
They have slain the Lashârîs' brethren !"
Then spake out the headstrong men,
Jâro and fiery Rehân :
"You are afraid of Barîvagh's arrows.
Fear not the weapons, you shall have your fill of them :
Sand is a bitter food !"
Then said the Ḍom herald :
"We will settle Barîvagh Khâṅ far from you.
We are sword-wielding Lashârîs,
We are posted in the water-embankments.
If we thrash out the ears between us,
Stay and see whose will be the advantage :

Mûlân pha khai devalî ?
Sîṭha pha khaiñ gon khâî ?"
Go haweñ gwashtanâñ taukheghâ ;
Wâg ishtaghan' Sardâre.
Chârî khashtaghan' chârânî ;
Bol basṭhaghant pahrạnî.
Chârî âkhtaghant golânî ;
Saḍh logh jidarâiyâ dîṭheñ.
Oḍhâ ma Nalî gaṭâ,
Shahr chârîṭha Gâjâne.
Bag jukṭhiyeñ Gwaharâme.
Bânghavâ khuṭheñ phâsâne ;
Pha Gâjân kilât demâ.
Bag guḍiṭheñ Gwaharâme ;
Dastâ buriṭha Sâfâne :
Maṭâñ Goharâ hirânî,
Haweñ zâlî shûmat o shirrânî.
Mel kûch khuṭha Lâshârâ.

Whose leaders will be victorious ?
And to whom will the profit belong ?"
With the utterance of these words,
They let go the Chief's bridle.
And spies they sent forth to spy ;
And they fixed a word for the watch.
The spies came spying out the country ;
They saw a hundred separate dwelling places.
There in the Nalî defile,
They spied out the town of Gâjân.
A herd of Gwaharâm's camels was sleeping there.
In the morning they made an attack
On the face of the fort of Gâjân.
They slaughtered the herd of Gwaharâm's camels ;
And cut off the hand of Sâfân (the herd),
In exchange for Gohar's young camels,
On account of this woman's disgrace and quarrel.
The assembly of the Lashârîs marched away.

Rosh othâne burz bîṭhe,
Lashârî khurâ gon-dâṭhe.
Rinda lashkara bhâj bîṭhe;
Mîr Hân ma-phirâ phirenthe;
Go havd sadh ya-thareṅ warnâ.
Guḍâ Châkur ghamzamiâ gartha,
Pha Mîr Hân ghamâ lahmenâṅ,
Pha humbo chotaveṅ Mîrenâṅ:
Lahrî khaur gawârâṅ gipte.

Guḍâ Châkur ḍâhîṅ bîṭho shuṭha Turkâṅ gwar: Turkânî sardâr Zunû nâm aṭh. Bânghavâ Lashârî shuṭha go Turkâṅ; labainṭha-ish,. ki 'Châkurâ khush.' Châkurâ Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha bânghavâ. Phallî nâme motabareṅ Amîr aṭh Turkeghâ. Phalliyâ Châkurâr hâl dâṭha, ki 'Lashârî âkhta, labainṭha-ish Turk.' Guḍâ Châkarâ Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha; Turkâṅ gwashta Châkurâr:

By the time the sun was well risen they were high up the hill side,
They followed on the Lashârîs' track and overtook them.
The army of the Rinds was put to flight;
Mir Hân was left dead on the spot,
With seven hundred youths each equal to the other.
Then Châkur returned in sorrow,
Weeping for the loss of Mîr Hân,
For the beautiful hair of Mîr:
Fasting he took his way to the Lahrî Pass.

After this Châkur went as a suppliant to the Turks,* whose leader's name was Zunû. In the morning the Lashârîs came to the Turks, and bribed them, saying, 'Slay Châkur.' In the morning the Turks sent for Châkur. There was a trustworthy Amîr among the Turks, whose name was Phallî. Phallî told Châkur that the Lashârîs had come and bribed the Turks. Then the Turk sent for Châkur and said to him:

* i.e., the Mughals.

"Mard evakhâ ki bî,
Hathyâr ki ma bant-î,
Âṅhiyâr duzhman valainant,
Guḍâ âṅhî thufâkh chachoṅ bant?"
Châkurâ jawâb dâṭha, ki
"Dast dil waṭhî ambrâh bant;
Âṅhiyâ thufâkh hechî neṅ."

Guḍâ hathyâr giptaghant-ish Châkurâ, mokal dâṭha-î, ki 'Tho baro waṭhî handâ.' Hâthî khûnî guḍâ Châkur sarâ ishto dâṭha-ish, 'Bilânî Châkur khushîṭh.' Guḍâ hâthî akhṭo Châkurâ nazî bîṭha.

Kshiko khaptagheṭh bâzârâ:
Tângâ gipta-î Châkurâ.
Guḍâ jaṭha-î hâthiyârâ.
Bîng ki chamburṭha hâthiyâr.
Hâthî phadâṭho shuṭhâ.

Châkur dar-shuṭho shoḍhâ; Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha-î, phâraiṇṭho, mokal dâṭha-î.

"If a man alone be left,
If of arms he be bereft,
When his bitter foes surround him,
Say what help will then be found him?"
Châkur answered thus:
"Hand and heart will help themselves;
What need then of other help?"

Then they took his weapons from Châkur and let him go saying, 'Go to your home.' Then they let loose a furious elephant on Châkur saying, 'Let Châkur kill it.' Then the elephant came towards Châkur.

There lay a dog in the bazar,
Châkur seized it by the leg,
And threw it at the elephant.
When the dog struck the elephant,
The elephant turned and fled.

So Châkur escaped thence; and the Turks sent for him, rewarded him and let him go.

Thî-bare Lashârî Turkâṅ go âkhtaghant, zar bâz dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ Phalliyâ Châkurâr gwashta, ki 'Aghadî Lashâriâ Turk labainṭha.' Turk gwân'-jaṭhaghant Châkurâr dohmî roshâ, ki 'Tho sakeṅ mard e maṅ Balochâṅ; eḍhâ mazâre asteṅ; go mazârâ miṛ.' Mazâr ishto dâṭha; siḍhâ bîṭhaî Châkur sarâ. Jaṭha Châkurâ mazâr go zahmâ. Aghadî Turkâṅ phâraiṇṭha Châkur.

Sohmî roshâ Lashârî âkhta; labainṭha-ish Turkâṅ; Phalliyâ dî hâl dâṭha Châkurâr. Agha Châkur gwân'-janainṭha Turkâ sohmî dhakâ. Turkâṅ khûh phaṭṭainṭhaghant; khûhâ sarâ kakh phirenṭhaghant. Naryân khûnî ârṭha-ish; Châkurâr gwashta-ish, ki 'Haweṅ naryânâ, chaṛ drikain.' Havd bâravâṅ Châkurâ naryân drikainṭha thâkhta, ma khûhâ na khapta-î, darshuṭha-î. Aghadî Turkâṅ Châkur pharainṭha.

Guḍâ Zunû mâṭhâr Mâîâ Begumâr hâl sar-bîṭha. Gwashta-î, ki 'Châkur zât Baloch Sardâreṅ, dukhâṅ ma dai, Zunûâr

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Another time the Lashârîs came to the Turks and gave them a large sum of money. Then Phallî told Châkur, 'Again the Lashârîs have bribed the Turks.' The next day the Turks sent for Châkur, saying, 'Thou art the mightiest man among the Baloches; here is a tiger; fight with it.' They let loose the tiger and it came straight at Châkur. Châkur killed the tiger with a blow of his sword. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

A third time the Lashârîs came and bribed the Turks and Phallî informed Châkur thereof. Again a third time the Turks sent for Châkur. The Turks had a well dug, and over the mouth of the well they strewed reeds. Then they brought forth a savage stallion and said to Châkur, 'Mount this horse, and leap him over this place.' Seven times did Châkur leap and gallop the stallion, but he did not fall into the pit, and escaped alive. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

Afterwards tidings of these things were brought to Mâî Begam, Zunû's mother. Then said she to the Turks, 'Châkur is the true Lord of the Baloches, do not afflict him more, but

mokal dai ki urd bâṛth Châkur saren-bandî khanth.' Zunûâ waṭhî fauj burṭha, go Lashârîâ miraṭha. Lashârîâ phadâṭha. Châkur âṅhîṅ randa shuṭha, Râmen khushta-î. Phanch-sadh maṛ Lashârî go Râmenâ khushta.

Lashârî guḍâ daraiṇṭho shuṭha Gujarâtâ. Jang Gujarâtâ haweṅr'gâ bîṭha: ki Bangul nâme Lashârî aṭh.. Warnâe Gujarâteghâ kawândî baragheṭh, loghâ zurthî âragheṭh. Bangulâ gwashta hawâṅ mardârâ ki, 'Kâhan biyâr mani mâḍhinâr dai.' Âṅmaṭâ gwashta, 'Kâhan niyeṅ, kawândant; tharâ na ḍeân-ish.' Guḍâ jaṭha Bangulâ jâbahâ thîre, âṅmar murṭho khapta. Âṅhî phiṭh brâṭh kull 'âlam ḍâhîṅ shuṭhaghant go bâdshâhâ, ki 'Haweṅr'ga kaum âkhta Baloch, ki mardum dî khushaghant; kawândâṅ dî charainaghant; dehâ phullaghant.' Badshâhâ phaujâr hukm dâṭha, ki 'Mireṭh go Balochâ.' Guḍâ Bakarâ, (Râmen phith ki astaṭh) Lashârî much khuṭha:

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rather give Zunû leave that he lead forth his army to Châkur's assistance.' On this Zunû led forth his army and fought with the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs took to flight. Châkur followed on their tracks, and he slew Râmen. With Râmen five hundred Lashârîs were killed.

On this the Lashârîs set forth for Gujrât. And their war in Gujrât was on this wise: there was a certain Lashârî named Bangul. A youth of Gujrât was taking away his sugarcane, carrying and bringing it to his house. Bangul said to him, 'Bring those reeds and give them to my mare.' He replied, 'They are not reeds, they are sugarcane; I will not give them to you.' On this Bangul took an arrow from his quiver, and shot him, and he fell dead. His father and brother and a multitude of men went and complained to the king, saying, 'A tribe called Baloch has come here, and they are such manner of men that they slay men, and graze their horses on sugarcane, and spoil the country.' Hereupon the king gave orders to his army to fight with the Baloches. Then Bakar, Râmen's father, gathered the Lashârîs together,

jang dâṭha-ish; bâdshâh phauj bhorainṭha-ish. Gudâ gwân'-janainṭha bâdshâhâ Bakarâr, phârainṭha-î. Phanjâh naryân bashkâṭha-î; phanjâh khawâh âbreshamî dí dâṭha-î; phanjâh thangaveṅ kâtâr dâṭha-î. Gwashta-î, 'Etharâ bashkâṅ, Gandâvagh Mithav deh dî thaî jâgîr eṅ, ki tho sakeṅ mard e.' Guḍâ Lashârî âkhto nishta Gandâvaghâ, Mithavâ, Jhalâ. Dâîṅ Lashârî hamoḍhâ nishta; Maghassî thî bâz kaum âṅhî shâkh ant.

Rind nishta Sevî Ḍhâḍarâ. Guḍâ Zunû bând khuṭha go Lashârîâ. Ya rosheâ Zunûâr Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Chaṭî maṅ tharâ deâṅ, bând bozh.' Lak rûpîâ dâṭha-î. Bând bokhta-î Lasharîeghâ.

Wakhtâ ki Châkurâ Lashârî bând azh Mughalâṅ bokhta, shafâ janâṅ chakhâ pahrâ dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ yashafâ khase go mâiâṅ gandagh khuṭha. Bânghavâ mâiâṅ gwashta, ki 'Haweṅ mard Baloch nayant, Leghâr ant.' Shâṅ wakht âṅhî nâm Leghârî biṭha, ki kaum Leghârî ch'eshiyâ biṭha. Dohmî shafâ

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and gave them battle; and they defeated the king's army. Then the king sent for Bakar and rewarded him. He made him a gift of fifty horses, fifty silken scarves and fifty golden daggers. He said to him, 'These I give to you, and the land of Gandâva and Mithav shall be your *jâgîr*, for you are a mighty man.' Then came the Lashârîs back and settled in Gandâva, Mithav and Jhal. Till the present day the Lashârîs have dwelt there, and the Maghassîs and many other tribes are branches of them.

But the Rinds dwelt in Sevî and Ḍhâḍar. And Zunû took women as hostages from the Lashârîs. One day Châkur said to Zunû, 'I will pay the ransom, let the hostages go.' And he paid him a *lâkh* of rupees. Then Zunû released the Lashârî women.

When Châkur released the Lashârî women who were hostages from the Mughals, at night he set a guard over the women. One night some one of the guard acted evilly towards the women. In the morning the women said, 'This man is not a Baloch, he is a Leghâr (foul).' From that time he was known as Leghârî, and the Leghârî tribe is descended from him. The

pahrâ bîṭha Drîshake. Shafâ haurâ gwarṭha. Guḍâ hawâû Drîshak tambû zurtho oshtâṭhaghant, khafaghâ nishta-ish mâiâñ chakhâ. Banghavâ mâiâñ Châkurâ phol khuṭha, 'Doshî chacho eñ pahrâ bîṭha shawâ chakhâ?' Gwashta-ish, 'Doshî Thangaveñ Rind aṭhant.' 'Shâñ roshâ Drîshak, 'Thangaveñ Drîshak' khananti.

Guḍâ aghadî Châkurâ miṛaṭha go Zunûâ. Zunû waṭh Châkurâ khushta, uṛd bhorainṭha-i.

Wakhtâ ki Rind Lashârî jang phawaṭhâñ khanaghaṭhant, rosheâ Châkur akhto khapta Gohar halkâ ya-avzarîyâ. Guḍâ Gwaharâm saḍh avzârânî go âkhtâ. Goharâ gwashta Mîrâr, 'Maroshî Gwaharâm go tho miṛîth; tho chaṛ baro.' Châkur chaṛiṭha, guḍâ ghoṛo rikhta pha dimâ Gwaharâmeghâ. Sarâ ki bîṭha gon-khaptaghanti. Rosh er-khapto shuṭha. Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ gwar âkhto Gwaharâm mihmân bîṭha. Dilmalikh sakyâ bhâgyeñ marde aṭh. Saḍh gurâṇḍ khushta-î mehmânî khuṭha-î. Saḍh gwâlagh dân ârtho phirenṭha-î.

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next night Drîshak was on guard. In the night rain fell. Then that Drîshak stood holding up the tent and did not let it fall on the women. In the morning Châkur asked of the women, 'Last night what sort of guard was there over you?' They said, 'Last night there was a Golden Rind.' Since that day they call the Drîshaks 'Golden Drîshaks.'

After this again there was war between Châkur and Zunû. Zunû himself was slain by Châkur, and his army defeated.

While the Rinds were at war with the Lashârîs, one day Châkur happened to come to Gohar's village, riding alone. Then came Gwaharâm with a hundred horsemen. Gohar said to the Mîr, 'Gwaharâm will fight with you to-day; ride away.' Then Châkur rode off and the band of Gwaharâm's horsemen pursued him. He was ahead but they came up to him. Just then the sun set. Then Gwaharâm went and became a guest with Dilmalikh Rind. Dilmalikh was a very wealthy man. He slew a hundred sheep and entertained them. He brought a hundred sacks of corn and threw them down there. Then when

Guḍâ gozhd ki grâsṭḥa-î, saḍḥ thâlî lâfâ hawâṅ saḍḥeṅ gurândânî dumbagh yakhe yakhe mân-khuṭḥa-î. Saḍḥ chûrî sweṭḥganeṅ har yakhe dumbagh chakhâ tumbiṭḥo ishta-î. Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta, 'Gind, Lashâriâṅ, Rindânî kirrâṅ.' Lashâriâṅ jawâb tharenṭḥa, ki 'saḍḥeṅ gwâlaghâṅ dî mâ phujûṅ, saḍḥ gurânḍ dî mâ khushûṅ, ya handâ saḍḥ swe'-ganeṅ chûrî azh mâ paidâ na bî.' Guḍâ Dilmalikh âkhta pha Gwaharâm nindaghâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashta, ki 'Dilmalikh, tho saḍḥ chûrî ashkoh ârtha?' Gwashta-î, 'Lohâre maîṅ birâḍḥar eṅ. Shazh mâhâ manâṅ phanjâh chûrî khârîṭḥ dâṭḥ, maṅ lerave âṅhiyâr bandâṅ deâṅ. Hawâṅ phanjâh Rindâṅ bahr-khanâṅ deâṅ. Olî shazhmâhî er-khuṭḥaghiyaṭḥ, bahr na khuṭḥaghâṅ, dohmî phanjâh dî âkhta, guḍâ saḍḥ phawânkâ bîṭḥaghant.'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ zurṭḥa shart, mâl theghâ barainṭḥî; guḍâ bîṭḥa horgheṅ. Roshe âkhta Rinde halkâ mihmâṅ bîṭḥa. Halk-wâẓḥâ edhâ niyaṭḥ; logh-bânukhâ thaghard dâṭḥa.

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he had boiled the meat, he served up the tails of the hundred sheep on a hundred dishes one by one. And he brought a hundred white-handled knives and left one sticking in each sheep's tail. Then said Gwaharâm, 'Behold, O Lashârîs, the dwellings of the Rinds.' The Lashârîs answered and said, 'We can produce a hundred sacks of corn, and we can kill a hundred sheep, but we cannot show in one place a hundred white-handled knives.' Afterwards Dilmalikh came to visit Gwaharâm. Gwaharâm said, 'Dilmalikh, whence did you get those hundred knives?' He answered, 'I have a sworn-brother who is a blacksmith. Every six months he brings me fifty knives, and I give him a camel in exchange. The fifty knives I distribute among the Rinds. The last six months' knives were still lying by me, I had not distributed them when the next fifty came in, thus I had a hundred altogether.'

After this Dilmalikh Rind gambled, and lost all his wealth, and became empty. One day he came and put up at the village of a certain Rind. The master of the village was away, and the good wife gave him a mat to sleep on. The owner's

Gudâ mâḍhin halk-wâzhâo basṭhageṭh. Mâiâ Dilmalikhâr gwashta, ki 'Dâsâ bar, mâḍhin sângâ rem bur biyâr, ki shuḍhî eṅ mâḍhin.' Rem ki buriṭho ârṭha-î dast bîṭhaghant-î hon; rem dî hon bîṭha. Bâṅghavâ Dilmalikh shuṭha. Mâî gindi ki rem khapta. Mâḍhinâ na wârṭha, ki remâ hon mân-âkhtaghant. Halk-wâzhâ ki âkhta mâiâ hâl dâṭha-î ki rem hon biṭha. Halk-wâzhâ gwashta, ki 'E mar Dilmalikh eṅ ki doshî mihmân bîṭho rem buriṭha!'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh haweṅ sha'ar jaṭha.

Shartâṅ malûkheṅ Dilmalikh
Azh khenagh o kivarân burtha
Brâṭhî payâfeṅ meravâṅ,
Dîmâṅ Rindî deravâṅ.
Rinde jane 'Nâkho' khanant.
Dâsâṅ ma dastâṅ deant,
Remâ malûkheṅ Dilmalikh

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mare was tied up there. The good wife said to Dilmalikh, 'The mare is hungry, take this sickle and cut some grass and bring it for her.' When he had cut and fetched the grass his hands were bleeding, and the blood came off upon the grass. Next morning Dilmalikh departed. The good wife saw the grass lying there. The mare would not eat it, for there was blood on the grass. When the master came home the good wife told him how there was blood on the grass. Then he said, 'It was Dilmalikh who was last night the guest and cut the grass!'

Then Dilmalikh made this song:

By gambling famous Dilmalikh
Through malice and spite has been driven
From the encampments of his noble brethren,
From the assemblies and abodes of the Rinds.
The Rind women call him 'Uncle.'
They put sickles into his hands,
And famous Dilmalikh goes forth

Burî pha reshen ḍaḍḍavâṅ.
Nî bilâṅ manî phâḍh-mozhaghî,
Thâseṅ rikef o doravî;
Ma phîsheṅ sawâsâṅ zom girant.
Manâṅ kadro kumeṭhânî nayaṭh;
Mâ dâṭhâṅ pha sunyeṅ pheshaghâṅ.
Bheḍî rangoî bayâu!

Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta Dilmalikhârâ, 'Biyâ, Lashârî bî, tharâ zarâṅ mâlâ bâz deâṅ.' Dilmalikhâ phaso dâṭha, ki

"Rindâ Huḍhâ Lashâr na khant.
Musalmân Hindû na bî;
Trag na zirî Kâfirî."

Yabare Haivtâṅ, Jâro, Noḍhbandagh, Mîr Hâu nishto kalâm khuṭha e'r'gâ, ki Haivtânâ gwashta, ki 'Khase ḍâchî go maîṅ bagâ âwâr bî maṅ khasâr tharâna na deân-î.' Jâro-â kalâm

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To cut grass for galled jades.
Now I give up my long boots
And my brazen stirrups,
And the sandals of dwarf-palm leaves make my feet swell.
My understanding was not worthy of the bay (mares);
I have given them in exchange for a barren amusement.
Their story is in the coloured ankle-bones!*

Then said Gwaharâm to Dilmalikh, 'Come now, become a Lashârî, and I will give you much money and cattle.' Dilmalikh retorted thus:

"God does not make a Rind into a Lashârî.
A Musalmân cannot a Hindû become,
Nor wear the cord of Heathendom!"

Once upon a time Haivtân, Jâro, Noḍhbandagh and Mîr Hân were sitting together, and each made a vow thus: (and) Haivtân said, 'If any one's camel gets mixed up with my herd I will not give it back.' Jâro's vow was this, 'I will kill any

* i.e., the ankle or knuckle-bones used for gambling.

khuṭha, ki 'Âṅ ki maîṅ rîshâ dast lâî, khushân-î; âṅ ki Haddehâr khushîṭh, âṅhî dî khushâṅ': ki Haddeh birâdar aṭh-î. Noḍhbandaghâ kalâm khuṭha, ki "Zarâṅ maṅ dast na lâṅ; suwâlî khâî chîe loṭî, deân-î, 'Na' na khanâṅ." Mîr-Hânâ kalâm khuṭha, 'Âṅ ki Rindeṅ zâlâ maṅ go mashkâ geṅdâṅ, âṅhiyâr maṅ molide bashkâṅ.'

Ya roshe go Huḍhâ bîṭha lerave Châkuregh Haivtân bagâ go âwâr bîṭha. Haivtânâ sogav khuṭha, gwashta-î, 'Tharâna na deân-î.' Rind much bîṭhaghant, ki 'Mâ miṛûṅ go Haivtânâ; Châkur leṛo na daûn-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Er'geṅ leṛo chandî bhorainṭhaghan mazârâṅ; er'geṅ suwâlîâṅ burṭhaghant. Mâ na miṛûṅ; bilâṅ bârth-î.' Guḍâ thî roshe bîṭha Lashâriâ âkhto bag jaṭha Châkure. Châkur khunî bîṭha bag dîmâ, burtho gon-dâṭha-î. Rind o Lashârî maṅ-waṭhâṅ miṛaṭhaghant; phrushta Rind. Rind ki tharṭha, Haivtân khunî bîṭha Châkurâ

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one who touches my beard with his hand, and whoever slays Haddeh him also will I slay:' for Haddeh was his sworn-brother. And Noḍhbandagh's vow was this, "I will never touch money; and if a petitioner comes and asks anything of me, I will give it to him, I will not say 'No.'" Mîr Hân's vow was this, 'If I see any Rind woman carrying a water-skin I will present her with a slave-girl.'

One day, as God willed, a camel of Mîr Châkur's got mixed with Haivtân's herd. Haivtân kept it and said, 'I will not give it back.' The Rinds gathered together saying, 'Let us fight with Haivtân; let us not give him Châkur's camel.' But Châkur said, 'Many such camels have been killed by tigers; many such have been given to those who asked for them. Let us not fight, let him take it.' Again another day it happened that the Lashârîs came and carried away a herd of Châkur's camels. Châkur pursued after the herd and overtook them. The Rinds and Lashârîs fought together, and the Rinds were beaten. When the Rinds returned after Châkur, Ḥaivtân set out in pursuit: he over-

phadhâ, gon-dâṭha-î: go Lashâriâ miraṭha, bhorenṭha-î Lashârî, bag ziṭha-î, burṭha-î waṭhî loghâ. Rind sambarṭha, ki 'E bag Châkureghen, mâ na daâñ Haivtânâr.' Agha Châkurâ gwashta, 'E hawân bageñ, doiman baraghaṭhant-î. Nî ki Haivtânâ zîṭhaghant, bilâñ Haivtânâ gwar bant. Roshe harbâo maîñ kârâ lâfâ ravant. Azh doimanâ maîñ brâṭhâñ gwar jawânthar ant.'

Jâro hâl hamesh eñ, ki Châkur dî Jâro dî rosheâ nishtaghant kachehriâ. Châkurâ ḍâiâr gwashta, ki 'Jâro bachhâ zîr biyâr.' Dâiâ Jâro bachh ârṭha. Châkurâ gwashta ḍâiâr, ki 'Zîr dai Jaroâr kutâ.' Jâroâ gwashta, 'Ḍâî! maiñ neghâ mayâr-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, 'Na, ḍâî, bar dai.' Guḍâ ârtho dâṭha ḍâiâ Jâroâr mañ kutâ. Guḍâ chhorav levâ khanâna dast Jâroâ rîshâ mân-âkhta-î. Jâroâ bâñzrâ gipta bachheghâ kâtâr khashto, jaṭha-î bachhâ mañ sarenâ, khushta-î. Gwashta 'Biyâ, ḍâî, nî bar-î, Châkur bilâñ khush bî.'

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took the Lashâris, fought with them, defeated them, took away the herd from them and brought it back to his home. Then the Rinds prepared to fight, saying, 'This is Châkur's herd, let us not give it to Haivtân.' But again Châkur said, 'This is the same herd that my enemies were carrying off. Now that Haivtân has recovered it, let him keep it. Some day no doubt it will be of use to me. It is better that my brethren should have it than my enemies.'

This is the story of Jâro, that one day Châkur and Jâro were sitting in the assembly. Châkur said to the nurse, 'Bring Jâro's son here.' The nurse brought Jâro's son. Then Châkur said to the nurse, 'Put him in Jâro's lap.' Jâro said, 'Nurse, do not bring him near me.' But Châkur said, 'No, nurse, bring him.' So the nurse brought him and set him on Jâro's knee. Then while the boy was playing his hand touched Jâro's beard. Jâro seized the child's arm, drew his dagger and plunged it into his loins and killed him. Then he said, 'Come now, nurse, take him away; let Châkur be happy.'

Aghadi Châkurâ gwashta Haddehârâ, ki 'Tho Jâroâ rîshâ dastâ lâ; tharâ kî khushîṭẖ, guḍâ waṭẖâr dî khushîṭẖ, kalâm drogh bîṭẖ-î, râst bîṭẖ-î.' Roshe Jâroâ Haddeh mâḍẖin thâkhtaghant. Haddeh mâḍẖin gwastha, gwasthîyâ dast lâiṭẖa-ish Jâro rîshâ. Sai chyâr mâh gwasṭẖaghant; guḍâ Jâro Haddeh dî gon-gikhta, Shâho dî gon-gikhta, (ki waṭẖî gohârzâkht-aṭẖ). Shuṭẖaghant galagh bastho, drashke bunâ waptaghant. Nî ki Haddeh whâv shuṭẖa, guḍâ Jâroâ gwashta Shâhoârâ, ki 'Jane zahmâ Haddehârâ.' Jaṭẖa Shâhoâ zahm, Haddeh khushta-î. Jâroâ gwashta, 'Nî khaḍâ phaṭṭe, phûrûn-î.' Guḍâ gwashta-î, 'Nî do mardî khaḍe bî ki Haddeh manâṅ dost aṭẖ.' Nî ki Shâhoâ khaḍ phaṭṭha, guḍâ Jâro jaṭẖa zahm Shâhoârâ, khushta-î. Hardo phûriṭẖaghantî, tharṭẖa waṭẖî handâ. Haddeh ki tharṭẖo miyâkhta Châkurâ gwashta, 'Haddeh ki gâreṅ maṅ sha'ar shaghâṅ janâṅ-î.'

Châkur Shaihak gushî; Jâro rîshânî giragh rosh gushî; Haddeh khosh gushî:

Again, Châkur said to Haddeh, 'Touch Jâro's beard with your hand. If he kills you he must kill himself also; we will see whether he breaks his vow or keeps it?' One day Jâro and Haddeh were racing their mares. Haddeh's mare won, and in passing he touched Jâro's beard with his hand. Three or four months passed, and then Jâro took with him Haddeh and Shâho, (who was his own sister's son). They went out and tied up their horses, and lay down under a tree. As soon as Haddeh went to sleep Jâro said to Shâho, 'Slay Haddeh with your sword.' Then Shâho struck Haddeh a blow of his sword and killed him. Then Jâro said, 'Now dig a hole and we will bury him.' He also said, 'Let it be a hole large enough for two men, for Haddeh was my friend.' As soon as Shâho had dug the hole Jâro struck him with his sword and killed him. He buried them both and returned to his home. When Haddeh did not return with him Châkur said, 'I will make a song taunting him because Haddeh is missing.'

Châkur son of Shaihak sings, about the day of touching Jâro's beard, of the slaughter of Haddeh he sings:

O Mughal sanj khaṅ naryânâ,
Âhûâ sher gûmbazenâ.
Zen trundeṅ Ârabîyâ,
Thank nazîkheṅ biginâr;
Dâṅ maṅ khârâṅ hiyâle.
Rind manî khoheṅ kilâtant,
Khushtagheṅ Rindâṅ galo nest:
Hardo demâ jâṅ dârî.
Lev chitoi kharoâṅ
Jâro dî kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ.
Go nyâṅ-bandâṅ jaṭhîyâ,
Brinjaneṅ rîsh giptaghîyâ,
Haddehâ pha zor gipta.
Guḍâ Jâro Jalamb gushî: Châkur phasave dâṭh gushî:
Gozh de, o khandeṅ Mazîdo,
O Mazîdo, bange hâleṅ;
Bange hâl o bâz khiyâleṅ.

O Mughal, saddle your steed,
As swift as deer or tiger.
Saddle your fiery Arab,
And bring him close to me;
That I may tell you my thoughts.
The Rinds are my hills and forts,
But for a slain Rind there is no way open:
On both sides his life is shut in.
Because he stood up in sport
Jâro slew him with his companion.
With knife and dagger he slew them both,
Because his curled beard was touched,
Because Haddeh seized it roughly.

Then Jâro son of Jalamb sang; in reply to Châkur he sang:

Listen, O smiling Mazîds,
Listen to this strange tale;
This strange tale in many words.

bandagh, thaî nâm nî Zar-zuwâl bîṭh; mâr chie dai." Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, "Shâ maîn mâḍhin randâ zurthîyâ baraweṭh, har chî shâr phakar bî, zîreṭh, bareṭh." Mâiân zurtho much khuṭhaghant-î, burṭha-ish. Sheḍh-demâ Noḍhbandagh nâm Zar-zuwâl bîṭha. Guḍâ Noḍhbandagh brâṭhân âṅhî sarâ zahr gipta, gwashta-ish, "Noḍhbandagh, tho waṭhî thewaghen mâl bahr-khane; chîe bil dai, nawân go tho mâl chî na bî." Guḍâ Noḍhbandaghâ phasawe hawen sha'ar jaṭha.

Kungurân, o kungurân!
Kungur jaren brâhondaghân!
Gâle gazîrân âvurṭha:
Aiv pharâ haisî sarâ.
Choshâ man gindân zâhirâ,
Zulm pharâ be-dâḍhihâ.
Drust dafâ rîsh âvurṭha;
Nâmard rîsh jahl khuṭha,
Khond o khuriyân gwâh-khuṭha,

---

is now Gold-scatterer; give something to us.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Follow in my mare's track, and pick it up, and take away whatever you need.' The good women picked up and collected the money and carried it off. Thereafter Noḍhbandagh bore the name of Gold-scatterer. Then Noḍhbandagh's brethren were very angry, and they said to him, 'Noḍhbandagh, you will divide the whole of your property; leave something, or you will become quite destitute.' Then Noḍhbandagh answered them, and made this song:

O mankind, mankind!
Foolish generation of men!
The misers have uttered a speech:
They have laid an offence upon my head.
So I see manifestly,
They have injured an innocent man.
All men wear beards on their faces;
But the unmanly wear their beards below,
They show them on their knees and heels

Chunge avur gaukh phaḍhâ.
Mardâ hawen vâs na khuṭh,
Beroṇaghen maṛ gwar janân,
Choshen ki chûrî kukkuren
Jant-î nasoâ ma sarâ.
Nindîṭh grehî phagurâ,
Âhân ki khashî phar dafâ.
Go mâ sakhîen meṛaven,
Go mâ bakhîlen jheṛaven.
Jheṛant hanchosh gushant,
Sutâ karîrâ res-deant.
"Mâl na bî pha Noḍhbandaghâ!
Phul na zâî ma mausimâ!
Shazh mâho-phuren nokh sarâ
Zâîṭh niyârî khuraghân."
Nî nâḍhân aṭhant jauren baḍhân.
Zî pha shaghânâ na khafân.

And some on the nape of their necks.
No man has ever undergone such disgrace,
As a man dishonoured among the women,
Striking them as a hen does her chickens
When she strikes them on the head with her beak.
But a man sits near a woman, and weeps,
And brings forth deep sighs from his mouth.
With me the generous assemble,
With me the violent quarrel
They quarrel, and thus they say,
Turning away their faces from me,
"Nothing will be left with Noḍhbandagh!
Phul* will not bring forth in due season!
In six months at full moon
She will not bring forth, nor bear a foal."
Now foolish were my bitter foes!
Nor am I liable to the taunts of yesterday.

---

* Phul is the name of Noḍhbandagh's mare.

Agh mâ phaso phostî khuṭheṅ,
Mâl cho mughemâ melaṭheṅ?
Cho munkirâ yak-jâh khuṭha?
Mâl Muhammade zir-aṭh,
Haft-saḍh hasht-saḍh goramâ,
Bag girdagheṅ be-shou aṭhant.
Shartâṅ na dâṭha hizhbare,
Bhedî rangoî bâyân.
Azh mâ na zîṭha kâtulâṅ:
Bungâh o grâneṅ lashkarâṅ.
Dâṭha bi nâme Kâdirâ,
Bi momin o whâṅindaghâṅ,
Barâ asîleṅ dârgurâ.
Sohvâ larîsâṅ warâṅ;
Biyâyant ghâzî whazh-dilâ,
Whazh-dil manî nâm girant.

If I were skinning my sheep and goats,
How many of the greedy would there assemble?
Of the stingy how many would be gathered together?
I possessed the wealth of Muḥammad.*
Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle
And herds of camels without number were grazing round about.
I have never gambled at any time,
Nor is their story in the coloured ankle-bones.
Cheats did not take them from me,
Nor the assembly of mighty armies.
But I gave them away in the Creator's name.
I gave them to pious men and reciters of the Qurân,
And to the poor dwelling in the wilderness.
At morning-tide they eat their fill,
The warriors of the faith come with glad hearts,
With glad hearts they take my name.

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* i.e., enormous wealth.

Dâḍḥ na lekhâṅ châḍḥarâ,
Khes go khawâh o jâbahâ,
Mirsî mazaiṅ thape lurâ:
Eshâna Ghâzî barant.
Sârî kafochî sai-saḍḥî,
Phar yak shafâ osâraghâ,
Sohvî bi swâlî âṅ-burṭḥa;
Ḍomb gushokhoṅ langavâu.
Jawâneṅ sarî Rabbâ lavâṅ,
Shughrâ hame gâl khanâṅ.
Choshen suwâlîe miyâîṭḥ;
Biyâîṭḥ o ma loṭî amrishâ,
Ki "baufâ go hâṭḥîne khasha."
E dâdanî chîe niyâî!
Khaule manâṅ cho Omarâ,
Cho Omarâ khaule manâṅ.
Man bashkaghe band na bâṅ:

In giving I take no count of sheets,
Of scarves, silken overcoats or quivers,
Or of my wide-wounding sword Mirsî:
These the Ghâzîs carry away.
A striped shawl worth three hundred (rupees),
Worn for but one night,
In the morning is taken away by the asker,
By a Ḍomb, a singing minstrel.
Good men praise God,
And render thanks to him for this.
But let not such a petitioner come to me;
Let no one come and ask me for my wife,
And say, 'Bring forth pillows and a lady fair.'
For of such gifts there are none to be had!
A promise is to me as to Omar,*
As to Omar is a promise to me.
I will not be stopped from giving:

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* 'Umar, the companion of Muḥammad.

Band bîaghe marde niyâṅ.
Har chi ki khâî azh Kâḍhirâ,
Sadh ganj be-aiv darâ,
Zîrâṅ pha râsteṅ chambavâ,
Barâṅ avo karch sarâ,
Nî bahr khanâṅ go hâḍhirâ.
Nelâṅ khanâṅ pha phaḍhâ;
Guḍâ manî brâṭh bingaveṅ,
Brâzâkht o brâṭh mâṅgenavâṅ,
Kahar bant âptiyâ girant,
Mîrât milk johaghâ,
Noḍhbandaghâ mâl sarâ!

Phaḍhî roshâ Châkurâ Ḍombe shastâṭha-î, ki "Baro Noḍhbandaghâr sha'ar khaṅ; guḍâ Noḍhbandagh azh tho pholâ khant, 'Tho chî loṭe?' Tho haweṅ suwâlâ khane, ki 'Jar harchî ṭha-îjinde, thaî zâle, thaî loghâ, kullâ manâṅ dai.'"

Ḍombâ shuṭho sha'ar khuṭha Noḍhbandaghârâ; Noḍhbandaghâ

I am not a man to be stopped.
Whatever comes to me from the Creator,
A hundred treasures without blemish,
I will take with my right hand,
I will cut with my knife,
I will deal out with my whole heart.
I will let nothing be kept back;
For then my young brothers,
My nephews and my grieving brethren,
Would quarrel among themselves,
As to the partition of my inheritance and wealth,
And regarding the property of Noḍhbandagh!

Next day Châkur sent a Ḍom, saying, "Go to Noḍhbandagh and recite a poem to him; then he will ask you what you want. Upon this make this request, 'Give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's clothes and all the clothes that are in your house.'"

The Ḍom went and recited a poem to Noḍhbandagh, and

pholkhuṭha-î, 'Ḍomb! tho chî loṭe?' Ḍombâ gwashta, 'Wâzhâ! Maîṅ suwâl hamesh eṅ, ki jar ki thaî jindegh-ant, thaî zâlegh-ant thaî logh-ant, kullâ manâṅ dai.' Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, ki 'Tho waṭhî phushtî manâṅ dai, maṅ waṭhî jaraṅ kullâṅ tharâ deâṅ.' Ḍomb phushtî gipto khoṭagh khuṭha-î; neme waṭh jânâr khuṭha-î, neme zâlâr dâṭha-î; kullâṅ jarâṅ ki loghâ aṭhant Ḍombâr dâṭha-î: logh azh jarâṅ horg bîṭha. Shafâ waptaghant loghâ hardo. Nemshaf bîṭha leṛave âkhto Noḍhbandagh logh demâ jhukiṭha go bârâ phajyâ. Zâlâ gwashta, ki 'Leṛave maîṅ logh galiâ jhukiṭhagheṅ, bâr dî chakh en-î.' Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, 'Tho dafâ baro, bo gir-î. Bo thauzh khâîṭh-î, kharo khan, bil-î; kutûrî bo-en-î, guḍâ manâṅ gwâṅ' jan, maṅ bâr bozhân-î, ki Huzûrâ dâṭha-î.' Bo ki gipta zâlâ, katûrîegh-en-î. Guḍâ Noḍhbandaghâ bâr bokhta dîṭha-î theghî jarâṅ dokhtiyâ ṭhâîṭhîyâ bâr lâfâ mân ant, mardegheṅ zâlegheṅ. Waṭh dî khuṭha-ish, zâlâr dî dâṭha-ish. Bânghavâ kachehriâ âkhta

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Noḍhbandagh said, 'Ḍom, do you want anything?' The Ḍom said, 'My lord, my petition is this: give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's and all that are in your house.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Give me your sheet, and I will give you all my clothes.' He took the Ḍom's sheet and divided it. With half he clothed himself, and half he gave to his wife: then he gave all the clothes that were in the house to the Ḍom, so that there were none left in the house. It was empty. At night they both lay down in the house to sleep. At midnight a camel came and sat down before Noḍhbandagh's house with its load. The good wife said, 'A camel has stopped at our door, and there is a load upon it.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Go to its mouth and smell it. If it has a sour smell, make it rise and let it go: if it has a sweet smell, then call me to take off its load, for Heaven has sent it.' The good wife smelt it, and it had the smell of musk. Then Noḍhbandagh opened the bales, and saw that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he clothed himself and gave of them to his wife. In the morning he came to

Châkuregh. Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Noḍḥbandagh, tho be-shakk Zar-zuwâl e.'

Mîr Hân kalâm kissav hame-r'gâ eṅ. Zâl dîṭḥaghanti go mashkâṅ, havd-gist molid bashkâṭḥa-î. Ya roshe Rindâṅ gwashta, 'Tho havd-gist molid bashkâṭḥa-î; demâ khase ki ginde go mashkâ kharâ gîr de, molidâ ma bashk.' Sheḍḥ-demâ guḍâ khar bashkâṭḥaghant-i: kharâṅî shumâr neni chikhtar bashkâṭḥaghant.

Châkurâ sî sâlâ go Lashârîâ jang khuṭḥa. Guḍâ pha-waṭḥân Rind Lashârî hair khuṭḥa. Châkur shahr Sevî aṭḥ, hamodha kilât joṛitha-î. Sîsâl phaḍhâ zahr gipto Sevî ishta-î, laḍiṭḥa Sindh phalwâ. Âṅ rosh ki Sevî khishta, haweṅ sha'ar Gwaha-râmâr phasave dâṭḥo gwashta-î.

> Bilâṅ mar-lawâsheṅ Sevî
> Gaureṅ sadhâuî margâvî!
> Jâme Nindavâ bhaṭṭiyâ.
> Sai roshâṅ Baharâm neghâ.

Châkur's assembly. Châkur said, 'Noḍḥbandagh thou art without doubt the Gold-scatterer.'

And the story of Mîr Hân is on this wise. He saw the Rind women carrying water-skins, and gave them seven-score of female slaves. One day the Rinds said to him, 'You have now given one hundred and forty slave girls: henceforth when you see any woman carrying a water-skin give her a donkey and not a slave-girl.' So from this time forth he gave them donkeys, and there is no counting the number of donkeys he gave.

Châkur's war with the Lashârîs lasted for thirty years. After this the Rinds and Lashârîs made peace together. Châkur's town was Sevî, and he built a fort there. After the thirty years had passed in his wrath he left Sevî, and marched towards the Indus. On the day he left Sevî he made this song in answer to Gwaharâm.

> I will leave man devouring Sevi!
> Curses on my infidel foes!
> For three days shall Jâm Nindâ from his oven
> (Distribute bread) in honour of Bahrâm (slain).

Sîsâl uvt o uzhmârâ
Jân-jebhavâṅ jangiyâ :
Thegh azh balgavâ honenâ ;
Chotâṅ cho kamândî boghâṅ,
Jukhtân na nashant lâṛenâ.
Warnâyâṅ du-mandîlenâ
Laḍ ma ḍeravâṅ na rusthant :
Ârîfeṅ phiṭhî sar-sâyâṅ :
Misk ma barûtâṅ na mushtant :
Whard dumbaghâṅ meshânî :
Karwâlî sharâb sharr joshant !
Shâhân pha nishân yakhe nest !
Drustân wârthaghâṅ hindiyâṅ :
Theghâṅ pharâhâṅ ziverenâṅ :
Shartâṅ dâṭhaghâṅ shîmenâṅ :
Bachakî lawar lâṅziyâ !
Gwaharâm muzheṅ Gandâvagh :

For thirty years, for ever, shall there be war
With the men of giant size :
Nor shall my sword be clean from blood-stains ;
I will bend it like jointed sugarcane,
So that through crookedness it will not go into the sheath.
The youths wearing two turbans
Do not rise up from their dwellings to sport :
They dwell in the shadows of their fathers :
They rub no musk on their moustaches :
Their food is fat-tailed sheep :
They boil strong liquor in their stills !
There is not one bearing the marks of a ruler !
They have all eaten their weapons :
The broad swords are bitter to them :
They have gambled away their heads.
They have childrens' sticks in their hands !
Let Gwaharâm stay in dusty Gandâva :

Singhe ma zirih phirenṭha!
Mâchîya lawashta lanjâiṭh;
Alî o Walî druh-dârâñ,
Bag girdagheñ be shoneñ;
Yâkî kilâta beroneñ,
Hâgh kâvalî Turkânâñ,
Rind bâragheñ borânâñ.
Gwahârâm azh dude hande bî;
Ne gor bî ne Gandâvagh.

Châkur ki Seviâ dar khapta Sangsîla Syahâf dagâ rawân bîtha. Sangsîla nazikhâ khohe sarâ otak khuṭha-î, shoḍhâ Sevî phalawâ diṭha-î. Dañ maroshî Châkur-mârî nâm-en-î. Guḍâ laḍiṭha Châkurâ shamoḍhâ, Haivtân tharṭho shuṭhâ, nishta Linîâ. Rind gwastha demâ: guḍâ Haivtânâ jang khuṭha go Rindâ. Rind ki Maltânâ âkhta, guḍâ Mîr Châkurâ gwashta, 'Khase eñ ki tharî ro jang jhandâ zîrîṭh Haivtânâ?' Khasâ waldî na dâṭha-î. Guḍâ Mazârî Sardâr Bâḍhêlâ gwashta, 'Mâ

A stone thrown into a well!
Mâchi has drunk blood;
Ali and Walî are traitors.
The camel herds wander unclaimed;
The rebels' fort is deserted,
Reduced to earth by tyrannous Turks,
And Rinds on high bred mares.
Gwaharâm will be driven forth from both places;
He will own neither grave nor Gandâva!

When Châkur went forth from Sevî he travelled by way of Sangsîla and Syahâf. Near Sangsîla he halted on a certain mountain, and thence looked towards Sevî. Until the present day this mountain is called Châkur-mârî (Châkur's palace). Thence Châkur marched onwards, but Haivtân left him and returned and settled at Linî. The Rinds passed on, and Haivtân made war upon them. When the Rinds arrived at Multân Mîr Châkur said, 'Is there anyone who will return and raise the standard of war against Haivtân?' But no one replied. At last Bâḍhel, Chief of the Mazârîs, said, 'I will

zîrâṅ jang jhandâ.' Mazârî azh Tulumbâ tharṭho âkhta, gwash-ṭho shuṭha Gorîâ Chaupânâ: Mazârîâ jang khuṭha hamoḍhâ go Haivtânâ.

Mîr Châkur Shaihak nâme bachh aṭh. Châkurâ Bijar gwân'-janainṭha, Shaihak dî gon-dâṭha-î, ki 'Baroeṭh, Shaihakâ Sîr khane, biyâeṭh.' Guḍâ emar shuṭho bokhtaghant Haivtân halk nazîkhâ. Haivtân hîrenṭho hardo Bijar di Shaihak dî khushta-ish. Bijare mazaiṅ rîsh aṭh. Rîsh buriṭho Bijare chaunṛî khuṭhaghant-î Haivtânâ. Shaihak pahlî sîhâṅ jaṭho sajji khuṭhaghant-î. Guḍâ Haivtânâ waṭhî rîsh sâinṭhaghant, ki 'Cho ma vî ki maîṅ rîsh burant chaunṛî dî khanant-î.'

Mîr Châkur âṅ wakhtâ nishtagheṭh Satgharâ. Bâḍhelâ avzâr shastâṭhghant phamoḍhâ, bal dâṭhaghant-î Châkurâr, ki 'Tho lashkarâ biyâr, Haivtân Lînîâ nishtagheṅ.' Guḍâ Châkur o Mîroâ lashkar khuṭho âkhta Multânâ. Guḍâ Bâḍhel thî avzâre shastâṭha. Sîtpurâ treṭṭhaghant; Châkurâr hâl dâṭha-î ki Haivtâna Lînîa nishtagheṅ.. Guḍâ chikṭha-ish lashkarâ,.

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raise the standard.' Then the Mazârîs returned from Tulumbâ, and passed on to Gorî and Chaupân, and there they made war upon Haivtân.

Mîr Châkur had a son named Shaihak. Châkur called Bijar to him, and sent Shaihak with him saying, 'Go and arrange a marriage for Shaihak, and return.' So they went, and encamped near Haivtân's village. Haivtân attacked and defeated them and slew both Bijar and Shaihak. Bijar had a very long beard. Haivtân cut it off and made himself a swish (for flies) of it. And Shaihak's ribs he stuck on spits and made roast meat of them. Then Haivtân shaved off his own beard, 'Lest,' he said, 'they cut off my beard also, and make a swish of it.'

At that time Mîr Châkur had settled at Satgharâ. Bâḍher sent a horseman there and gave the news to Châkur saying, 'Haivtân is at Lînî, bring up your army.' Then Châkur and Mîro collected their army and came to Multân. Then Bâḍhel sent another horseman. He met them at Sîtpur and told Châkur that Haivtân was still at Lînî. Then they led up the

mâṅ rikhta-ish; Haivtân jindâ phadâṭhṭa, bâzeṅ mard khushta-î, shahṙ luṭṭha-î. Haivtân dîmâ ghoṛo rikhta. Guḍâ Haivtân drikh-dâṭha ma gaṛ lâfâ, ki nâm Gogaṛ aṭhi; hamoḍhâ khapto murṭha. Gwârân Sargânî or-khapto shuṭha gaṛ lâfâ; Haivtân saghar buriṭho ârṭha-î, Châkurâr dâṭha-î. Khopar buriṭho mazhg khashto, guḍâ khopar nughra marhainto Châkurâ bhangav pyâlo ṭhâinṭha-î. Guḍâ Bijar o Shaihak hon gipto tharṭho âkhta Châkur Satgharâ. Bâz Ṛind tharṭho âkhta Derav dehâ, demâ na shuṭha. Deravâ Dodâî nishta, ki asul azh Doda Sâtha-Somrâ biṭha-î. Dodâ hâl hamesh aṭh, ki Sâhlo Rindâ âṅhiyâr waṭhî jinkh sîrâ dâṭha: shâṅhiyâ Dodâî bîṭha.

Akhtaghâ Dodâ 'sh-âṅgurâ pâhrâ,
Sukhtaghîyâ go dakhtagheṅ rahnâ:
Sâhleâ dast ma chotavâ shipta,

---

army and took the place by storm. Haivtân himself fled, and many men were killed, and they plundered the town. The horsemen pursued after Haivtân. The Haivtân leapt into a chasm, the name of which is Gogaṛ, and there he fell and died. Gwârân Sargânî went down into the chasm, and cut off Haivtân's head and brought it and gave it to Châkur. Châkur cut the skull and took out the brains, and then had the skull mounted in silver, and made a *bhang*-cup* of it. Then, having avenged the blood of Bijar and Shaihak, Châkur turned again to Satgharâ. Many Rinds returned to the land of Ḍerâ (Ghâzî Khâṅ) and would go no further. At Derâ lived the Dodâîs, who were sprung from Doda of the Sâtha-Somrâ tribe. Dodâ's story was this. Sâhlo Rind gave him his daughter in marriage, and from him the Dodâîs were descended.

Dodâ came from the other side,
All burnt up with patched rags on him:
Sâhle laid his hand upon his hair

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* See Vol. II., p. 290.

Phusagh azîze nighâh dâshta.
Sâhleâ dramânî Muḍho dâṭha,
Pha jan sângâ maṛ Baloch bîṭha;
Daur Muḍhoâ gwar Dodavâ dîṭha.

Mîr Châkur wakhtâ Dodâî Sardâr Sohrâv aṭh. Châkurâ âṅhiyâr gwashta, ki 'Âṅmar ki tharî khâî tho go aṅhiyâ mir.' Guḍa Dodâî go tharagheṅ Rindâ miraṭha. Ân Rind ki dema shuṭha go Châkurâ bahr bahr bîṭhaghant, ân Jaghdal bîṭhaghant, âṅki tharṭho âkhtaghant Baloch bîṭhaghant. Châkur gwastha demâ, Dilliâ shuṭha Hamâû Bâdshâh go, âṅwakhtû ki Dillî jaṭho gipta-ish. Guḍâ Mîr Châkur azh Dilliâ tharṭho, nishta Satgharâ; hamoḍhâ murṭha. Ziârat dî dâîṅ hamoḍhâ ant-î.

And saw in him an excellent son.
Sâhle gave him the fair Muḍho
And for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch;
And with Muḍho Dodâ obtained wealth also.

In Mîr Châkur's time Sohrâv was the Chief of the Dodâîs. Châkur said to him, 'If any men come back, fight with them.' So the Dodâîs made war on the Rinds who returned. Those Rinds who went on with Mîr Châkur have become divided and are now Jaṭṭs; but those who returned remained Baloches. Châkur went on to Dilli (Dehlî) with King Humâyûn, when he marched down and took Dillî. After that Mîr Châkur returned from Dillî, and settled at Satgharâ, and died there. His tomb is still there.

No. XXXVI.

ISMÂ'ÎL KHÂṄ'S GRANDMOTHER,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this tradition is familiar to all the people of Jhang and the neighbouring modern town of Maghiânâ.]

[The story given here bears a close relationship to that given at pp. 177-181 of this volume, and is evidently meant to account for the care taken of the tomb of Hîr and Rânjhâ near Jhang by the grandmother of the present Siyâl Râîs (Chief) Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ of Jhang, an act against the traditions of her tribe. The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is explained at p. 177 *ante*, and needs no further comment here.]

[Ḥakîm Jân Muḥammad, to whom the bards attribute the story, has been found to be still living. He says that it was Ismâ'îl Khâṅ's mother, and not grandmother, to whom the stranger appeared, and that this occurred shortly before the commencement of the British rule in the Panjâb (1849 A.D.). He says also that he was present on the occasion and was then 18 years of age.]

[The family of the Siyâl Chiefs of Jhang is an old and illustrious one, but it first comes into prominence with the 13th Chief Walîdâd Khâṅ, who consolidated its fortunes. He died in 1747 A.D. and was succeeded by his nephew 'Inâyatu'llah Khâṅ, a man as able as himself, but overshadowed by the then rising Sikh power. He died in 1787 and was succeeded successively by his two sons Sultân Maḥmûd Khâṅ and Sâḥib Khâṅ. They both came to an untimely end before 1790, when their relative Kabîr Khâṅ, who had married the widow of Sâḥib Khâṅ, and daughter of 'Umar Khâṅ Siyâl, succeeded. He came of the line of Jahân Khâṅ whose children had been ousted by Ghâzî Khâṅ, grandfather of Walîdâd Khâṅ, in the 17th century. This Chief was a man of mild character, and in 1801 abdicated in favour of his son Aḥmad Khâṅ, who was succeeded successively by his sons 'Inâyat Khâṅ in 1820 and the present Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ in 1838. After the days of 'Inâyatu'llah Khâṅ the fortunes of the family sank to a very low point, from which they have been partially recovered by the loyalty of Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ to the British Crown.]

[The grandmother then of the present Chief was the wife of Kabîr Khâṅ and daughter of 'Umar Khâṅ, and is the heroine, so to speak, of this legend.]

TEXT.

Shahr Jhang vichh Jân Muhammad Hakîm baṛâ hai nâmî,
Is peshe de kâran us dî izzat kareṅ tamâmî.
Darveshoṅ se eh raghbat rakhtâ, haigâ sîdhâ sâdâ.
Ik riwâiat baiân kare, jo kahî sî is de dâdâ.

Ik musâfir othe âiâ, dasdâ nek o kâr;
Kise se bin pûchhe-gachhe pahunchâ Khâṅ de ghâr.
Samâîl-Khâṅ dî dâdî, yâro, is wakt si jîûndî.
Dar par â âwâz karî, oh âî nîûndî nîûndî:
Bolâ: "Maiṅ hâṅ hâjî, Mâî, haj te hun maiṅ âîâ:
Tere pâs snehâ sunke Hîr Rânjhâ dâ lâiâ.
Châr wariâṅ dâ arsâ guzrâ maiṅ sâ haj nûn giâ.
Ik tûfân jo âîâ ḍaḍhâ, jahâz sâḍâ phaṭ pîâ.
Aur Allâh de fazal wa karam te eh sabab ban gîâ:
Ik takhtâ de utte bandâ baiṭhâ hî rah giâ.
Do roze de, Mâî, kaṇḍâ takhtâ pahunchâ.
Bâhir âke sâṅs le â, na âgâ pichhâ sonchâ.
Jânde jânde mainûṅ, Mâî, ik jhuggî nazar âî:
Jeh de vichh bâbû dekhiâ, na dekhî koî mâî.
Khair, pichhe ik buḍḍhî âî, mamtâ vichh oh mâtâ
Kahne lâgî: 'Jam jam âiâ, karam kîtâ, tûṅ dâtâ.'
Dûdh pilâiâ, khidmat kîtî, puchhiâ sârâ hâl.
Chir de pichhe buḍḍhâ âîâ, mahîâṅ dâ rakhwâl;
Oh nûṅ sârâ hâl sunâkar, phir bolî oh nârî;
'Eh hî merâ hî khasam Rânjhiâ, maiṅ hâṅ Hîr bichârî.'
Kuchh dinâṅ maiṅ othe rahiâ, ârâm bahut sâ kîtâ.
Dûdh dahî dî kamî nâ, kaî maiṅ âîâ châ pîtâ.
Haj dihaṛe neṛe âe, maiṅ hoiâ udâsî:
Rânjhâ mainûṅ puchhan lâgâ: 'Tahil nûṅ hoî khâsî?'
Maiṅ kahiâ: 'Lâhaulwalâ!* kyâ zikar es dâ, wâlî?
Haj te mahrûm hâṅ rahiâ; eh merî bur hâlî.'
Bolâ: 'Tûṅ vî rakh tasallî, maiṅ vi haj hai karnâ.
Donoṅ kaṭṭhe haj karânge, âheṅ kyûṅ hai bharnâ?'
Panjvîṅ othoṅ ṭurke donoṅ jâ pahunche Arfâtâṅ.
Haj kîtâ ikaṭṭhâ, donoṅ phir â gae apne hâtâṅ.
Chand roz de bâd, jo mainûṅ hub-i-watan dokh dînâ.
Yûsaf jehî nûṅ waṭan na bhûliâ, maiṅ hâṅ kaun kamînâ?
Khushî nâl un donôṅ uthoṅ mainûṅ rukhsat kariâ.
Rânjhe merâ hatth pakaṛ, chhanâ kandhe lâ dhariâ.

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* An abbreviation of '*Lâ haula wa lâ kûwata illâ b'illah*, there is no strength or power but in God:' an expression denoting horror.

Chalte vele Hîrâ eh bolî : 'Jhang Shahr vichh jânâ :
Merâ eh snehâṅ jâke Khânâṅ ghar pahunchânâ.
Asî tuhâḍâ kî gaṅwâiâ, sâḍio bhâîo pîo ?
Roze tuhâḍî barkat paisî, sâḍî badî chhaḍ dîo.
Har Jumerât chirâgh jalâo sâḍe rozâ jâke :
Bârâṅ nidhâṅ nau sidhâṅ hosan tuhâḍe ghar din râte.'"

Buḍḍhî Mâî us hâjî nûṅ jo kuchh baniâ dînâ ;
Chirâgh jalâne us ne, yâro, zimme apne lînâ.
Thoṛe der na guzrâṅ, pâî jagîr milî bahuterî.
Ya roṭî dî nâfat se, yâ izzat hoî changerî.*

TRANSLATION.

In the City of Jhang there is a well known Physician (called) Jân Muḥammad,
Whom all respect for his profession.
He cherishes religious mendicants and is a simple and straightforward man.
He tells a tale that he heard from his grandfather.

Once a traveller came here, who seemed an honest man ;
Without asking (his way) of any one he went straight to the Khâṅ's (Chief's) house.
At that time Samâîl Khâṅ's† grandmother was alive, my friends.‡
He made a cry at the gate and she came and bowed her head.
And he said : "I am a pilgrim, Mother, and have returned from the pilgrimage (to Makkâ),

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* The bard here wound up his poem with eight lines devoted to personal abuse of the present Chief Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ of Jhang, apparently because the Chief had not treated him with the consideration he thought fitting on some occasion. The lines are therefore omitted. It is a common practice for bards to vent personal spite in this way, and it is their power of doing so that has made them so powerful a body in Indian life.

† That is, the present Chief Muhammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ.

‡ Addressed to the audience.

Bringing thee a message from Hîr and Rânjhâ.
Four years ago I went on the pilgrimage (to Makkâ).
A violent storm arose and my vessel was wrecked.
By the grace and mercy of God I found this means (of escape):
I sat on a plank and was saved.
In two days, Mother, the plank reached the shore.
I came out (of the sea) and took breath and had no hope (in the world).
As I was walking along, Mother, I saw a hut:
In which I saw a good-man, but saw no good-wife (with him).
But presently an old woman came, and respectfully the good-wife
Said: 'Welcome, welcome, thou hast done us a kindness, kind sir,'
She gave me milk and did me service and asked after me.
Presently an old man came, a keeper of buffaloes,
She told him all my story, and then she said:
'This is my husband Rânjhâ and I am poor Hîr.'
Some days I spent there in great comfort.
There was no lack of milk and curds and I had my fill.
As the opportunity for the pilgrimage was passing away I became sorrowful;
Whereon Rânjhâ asked me if he lacked anything in his service.
Said I: 'God forbid! who said so, my lord?
I have missed the pilgrimage; this is my trouble.'
Said he: 'Be at ease, I too must make the pilgrimage.
We two will make the pilgrimage together, so why heave sighs?'
On the fifth day, we went thence and reached mount 'Arafât.*
Doing the pilgrimage together we two returned to our own country.

* The sacred hill near Makkâ.

After some days I had a desire to visit my home.
Yûsaf* did not forget his home and I am but a poor mortal!
With kind courtesy they both gave me leave to depart thence,
Rânjhâ seized my hand and placed a cup beside me.
And when I was going Hîr said to me: 'Go to the City of Jhang,
And carry this message for me to the house of the Khân,† (and say):
'What harm we have done you, our brethren and parents?
Daily will your prosperity increase, if you will give up abusing us
Do you light lamps every Thursday at our shrine,
And the twelve riches and the nine blessings‡ will be yours day and and night.'"

The old Lady§ gave the pilgrim all she could afford;
And took upon herself to light the lamps, my friends.‖
Before many days had passed (the family) obtained a great feof.
From a lack of bread they obtained great wealth.¶

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* Allusion to the Biblical (which is also the Musalmân) story of Joseph.

† *i.e.*, to Kabir Khân, grandfather of Muhammad Ismâ'îl Khân.

‡ A *Hindû* notion.

§ *i.e.*, The Nawâb's grandmother above mentioned.

‖ See line 7 above.

¶ The reference is to the great poverty of Ismâ'îl Khân's family in the latter days of the Sikh rule and its acquisition of wealth soon after the advent of the British.

No. XXXVII.

THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[The object of this is, like the last story, to glorify the shrine of Hîr and Rânjhâ near Jhang. The writer professes to tell the "true tale" of Hîr and Rânjhâ and passes adverse criticisms on those of his predecessors, giving a valuable, though by no means a complete, list of them. It is, however, evident that his version is not by any means the "true tale," and there are signs of his mixing up the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ with the equally famous, if not more important, Siyâl tale of Mirzâ and Sâḥibân].

TEXT.

Qissa Hîr Rânjhâ Musannifa Ḥâfiz Aḥmad Mutawattan-i-Jhang.

Allâh Pâk dî hamd karûṅ, jo ḍhaḍḍâ hai Sattâr:
Fazal karam se apne bhijiâ Nabbî, karîm mukhtâr.
Darûd bhajûṅ phir Hazrat utte, nâle Chârâṅ Yâr.
Âl suhâbâṅ pe rahmat bhajûṅ: beṛâ ho jâe pâr.

Hamd nîyat de bâd, muhibbo, matlab wal hun âwâṅ.
Hîr Rânjhe dâ kissâ kahkar, man vichh khushî manâwâṅ.
Makbil ne ik Hîr banâî, aisâ zor lagâiâ,
Jâhil Rânjhe mûrakh Jaṭṭ nûṅ âlim âkh dikhâiâ!
Wâris Shâh dî Hîr jo vekhî, aisî pâî phâî!
Hîr Jaṭṭî dî sifat karî, iṅ jaisî ho shahjâî.
Hîr Rânjhe dâ kissâ, yâro, haigâ bahut mashhûr,
Par oh de banâwan kâran log rahe mâzûr.
Roshan Shâh ne Hîr banâî, ishk hajar dâ jehṛâ:
Mâṅ beṭî dâ jhagṛâ hai, kuchh kissâ nahîṅ achherâ.
Asal hâl hai in kâ, yâro, maiṅ bayân hâṅ kardâ,
Sabhî gallâṅ chhoḍ-chhâḍ-ke, asal mutâlib phaṛdâ.

Takht Hazârioṅ Ranjhâ ṭuriâ, Khiwoṅ chalî Hîr.
Dariyâ Chinâ te mel ho giâ, ban gáe shakar shîr.
Ghar vichh apne sâth le âî, mâṅ nûṅ bolî: "Mâî,
Mâhîṅâṅ dâ charwâhâ le âî; is vichh shak na kâî."
Mâṅ bechârî angunhârî Chûchak nuṅ kah dîtâ:

" Eh nûṅ tusî hun kâmâṅ rakh lo, muft Rabb kamm kîtâ."
Chand dinâṅ de bâd, sahî yâro, eh phûl sâ khiliâ.
Hîr Rânjhâ dâ mel bhî, logo, bahut achhâ hai miliâ.
Roṭî de parwâ na rakhdâ, khâve dûdh malîdâ.
Dîl dîâṅ khushîâṅ mânan lagâ, khil gae haiṅ dîdâ.
Rânjhâ bhî hun chaubar hoiâ, Hîr hoî muṭiâr.
Belâ vichh oh maujâṅ karde, koî na rokanhâr.
Dîdû ne phir chughalî mârî : " Ai Chûchak dî nâr,
Rânjhe nûṅ tûṅ nafar na jâneṅ, terî dhî dâ yâr !"
Mâṅ piû bhrâwâṅ châchiâṅ sochiâ eh ilâj ;
" Hor na chârâ koî bandâ karîye eh dâ kâj.
Kheṛiâṅ vichh, jo bhâî os de, unhâṅ vichh hai Shîdâ :
Oh de nâl sagâî karke khoe rog niḍî dâ."
Shîde nâl biyâhî Hîr, to Rânjhâ harân hoiâ :
Bâlâ Nâth dâ chelâ banke mundre kan paroiâ.
Shahti de wasîle kâran Kheṛioṅ Hîr nikâlî ;
Sândal Bâr vichh lendâ phiriâ, Ganjâ Bâr vichh ḍâlî.
Uthe hî ik sher babar châ, Rânjhe par ghurâiâ :
Rânjhe ne tad jân hîlke, oh nûṅ mâr mukâiâ.
Hîr eh dî mardî vekhke hor vî sidke hoî.
Dil o jân te wârî jândî, kadhî kallî na hoî.
Chheṛwe pichhe Shîdâ lâiâ Kâbulâ mel châ hoe.
Hâkim de Darbâre jâkar Kheṛâ bahutâ roe.
"Sâḍî zâl nasâ le âiâ ; baḍâ sakhat hai zâlim.
Sâḍî nâr diwâ de sânûṅ, Allâh kîtâ Hâkim."
Hâkim ne insâf de rû se Shîde Hîr dilâî.
Rânjhe nûṅ châ kaidî kîtâ, pairâṅ beṛî pâî.
Lagî âg Kâbule tâîṅ, jal giâ âdhâ shahr.
Lokâṅ jâ fariyâdî hoe : " Baṛâ kîtâ taiṅ kahr :
Fakîr dî aurat Jaṭṭ nûṅ dittî ; aisâ kahr machâiâ,
Jis de kâran Âdalî Shahr nûṅ khagistar karwâiâ !"
Ḥâkim ne fariyâd eh sunke Shîde se ran chhînî ;
Rânjhe nûṅ phir kaidoṅ chhaḍke Hîr eh nûṅ de dînî.
Hîr Rânjhe tâṅ khushîâṅ karde, des apne nûṅ ṭurde ;
Kheṛe mâre ranj gham de ho gae jaise murde.
Shîde ne is hasrat hî meṅ âpne-âp gaṅwâiâ :
' Hîr Hîr' hî kahdâ, yâro, asal des nûṅ dhâiâ.

Eh donoñ jad pahunche Jhang vichh, Siyâlâñ matâ matâiâ :
"In donoñ ne kul sâḍe nûñ dâgh bahut hî lâiâ,"
Rânjhe nûñ phir kihâ âkar : "Takdîroñ nahîñ chârâ.
Je tû jang le âveñ watanoñ nikâh paṛhâve, yârâ."
Rânjhe eh bishârat sunkar taraf Hazâra chaliâ.
Hîr nimânî dâkam Siyâlâñ kîtâ âṭâ daliâ :
Hîr Jaṭṭî to asar zahar se jân ba Hakk ho gaî,
Rânjhe ne hatth uṭhâkar bahut bintî kî :
"Yâ eh nûñ Tû zindâ karde, yâ mainûñ de mâr !
Tainûñ sab âsân hai, Rabbâ ; tûñ kâdir ghaffâr."
Kahde haiñ ki kabar phaṭ gaî, Rânjhâ is meñ waṛiâ ;
Jis tarâh Hazrat Yûnis shikam machhî vichh waṛiâ.

Rozâ in kâ haigâ, yâro, Maghiâne de pâs.
Mâghe de din melâ hondâ ; dekheñ âm o khâs.
Tîn darwâze is roze de khulle hainge, yâro ;
Kheṛiâñ wal dâ band darwâza hukum hoiâ Dârbâro !
In donâñ nûñ walî jânke, log niâzâñ mande.
Jumerât nûñ jâveñ utthe kaî log ban ban de.

Ik kissâ hai, main ne apne kanne suniâ, yâro ;
Tuhâḍe âge âkh sunâwâñ, khalî az inkâro.
Ik shakhs sâ, bandâ Rabb dâ, Chûṛîgar mashhûr.
Maghiâne vichh rahindâ sâ, par lâ waldîoñ ranjûr.
Har Jumerât nûñ jândâ, rozâ kardâ bahut pukârâ :
"Allâh, mainûñ beṭâ dîeñ, barkat in sachiârâ !"
Châr pânch Jumerât jo us ne în bintî kî,
Hâtif ghaib ne do laṛkoñ dî : eh bishârat dî.
"Chhoṭe dâ nâñ Alî Muhammad, baḍe dâ Rânjhâ rakheñ.
Âlim âmil donoñ honge, raushanî karenge akheñ."
Fazal karm se Allâh Kâdir donoñ putr hoe.
Âlim fâzil lâsânî se, sattâñ pânî dhoe.
Baṛâ bhâî to mar chukâ hai, chhoṭâ hai maujûd.
Âlim âmil pâiâ us nûñ, khalak rakhe mahmûd.
Buḍḍhâ haigâ nawwe sâlâ ; chehrâ bahutâ chamke
Allâh dî ibâdat kâran, jaisâ kundan chamke !

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Hîr and Rânjhâ by Ḥâfiz Aḥmad of Jhang.

I praise the Holy God, the great Forgiver,
That of His mercy and compassion sent His Prophet, His gracious agent.
Next I salute the Prophet and the Four Friends.*
I pray for peace upon all his descendants; may they obtain salvation.

After praise and salutation, my friends,† I come to my story:
By reciting the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ I shall be happy in my mind.
Makbil wrote a (story of) Hîr of such a violent kind,
That he turned that ignorant and boorish Jaṭṭ Rânjhâ into a learned man!
When I saw Wâris Shâh's Hîr, such a muddle I found it!
He praised Hîr so that he made the Jaṭṭî Hîr‡ into a princess.
The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is well known, my friends,
Yet people have been unable to write it.
Roshan Shâh has made a (song of) Hîr, full of love:
But it is a (mere) quarrel between mother and daughter and no proper tale.
Their true story is as I tell it, my friends,
Leaving out all the embellishments and sticking to the real facts.§

---

* The 'Four Friends' of Muhammad are 'Ali, 'Abû Bakar, 'Usman, and 'Umar.

† *i.e.*, the audience.

‡ This is wrong; Hîr was a Siyâl: see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The author here enumerates the various favourite recensions of the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ. That of Wâris Shâh, (see page 187 *ante*), I was told by a Mân Jaṭṭ gentleman of standing, is considered to be one of the purest Panjâbî works extant: or to use his words 'no one—not even a Panjâbî—can say he understands Panjâbî until he has read Wâris Shâh.'

Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ and Hîr came from Khiwâ.*
They met on Chinâb's banks and mingled as sugar and milk.
She took him to her house and said to her mother: "Mother,
It is (only) a buffalo-herd that I have brought: have no doubt of this."
Her wretched sinning mother said to Chûchak:†
"Take this man as thy servant, God hath done our work (for us) for nothing."
After some time, my good friends, he blossomed as a flower.
The meeting of Hîr and Rânjhâ, friends, was a happy meeting.
He gave up bread and took to milk and sweets.
His eyes were gladdened with the gladness of his heart.
Rânjhâ now became lusty and Hîr a ripe maiden.
They enjoyed each other in the wilds and there was none to stay them.
Then Dîdû‡ told tales (and said): "O wife of Chûchak,
Don't think that Rânjhâ is a servant, he is thy daughter's lover!"
Then mother and father and uncle thought of a remedy (and said):
"There is no other means of stopping this business.
Among the Kheṛâs,§ her brethren, there is one Shidâ:
Betroth the girl to him and her pain will go."
Hîr was married to Shidâ and Rânjhâ became troubled,
And becoming a follower of Bâlâ Nâth he put rings into his ears.‖

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* Takht Hazârâ, Rânjhâ's home, is in the Gujrânwâlâ district. Khiwâ near Jhang is connected with the other Siyâl tale of Mirzâ and Sâhibâṅ and is here introduced by mistake.

† Her husband and Hîr's father.

‡ Hîr's uncle according to the bard, but see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The Kheṛâs are a section of the Siyâls at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargaṛh district.

‖ *i.e.*, he became a Kanphaṭṭâ Jogî and a follower of Gorakh Nâth See *ante*, p 435ff.

With the help of Shahtî* he took Hîr away from the Kherâs,
And wandering across the Sândal Bâr† he put her into the Ganjâ Bâr.‡
There a tiger growled savagely at Rânjhâ,
And Rânjhâ keeping his presence of mind slew him.
Hîr, seeing his prowess, became all the more enamoured of him.
She loved him heart and soul and could never be separated from him.
Shîdâ followed up the runaway and overtook him at Kâbulâ.§
The Kherâ (Shîdâ) went and wept in the Court of the Rulers (of Kâbulâ, saying):
"He hath come (here) with my wife, the great oppressor.
Give me back my wife, for God hath made thee a Ruler."
The Ruler did him justice and gave back Hîr to Shîdâ.
Rânjhâ he made a prisoner and put fetters on his feet.
Kâbulâ caught fire and half the city was burnt.
The people went (to the Ruler) and complained (saying): "Thou hast committed a great injustice,
In giving the *faqîr's* wife to the Jaṭṭ; || and hast committed such injustice,
That the City of Âdali¶ is in flames!"
When the Ruler heard this complaint he took the woman from Shîdâ,
And releasing Rânjhâ from prison he gave him Hîr.
Then Hîr and Rânjhâ with gladness went to their home.
But the Kherâ (Shîdâ) in his grief and misery became as a corpse.

---

* Shîdâ's sister.
† This is a table-land in the Jhang district.
‡ In the Montgomery district.
§ This appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district.
|| Shîdâ was however a Siyâl.
¶ This also appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district, but may mean Koṭ Addû in the Muzaffargaṛh district. See the next story, *passim*.

Shîdâ was (like unto) dying of his grief,
And calling out 'Hîr Hîr,' my friends, he returned to his home.

When the pair reached Jhang the Siyâls made a plan, (saying):
"These two have put a great stain on our family."
So they went again to Rânjhâ and said: "There is no remedy against Fate,
And if thou wilt bring a procession from thy house we will perform a marriage, friend."
When Rânjhâ heard this good news he went to (Takht) Hazâra.*
And the Siyâls (as it were) ground the wretched Hîr to flour:
And Hîr the Jâṭṭî† from poison gave her life to God.
Rânjhâ lifting up his hand, prayed much (to God and said):
"Either do Thou bring her to life, or slay me!
All things are easy to thee, O God, mighty and merciful."
It is said that the grave (of Hîr) opened and Rânjhâ went in,‡
As Yûnis entered into the whale's belly.§

Their shrine is near Maghiânâ, my friends.
The fair (in its honour) takes place in February; high and low attend it.
There are three doors to the shrine which are open, my friends;
But the fourth towards the Kheṛâs|| is shut by the order of the Court (of God)!

---

* His home in the Gujrânwâlâ district.
† See above, line 10.
‡ See p. 178 *ante*.
§ This is the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, common to Christians, Jews, and Musalmâns.
|| Compare p. 178 *ante*.

Holding these two as saints the people make vows to them.
The people of many forests go there on Thursdays.

A tale have I heard with my own ears, my friends,
Which I tell to you, as it is not to be gainsaid.
There was a man, a servant of God, known as a Maker of Bracelets.
He dwelt in sorrow in Maghiânâ, as he had no offspring
Every Thursday he went to the shrine and cried aloud :
"O God, grant me a son, by the blessing of these holy ones !"
Four or five Thursdays he had prayed thus,
When the invisible angel (within) gave him happy news of two sons (to be born to him and said) :
"Call the younger 'Ali Muhammad and the elder Rânjhâ.
They will be pure and holy and the light of thine eyes."
By the grace and mercy of Almighty God two sons were born.
Exceeding pure and holy, washed seven times with the water (of grace).
The elder brother is dead, but the younger is still alive.*
Pure and holy they find him and so the people praise him.
He is an old man of ninety years with a bright face, shining
By the grace of God, as gold doth shine !

---

* 'Ali Muhammad is still living in Maghiânâ and has erected a mosque there. He has a great reputation for learning and holiness. His brother Rânjhâ is said to have lost his intellect from over-study of the *Hâfiz-i-Jamâl.*

No. XXXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE OF HÎR AND RÂNJHÂ,

AS RELATED BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE PATIÂLÂ STATE.

[This song relates only half the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ, carrying us to the point where Rânjhâ gets possession of Hîr, and omitting the latter half relating to the murder of Hîr, though this is the most important part of it, and is the portion which has given it such fame.]

[There is nothing to add to the notes already given at page 177 of this volume to generally explain this story. The object throughout is to give a factitious value to Rânjhâ by making him out to be a wonder-working *faqîr* of the type of the greater saints, and rendering the record of his doings as fabulous as possible. The existence of a shrine to Hîr and Rânjhâ at Jhang probably accounts for this.]

[The story being well known to the audience the allusions in it are obscure, and the dialogues most abruptly introduced; which last characteristic has made it—without reference to the rough dialect in which it is composed—a difficult one to render without a guide.]

TEXT.

Râg Hîr Rânjhâ.

Abbal Nâûn Allâh dâ lenâ: dûjâ dos Muhammad Mîrâṅ:
Tîjâ nâûṅ mat pitâ dâ lenâ, unhâṅ dâ chungâ dûdh sarîrâṅ:
Chauthâ nâûṅ an pânî dâ lenâ, jis khâve man banhe dhîrâṅ:

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

Firstly, I take the name of God; secondly, of the Great Muhammad, the friend (of God):
Thirdly, I take the name of father and mother, on whose milk my body throve:
Fourthly, I take the name of bread and water, from eating which my heart is gladdened:

Panjmâṅ nâûṅ Dharti Mâtâ dâ lenâ, jis par kadam ṭakîmâṅ:
Chhewâṅ nâûṅ Khwâjâ Pîr dâ lenâ, jhul pilâve ṭhaṇḍe nîrâṅ:
Satwâṅ nâûṅ Gurû Gorakh dâ lenâ, patal pûje bhojan khîrâṅ:
Aṭhwâṅ nâûṅ Lâlâṅwâle dâ lenâ, bande bandâṅ de ṭore tabaq janjîrâṅ.

Ghar Maujû de Râṅjhâ jamiâ; ghar Chûchak jamî Hîrâṅ.
Ral mil pagambarî matâ matâiâ, sâhâ joṛâ Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ.
Panj Pîr; chhewâṅ Miyâṅ Râṅjhâ; satwâṅ Ḥazrat Miyâṅ Mîrâṅ.

Fifthly, I take the name of Mother Earth, on whom I place my feet:
Sixthly, I take the name of Khwâjâ (Khizar), the Saint,* that gives me cold water to drink:
Seventhly, I take the name of Gurû Gorakh (Nâth), whom I worship with a platter of milk and rice.
Eighthly, I take the name of Lâlâṅwâlâ,† that breaketh the bonds and the chains of the captives.‡

Râṅjhâ was born in Maujû's house and Hîr in Chûchak's.
The prophets took counsel together and the Panj Pîr§ were rejoiced.
There are the Five (great) Saints; the sixth is Miyâṅ Râṅjhâ; the seventh is the Holy Miyâṅ Mîr.‖

---

* See *ante, passim*. † A title of Sakhî Sarwar.

‡ The extraordinary mixture of Hindû and Musalmân belief in the above verses is characteristic of the poem, and is kept up throughout it.

§ See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 373.

‖ Shekh Muḥammad, better known by his titles of Shâh Mîr and Miyâṅ Mîr, flourished as a saint at Lâhor between 1550 and 1635 A.D. His fame principally arises from the fact of one of his disciples, Mullah Shâh, having been the spiritual adviser of Dârâ Shikoh, the able son of the Emperor Shâh Jahân (flourished 1615-1670). Miyâṅ Mîr has given the name to the now well-known Military Cantonment near Lâhor.

Rânjhâ jame, te sâdî ho gaî sarse sab parwârî.
Phaṛke chhanâṅ, bhâjî pherî, khul gaî rasat bazârî·
Kam kâr Maule kujh nahîṅ likhiâ : mahî nûl bihârî.

Dhur Kashmîroṅ Mugaleṭe â gae, â gae ba rû Khudâe.
Nau hath dâ gaṭṭhâ tre hath chhubbî Miyâṅ Rânjhe jimî* khichâî.
Hornâṅ nûṅ jimîṅ nalnîâṅ âîâṅ, Rânjhe nûṅ dab te kâhî.
Kahe : "Khuâṛî, dâtî, rambâ ditte, Nikkû, Lohâr de sâî;
Din chaṛhde nûṅ merâ khurpâ ghaṛ de, terî mihinat rakhdâ nâîṅ."
Kahe : "Bagâwâṅ, bûṭî mârâṅ, jimîṅ banâwâṅ niâîṅ."
"Chal, manâ, chal karîye, phakîrî sâḍâ rahan, malokân dâ nâhîṅ."

Rânjhâ was born and all the household rejoiced.
Taking the cups the presents were made with the market-full of food.
God wrote no labour (in his fate) : he was to be happy with (tending) buffaloes.

The Mughals came from far Kashmîr by the order of God.
Land was given to Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, nine links and three chains.
Others got good land, Rânjhâ got tares and weeds.
Said (Rânjhâ) : "O Nikkû, thou chief of Blacksmiths, make me an axe, a sickle and a hoe.
Let me have the hoe by daybreak and there will be no delay about thy wages."
Said he, "I will ply (the hoe), clear the weeds and make the land arable."
(Said Rânjhâ) : "Come, my heart, I will go and become a *faqîr*, I am not happy here."

---

* For *zamîn*.

Baiṭhe Rânjhe nûṅ garmî ho gaî, Lâlî bhâbî holî mârî.
Takht Hazârâ Rânjhâ ṭuriâ, pahilî rât kukhî.
Ghar tâṅ khânde dûdh malâîâṅ, ṭuk nâ lajde beh.
Dharke sonde lef sirânâṅ, âj bâsâ âiâ bich keh.
Ḍâḍe Rabb kol ujar nâ koî, Lekh likhâî eh!

Adhî rât Pîrâṅ dâ belâ. "Tûṅ keṛe bakht* dâ râhî?
Lambî dâhṛî, khunḍiâṅ monchâṅ, baghal heṭh bichhâî.
Bhalî châhe ithoṅ âsan chak le, dhaulâṅ khâke na jâîṅ."
"Tainûṅ, Kâjî," boliâ Rânjhâ, "Sachî âkh sunâî.
Dharmsâlâ masîlâṅ, Kâjiâ, baniâṅ dharm dâ bânâṅ;
Âe sâdh nûṅ rahan nâ deve, kâphirâ be-îmânâṅ.

As Rânjhâ sat (at his work in the field) he became hot, and Lâlî, his brother's wife, laughed at him.
Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ, and the first night he found trying.
At home he had cream and milk, now he could not even get stale leavings.
He had had a bed and pillows to sleep on, now he dwelt on the sand.
He could make no complaint to the Great God, for Fate had written it so!

It was midnight at the time for the Saints.† "Why art travelling at this hour of the night?‡
Long thy beard and long thy moustaches and thy bedding under thy arm.
If thou seek thy good go hence, or be pushed out."
"O Qâzî," said Rânjhâ, "I tell thee truth.
Inns and mosques, O Qâzî, are built for religious use;
And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and without faith!

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* For *waqt*. † *i.e.*, ghosts: but see above, line 9.
‡ This is a conversation between Rânjhâ and some Qâzî on his way from Takht Hazârâ.

Rakhîṅ roje, parhîṅ namâjâṅ, ṭangdâ alaf Kurânâ ;
Âe sadh nûṅ rahan na deve, kaphirâ be-îmânâṅ !
Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhaḍiâ ; mâṅ chhaḍî sab
rîtî :
Ṣukh vasse eh nagar, kehṛâ rain phakîrâṅ nûṅ bîtî !"
Gabrûâṅ ne ṭukre âṅde, ṭhaṇḍî lassî pîtî :
" Jug jug jî, tusîṅ gabrû, ithe rain phakîrâṅ nûṅ bîtî !"

" Sajje jandiâ, khabbe ho jâ, sajje pair na pâîṅ :
Ithe kubbhe bhainke chher* mahî dâ, sajje pain balâîṅ.
Âpe khaṭṭâṅ, âpe kamâwâṅ, ghar tûṅ baheke khâîṅ.
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, shauk de nâl baṇḍâîṅ."

Thou keepest fasts and sayest prayers and knowest the
words of the Qurân ;
And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and
without faith !
I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers ; I have left
my mother and all my customs :
May the city prosper where stayed the *faqîr* for the
night !"
The youths brought him bread and cold butter-milk :
(Said he) : " Live for ever, ye youths, with whom the
faqîr stayed for the night !"

" O thou wanderer to the right,† go to the left, put not
thy feet towards the right :
For hither to the left the lions roar and to the right are
horrors.
I live upon my own earnings, do thou come in and eat
with me.
My red bed and my white bedding do I gladly share
with thee."

---

*. For *sher*.

† This next conversation on the road to Jhang is between Rânjhâ and Lûnâṅ, the heroine of the tale of Pûran Bhagat; for which see *ante*, Vol. II., p. 387ff. She is only introduced here as a well-known personage.

"Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhaḍiâ, bîr chhaḍe kukainde.
Kisî aghete, kisî pichhete, bikhat sâre nûn painde."
"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Dhîâṅ merîâṅ dhûndîṅ bhattâ, putr karan kamâî.
Do dhîâṅ ghar kuâr putrâ, dohâṅ nâl biyâh karâîṅ.
Tainûṅ kasam Kurân de, merî joṛî bhang na pâîṅ."
"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâi.
Puttâṅ teriâṅ se khûh na liwâwâṅ, ṭobâ paṭâunâṅ nâîṅ.
Bhali châhunâṅ, pichhâ nûṅ muṛ jâ, dhaulâ khâke na jâîṅ.
Eh to Rânjhâ Jhang Siyâl nûṅ jâûngâ, tere rakhan dâ nâîṅ."
"Jal bichh Lûnâṅ, main thal bichh Lûnâṅ, main Lûnâṅ taliâṅ sâṛe:
Jithe Lûnâṅ main pair dhardî, dhartî mardî bhâre.
Âj dî rain sâḍe kaṭ jâ, nagarî bas jâ sârî.

"I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and have left my weeping brethren.
Sooner or later troubles fall upon us all."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
My sons are earning well and my daughters take them their food to the fields.
I have two virgin daughters in the house and I will marry them both to thee.
I adjure thee by the Qurân not to spoil this match."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
Thy sons shall dig me nor wells nor ponds.
If thou seek thy good go back, or I will push thee away.
I am Rânjhâ and am going to Jhang Siyâl and thou shalt not stay me."
"On water I am Lûnâṅ, on land I am Lûnâṅ, I am Lûnâṅ the haughty:
Where I Lûnâṅ place my feet the earth trembles.
Spend the night with me that the city may prosper.

Tere khâtir main ithe â gaî, kadhî mandiron nikaltî nâîn."
"Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Sawâ man kache main dode, pîndâ bhang dâ oṛâk nâîn.
Sawâ ser f.hîm* dâ, ikko mâwâ dârû dî pîndâ sarhâî.
Burî mahî dâ dûdh main pindâ, chûrî khândâ ghî khand wâlî."
"Gaḍîân-wâlio, lad lo gaḍî, ûṭân-wâlio bhâî:
Banghîân-wâlio tund sharâb de mere pe jâo dhaular dî râhîn.
Ik lakkh lage, tân main do lakkh de deân; mihinat kisî dî rakhdî nâhîn.
Nagarî merî Rânjhâ â gîâ, â giâ pûrâ sâîn."
"Takht Hazârîon main, Rânjhâ, ṭur pîâ, Maujû Jatt dâ jâiâ.

For thy sake have I come here, that never (before) left my palace."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
I take a *man* and a quarter of poppy juice (daily) and drink an endless quantity of *bhang*.†
I take a *ser* and a quarter of opium‡ and a whole cup of wine at a draught.
I drink the milk of brown buffaloes (only) and eat cakes of sugar and butter."§
"O carters and camel-drivers, take up your loads:
O porters, take cups of wine to my palace.
If your wages be one *lákh* (of rupees) I will pay two *lâkhs*: I will keep nothing back.
Rânjhâ hath come to my city: a holy saint hath come."
"I, Rânjhâ, am come from Takht Hazârâ, the son of Maujû the Jatt

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* For *afîm*, opium.

† See Vol. II., page 290. A *man* and a quarter would be over a hundredweight; of course a fabulous amount.

‡ *i.e.*, 2½ lbs. enough to last a confirmed opium-eater six months.

§ All this is meant to show that he would be a very expensive guest.

Jad main Rânjhâ, panjâṅ baras dâ hoiâ magar manjhî de lâiâ.
Bârâṅ baras manjhâṅ châriâṅ, sir bâpe de râj kamâiâ.
Mar gae pitâ, tân pai gae kajîe, bhâîân dagâ kamâiâ.
Main ton, Rânjhâ, Jhang Siyâle nûṅ jâogâ, nahîṅ hatdâ terâ haṭâiâ.
Pichhe ranâṅ bâhîâṅ chhaḍîâṅ, Lâlî nûṅ bahut piârâ."
"Mârâṅ ḍângâṅ, ghaṭṭâṅ asî, turat ûṭhâ deâṅ phâî.
Ik lakkh mângiâ, maiṅ do lâkkh lâiâ; mihinat kisî dî rakhî nâîṅ.
Nâl sukhan de jhûṭâ kîtâ, umar sârî chhaḍḍî nâîṅ.
Tere khâtir maiṅ ithe â gaî, mahilâṅ bâhir nikaldî nâîṅ."
"Bhajjan dângâṅ, ṭûṭan rassî; phakîr nahîṅ phâî charhâdî."

When I, Rânjhâ, was five years old I was put to mind buffaloes.
Tending the buffaloes for twelve years, I live upon my father like a king.
When my father died I fell into trouble and my brethren cheated me.
I, Rânjhâ, will go to Jhang Siyâl and will not be stayed by thee.
I have left many women behind me and Lâlî* loved me much."
"I will beat thee, I will bind thee, I will hang thee up at once.
They asked one *lâkh* (of rupees) and I gave them two *lâkhs*; the labour of none (of them) was unpaid for.
Thou hast gone back on thy word and all thy life I will not let thee go.
For thy sake did I come here, that never (before) left my palace."
"Thy sticks will break and thy ropes will snap; thou canst not hang the *fâqir*."

---

* See above, line 21.

"Hâsî bahâne meṅ ṭaṭṭhâ kîtâ; tâṅ lad le âî, yârî."
"Bhajjî phirdî bichh masâṅîâṅ, ulṭî jhagṛe bâudî.
Pichhâṅ muṛke, vekh le; terî dhaular jaldî jândî!"

"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Pîrâṅ bhijiâ, chalke â gîâ, â gîâ tere tâîṅ.
Panj ser dûdh dî loṛ ban gaî, maiṅ wafar mangdâ nâîṅ."
"Panj ser dûdh bheṭ Pirâṅ de denâ, âvîṅ gawâunâ nahîṅ."
Aggioṅ Rânjhâ boldâ: "Tainûṅ âkh sunâî:
Bakrîâṅ terîâṅ pai jâ peṭhâ, bheṛ nâ rah jâe kaî.
Bichh bâṛâṅ de mar jâṅ lele, ghar mar jâ buḍḍhî mâî.
Rann mar jâe, tûṅ randâ ho jâe, nigar-sigarî âe!"

"It was in laughter and fun that I upbraided thee; so load up thy bags, my friend."
"Thou art like a mad-woman wandering in the burning-grounds and quarrelling foolishly.
Turn thy head and see: thy palace is on fire!"

"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.*
The Saints have sent me and I have come to thee.
I want five *sers*† of milk and nothing more."
"I have to offer the five *sers* to the Saints and have no more to waste."
Then said Rânjhâ: "I tell thee:
Thy goats shall die and none of thy sheep shall escape.
Thy lambs shall die in the fields, and thy old mother at home.
Thy wife shall die and thou shalt be a widower and shalt be ruined!"

---

* This conversation is between Rânjhâ and a householder on the way to Jhang.

† In India liquids are measured by *weight*: a *ser* is about a quart.

Panj Pîr, chhewâṅ Rânjhâ, kallar goshat lâî:
Kâlî kambal mohgâṅ-wâlî Pîrâṅ heṭ bichhâî.
Baheke Rânjhâ banjalî bajâwandâ, Darge kûk sunâî.
Âp Indar ne sun lî banjali, bhûrî mahî arsoṅ âî.
Sabr sabûrî de, baṛe ghaṭ lîe, bhûri pasmeṅ âî.
Pahilî dhâr Rânjhe ne Dhartî Mâtâ nûṅ de, lîe dûjî kâṅsî pâî.
Bhar bhar chipiâṅ dindâ Pîrâṅ nûṅ, Pîr pî pî dîṅ doâîṅ:
"Jâṅ, Rânjhâ, tainûṅ Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tâîṅ."
Takht Haẓârâ Rânjhâ ṭuriâ, hoke ṭuriâ nit ânâ:
"Na koî ân siâṅ mere, nâ koî shahr thikânâ!"

The Five Saints and the sixth Rânjhâ took counsel (together) in the wilds:
And beneath the Saints was spread a black blanket full of holes.
Rânjhâ sat and played on the flute and the sound of it reached to the Court (of God).
Indra heard the flute and sent a brown buffalo from heaven.
He had patience and took a large pitcher and the buffalo gave milk.*
The first spirt Rânjhâ gave to Mother Earth, and the second went into his cup.
He filled cups and gave to the Saints and the Saints drank and gave their blessings, (saying):
"Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr hath been given thee from Makkâ and Madînâ."†
Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ in low spirits;
(And said): "I have no friends now, nor do I know of any (friendly) town!"

---

* Which he had failed to get from the householder.
† *i.e.*, by the Prophet Muḥammad.

Pattan rât Rânjhe nûṅ a gaî; laṛdâ ḍang nidânâ:
"Ba râ Khudâe de beṛe pâ de, Luḍanâ, maiṅ Jhang Siyâlâṅ nûṅ jânâ."
"Adhî rât, Pîrâṅ dâ velâ: tûṅ keṛe bakht dâ râhî?
Eh dâ halkî kâlî bagdî, lendî dûr himâîṅ:
Gausâṅ kutbâṅ dî akal gaṅwândî, terî tâkas laghan dî nâîṅ.
Haṭke jhâṛ muṇḍâ lambâ pai jâ, sawere lakhke jâîṅ."
Chhattîs bâje sur jad kîte, bichh birûn dâ bâjâ bajâiâ:
Biche turiâṅ, biche bharkâṅ, biche nâch karâiâ.
Biche uthe bolan kokṛâ, biche mor bulâiâ:
"Ba râ Khudâe de beṛe ḍho dhe Luḍanâ; koî gaush kutb chaṛh âiâ."
"Gaush kutb dâ velâ eh nahîṅ, chor uchakke phirde.

Night overtook Rânjhâ at the ferry* and the sting of sorrow entered him: (said he):
"For God's sake, O (ferryman) Luḍan, give me a boat, for I have to go to Jhang Siyâl."
"It is midnight and the hour for the Saints: † why art travelling at such an hour?
This river runneth violently and runneth afar:
It frighteneth holy men and saints and thou shalt never cross it (now).
Better stay now and lie down under a bush, and cross in the morning."
(Rânjhâ) played the 36 tunes‡ and played in the wilds:
On pipes and then on drums and then he made the (creatures) dance.
And then the cock crowed and the peacock screamed:
"For God's sake, Luḍan, give him a boat; he is some holy man or saint."
(Said Luḍan): "This is no time for saints and holy men, but for thieves and pick-pockets to roam.

---

* Over the Chinâb: he is now fairly started on his road.
† See above, line 26. ‡ See Vol. I., p. 176.

Biche machh, biche murgâbîân, biche nâkâ ghûrde:
Gaush kutb je hondâ Makke dâ, inhoṅ beṛe painde dhur de.
Inhâṅ jihiâṅ maṛoṛewâle maiṅ bâhle dekhe tharde."
Sube sâr fajar dâ belâ: "Tûṅ kidharoṅ â giâ natthâ?
Hatth vichh kuṇḍhî, muṇḍhe bhorâ, sir baliâ dupatthâ.
Hornâṅ nadîâṅ bahan changerî, Chândal dâ bahan ubatthâ:
Kachiâṅ kandâṅ nûn gârat kardî, pakkiâṅ deke sitdî dhakkâ.
Machhâ kachhâ oṛak hai nahîṅ, bich sansâr dâ chhaṭṭâ.
Tere khâtir beṛî dho lîe; kyûṅ ḍubtâ, gâfiliâ Jaṭṭâ?"
"Ghar mâ-piâṅ de lâṛ ladkiâṅ, sâḍe palle Ludan pâiâ!
Ghar mûrakh de bâsâ ho gîâ, ro ro janam ganwâin.

Large fish and water-fowl and crocodiles roam (the river).
If he were saint or holy man of Makkâ* he would find a boat for himself.
I have seen many a vain fellow like him."
It was the hour of early morn; (said Luḍan): "Whence art come alone?
A staff is in thy hand, a blanket over thy shoulder, and a kerchief on thy head.
Other rivers flow gently, but the Chandal† boils along,
Sweeping away the mud walls and throwing down the brick ones.
There are endless fish and tortoises in the world.
I have a boat ready for thee; but why drown, O heedless Jaṭṭ?"
(Said Rânjhâ): "I that have been loved and petted at home have (now) Luḍan for my lord!
I am dwelling in the house of a fool and am throwing away my life in tears.

---

* *i.e.*, a real one. † The Chinâb.

Mâ-piân merâu de kus bas nahîṅ, nâîâṅ Bâhmanân dagâ
kamâiâ.
Khuṇḍ jâ beṛe, phaṭ jâ chappâ! Sâṅûṅ Khwâjâ vichhon
lâl pâiâ."
" Bhajâ bhajâ maiṅ, Luḍan, â gîâ, â gîâ unchî keri.
Kahe: kisî de chhaṛîâṅ mûngâṅ? Kahe: magre lag gîâ
heṛî?
Gunnî mârke achhî le jâ, uchhal ḍheṛî terî.
Ik le jâ, ik chhaḍ jâ, dhakke de rahande Ludan de
dere."
"Bhajâ bhajâ â gîâ, Luḍanâṅ, â gîâ unchî kerîṅ.
Nâ kisî chhaṛîâṅ mûngâṅ: nâ magre lag gîâ heṛî.
Je tûṅ putr mallâh dâ, Luḍanâu, bhajke phaṛ le beṛî.
Dovîṅ rahan mubârik tainûṅ, ehnâṅ se jân chhuṛâ le merî.

It was no fault of my parents, but the barbers and
Brâhmans deceived me.*
May thy boat sink and thy oars break! I have found
a ruby from Khwâjâ (Khizar)."†
" I, Luḍan, have come quickly, have come to the lofty
bank.
Say: hast stolen any one's cattle? Say: is any one
pursuing thee closely?
Make thy choice (of the boats) and take the good one
according to thy desire.
Take one and leave one, that Luḍan's house may not be
ruined."
" Quickly hast thou come, O Ludan, hast come to the
lofty bank.
Neither have I stolen any one's cattle, nor is any one
close behind me.
If thou be a (true) boatman's son, Luḍan, quickly get
the boat.
Mayest thou be happy in both (worlds), that savest my
life in this one.

---

* *i.e.*, into hopes of a wife in Hîr. † *i.e.*, out of the river.

Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî;—kis umrâ dî berî?
Zarrâ ik Luḍanâṅ, mainûṅ so lain de, rah jâ jân sukhâlî merî."
Baḍḍî deke Rânjhâ so gîâ, banke dharam de bhâî.
"Uche dhaular Siyâlâṅ-wâlie koliâ Manḍî kheṛî:
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, Hîr Siyâl dî beṛî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, ran phirdî ishk dî gherî.
Chhej utte panchhî langh jâ, Jaṭṭî jân gaṅwâ de merî!"
Deke baḍḍî Rânjhâ so gîâ, Luḍan nûṅ bhang piyâ lî.

Suttî paî nûṅ supnâ â gîâ, kinne pândî ne chhej luṭâve.
"Âkhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâiâ, eh gall nâ mere man bhâve.

The bed is red, the bedding white;—what noble's boat is this?
Let me rest a moment here, O Luḍan, that I may be at ease."
Rânjhâ gave him a bribe, and, becoming his sworn brother, went to sleep (on the bed).
(Said Luḍan): "There is a lofty palace of the Siyâl's near the Kherâ's* Quarter.
The red bed and the white bedding and the boat are Hîr's, the Siyâl (lady).
Daughter (she) of Chûchak, sister of Paṭhân, a very maiden of love.
If a bird fly over her bed (Hîr) the Jaṭṭ woman will take away my life!"
But Rânjhâ gave a bribe and went to sleep, and made Luḍan drunken with *bhang*.

As (Hîr) lay asleep she had a dream that some one had ruined (lain down on) her bed (in the boat).
(Said she): "I tell thee truth, I tell thee that this will not leave my mind.

---

* A division of the Siyâl Tribe.

Râtîṅ mainûṅ supnâ â gîâ, kâlâ nâg ḍarâve."
Âkhe tâṅ: "Mainûṅ Rânjhâ milâṅ; nahîṅ, tâṅ kabar chatârî.
Kholke patrî das de, Tulsîâ, jo terî patrî bich likhiâ âve."
"Patrî kholâṅ, khol sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâwan:
Chhejî terî sahû terâ son gîâ; jhûṭh kadhî na lâwâṅ."
Ral mil saîâṅ mattâ matâîâ, Phattî ṭâlî chaṛhâî.
"Soṅ Bîrâṅ de; kasam Kurân de; jhûṭh boldî nâîṅ.
Chhejî terî sahû terâ so gîâ; maiṅ sach dî âkh sunâî.
Tûṅ chalke phaṛ lo Luḍan mallâh nûṅ; waḍḍî leke, chhej luṭâî."
Dil dariyâ samundaroṅ ḍûngâ: kaun dilâṅ dî jâne?

I had a dream in the night; a black snake* came and frightened me."
Then said she: "I must meet Rânjhâ, or I shall go into the grave.
Open thy books, O Tulsî,† and see what is written in thy books."
"I open my books and I tell thee truth:
Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I will tell thee no lies."
The maids met together and consulted, and sent Fattî‡ up a tree.
(Said she): "I swear by the Saints;§ I swear by the Qurân; I tell no lies.
Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I tell thee truth.
Go and seize thou Luḍan the boatman, that hath taken a bribe and destroyed (the honour of) thy bed."
The heart is deeper than seas and rivers: who knoweth the heart?

---

* *i.e.*, something evil.

† The family Brâhman of these Muhammadans! It is not uncommon however for Panjâbî Muhammadan tribes to consult Brâhmans in this manner.

‡ One of themselves

§ See Vol. II., p. 377.

Biche berî, biche chappâ, biche banjh muhâne!
Chaudâṅ Tabak bando bich bas gae, tambû wâṅgo tâne!
Je koî thâth dilâṅ di bujhe, har dam khushîâṅ mâne!

"Nange piṇḍe choṭâṅ mârîâṅ, merî hundi nain nimânî.
Jihîâṅ choṭâṅ tan mere lâîâṅ, tere ik lage tâṅ jâne!
Laṇḍiâṅ, lamiâṅ, chhail jawânâṅ, soṅ gae chhej chambelî.
Suttâ hî, tâṅ jâg pio, chugalâṅ phal chameli."
Âiâ Sâwan, Hîr de dil parchâwan, pannî chhaḍiâṅ sîkhâṅ
Kannâṅ maṇḍâ balohe sondhe, jholî ântî hakîkâṅ.
"Kî ho gîâ jhat maiṅ chhej so gîâṅ? Kî lag gaî lâj sarîkâṅ?

It hath boats and oars and boatmen within it!
The Fourteen Quarters* (of the World) are in it, stretched like a canopy!
Who knoweth the dictates of the heart will be happy every moment!

"Thou strikest a naked† body and my eyes are weary.
If one such blow as thou givest me were to reach thee thou wouldst understand!
O wicked, tall and handsome youth, thou hast lain on a jasmine bed.
As thou hast lain, awake now and pluck the jasmine flower."
Sâwan had come and Hîr's heart inclined (to love) and the herbs began to spring.‡
Beautiful were the rings in her ears and bracelets on her arms.
(Said Rânjhâ): "What if I lay on thy bed awhile? Dost fear shame from thy family?

---

* Muhammadan notion.

† *i.e.*, a defenceless body: this conversation is between Hîr and Rânjhâ.

‡ The rainy month of July-August and the season of love to Northern Indian ideas.

Terî sâḍî mundâṅ dî yârî, dastâṅ sandiâ lîkâṅ."
Jhang Siyâle âṛû pakke, bâgîṅ miṭṭhiâṅ dâkhâṅ.
Hîr kahindî: "Rânjhâ, tûṅ sach âkh: kî sâk lagdiâṅ âpâṅ?"
"Jadoṅ, Rânjhâ, maiṅ ghar Indar de sîgâ, tûn pâtar banke âî.
Jadoṅ maiṅ, Rânjhâ, Nâmânand ban gîâ, tâṅ maiṅ Gorkhâṅ parnâî.
Jadoṅ maiṅ, Rânjhâ, Radhe Kishn sîgâ, tû Brikhbhâṅ dî jâî.
Phir tâṅ, Rânjhâ, maiṅ Takht Hazârâ jamiâ, tû Chûchak Mihar dî jâî."

Like the lines on the palm (of the hands) thou and I have been lovers from the beginning."
The peaches were ripe in Jhang Siyâl and the sweet grapes in the gardens.
Said Hîr: "Rânjhâ, tell me truly: what is the relationship between us?"
(Said he): "When I, Rânjhâ, was in the house of Indar, thou wast a maiden there.
When I, Rânjhâ, was Nâmânand,* thou wast my wife Gorkhâṅ.
When I, Rânjhâ, was Râdhâ Kishn,† thou wast Brikhbâṅ's daughter.
And then when I, Rânjhâ, was born in Takht Hazârâ, thou wast born to Mihar Chûchak."‡

---

* *i.e.*, Râmânand, the mediæval reformer of the 15th century, and the founder of the Bhagats or Hindû freethinkers.

† Râdhâ was the wife or mistress of Kṛishṇa, and Vṛishabhânu was her father. Râdhâ Kishn joined together as in the text is a common modern synonym for Kṛishna, as Gaurî Sankar is for Śiva. This pairing of the deities, male and female, is carried to a climax in the Hari-hara or half-male and female god sometimes depicted in Vaishṇava temples.

‡ All those are allusions to their respective former births under the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

"Dâhṛî â gaî, patte rakhâ lîe, kis bidh rahâ kawârâ?
Ike nânak hînâṅ, iko tûṅ dâdak terâ hinâṅ, ike tûṅ bhâîâṅ nûṅ nahîṅ pîârâ:
Ike tû mâṅ kujhajjî ne janîâ; nahîṅ, tûṅ lâl kharîdanwâlâ.
Inhîṅ gallâṅ bichoṅ augun tainûṅ, tûṅ tâîoṅ rah gîâ kawârâ."
"Muṅh dahṛî, sir patte rakhâ lîe, nahiṅ maiṅ phirdâ kawârâ.
Nânak unchâ, merâ dâdak unchâ, unchâ Takht Hazârâ.
Nâ mâṅ kuchajjî ne janiâ, bhâîâṅ nûṅ bahut piârâ.
Sat bharjâîâṅ, ghar kaṭak ranâṅ dâ; maiṅ lâl kharîdanwâlâ.
Ghar Chûchak dî Hîr sun lî, maiṅ oh dâ baran-wâlâ.
Mandî changî dâ lâgû nahîṅ, Lâlî nûṅ bahut piârâ."

"Thou hast a beard and thy hair is grown, how art thou still a bachelor?
Either thy mother's or father's relatives are low people or thy brethren love thee not.
Either thou art born of an inferior mother, or thou art a dealer in rubies.*
In some way there must be a fault in thee that thou art a bachelor."
"There is a beard on my face and hair on my head, but I am no bachelor.
My mother was well born and my father well born and lordly is Takht Hazârâ.
I am not born of an inferior mother and am much loved of my brethren.
I have seven sisters-in-law and many women at home; I am a dealer in rubies.
I have heard of Hîr in Chûchak's house and her will I marry.
I set not my heart on good or bad (women) and am much loved by Lâlî."†

---

* i.e., a rich man † His sister-in-law: see above.

Chand sûrij chaṛhoṅ rah gae, lû târâṅ dî âî.
Chhaparâṅ bichoṅ pânî sûkh gae, bele sûkh gae ghâî
Âp Muhammad janj chaṛhiâ, Brahmâ bedî gaḍâî.
Ralke hûrâṅ mangal gâvîâṅ, parîâṅ mehndî lâî.
Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ ne kalime paṛh lîe, Khâjâ bhare ogâhî.
Hîr Rânjhâ dâ melâ ho gîâ, phiriâṅ Rabb rajâî.

"Ik, Bâbal, maiṅ mâhî ândâ, Jaṭṭ manjhî châr le âve.
Jis manjhî nûṅ khoṇḍâ lândâ, kaṭṭâ mûl na jâve.
Agge mâhî ikkî chaṛhde, eh kallâ châr le âve.
Sûrat mâhî dî chandar bargî, us dî tâb jhallî na jâve.

The sun and moon ceased to rise and the stars to shine forth.
The water dried in the ponds and the grass dried up in the wilds.
Muḥammad formed the marriage procession and Brahmâ (!) set up the posts (of the marriage canopy).
The maids of heaven sang songs of rejoicing and fairies brought the henna.*
The Panj Pîr performed the ceremony and Khwâjâ (Khizar) was witness.†
Hîr and Rânjhâ met together and God was favorable to them.

(Said Hîr): "Father, I have brought a neatherd, a Jaṭṭ, to graze the buffaloes.
Whichever of them he touches with his staff will surely bear a (cow-) calf.
Hitherto thou hast sent out 21 neatherds; this one will graze them alone.
The beauty of the neatherd is like the moon and his habits shall not depart.

---

* For staining the bride's hands.
† These lines are meant merely to convey a general idea of magnificence.

Ik mâhî dî tâb burî hai, bhaṭṭâ Hîr se ḍhuwave.
Âpe chûve, âpe rirke, âpe dûdh jamâve."
"Jehṛâ, Hîre, tain mâhî ândâ; majjî kere sahre dî châre?
Addî Rânjhe dî râj karaindî, khûṇḍe di maṭak bharî.
Tîn pâû ghî patthiâṅ nûṅ maldâ, choke jimîṅ nûn jâve.
Dand Rânjhâ dî sone dî mekhâṅ: kîdîâṅ majjî châre?
Jinnî ghariâṅ phir gîâ laṛ, dû basde bûhe ujâṛe.
Ehâṅ de patte kadhî nâ basde, phirde dwâre dwâre.
Adhî râton merâ mûngâ chaṛhdâ, inhon sote nûn rain bhâve.
Bhalî châhe laṛ chhoṛ de châk dâ: sânûṅ agle mâhî piâre."

The neatherd hath one bad habit, that Hîr must take him his food (to the fields).
He will himself draw, curdle and set the milk."
"O Hîr, the neatherd thou hast brought: will he graze any one's buffaloes?*
Rânjhâ's heel hath the signs of royalty† (on it) and he hath a mighty staff.
Three-fourths of a *ser* of *ghî* he puts on his locks, which fall to the ground.
Rânjhâ's teeth are pegs of gold: whose buffaloes shall he graze?
The houses that this youth shall visit will be ruined.
His work shall never prosper, but he shall wander (begging) from door to door.
My cattle graze at midnight, but he passes the night in sleep.
If thou wishest thy good let the youthful servant go: I am pleased with my former neatherds."

---

* Being too noble for such work.
† This is the "lotus mark" mentioned at p. 336, Vol. II.

"Ghar baithe sardârî kaṛiye, turke banne nakâre.
Kukhon haule kînî, Hîre, parbat jede bhârî.
Râthon de put châk sadâ le; châk honde kaun bichâre?
Bîr Pathân tainûn ghusse honde, tere piû ne mihine mâre.
Chhad de pallâ, mur jâe ghar nûṅ, asî uṛîye hans bichârî.
Râjî hoke mainûṅ ṭor de, jâke ralîye bhâîchâre."
"Ik gall tainûṅ âkhâṅ, Rânjhe, sachî âkh sunâî.
Je tû rahe, tâṅ rahûngî; nâ, jâûṅ tere tâîn"

Chûchak kahindâ âkhdâ, sachî akh sunâî:
"Sûn lé, Rânjhe bhâî, is bâroṅ merî mahîâṅ hank le, dûjî hank le gâîn."
Sattar Khâṅ, bahattar umre, Hîr Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûṅ phaṛâî.

(Said Rânjhâ): "At home I was a nobleman, but going abroad I am become of no account.
O Hîr, thou hast made me lighter than a straw, that was as heavy as a mountain.
The son of noblemen is called a servant; and how helpless is a servant.
Thy brother Pathân is wroth with thee, and thy father doth reproach thee.
Let go my robes that I may go back home, and let me, the helpless swan, fly away.
Let me go of thy own free will, that I may mingle with my brethren."
"I tell thee one thing, Rânjhâ, and I tell thee truth.
If thou remain I will remain, or I will go with thee."

Saith Chûchak and he speaketh truth:
"Hear, friend Rânjhâ, drive the buffaloes from this paddock and the cows from the other."
Before 70 Khâṅs* and 72 nobles Chûchak betrothed Hîr to Rânjhâ (saying):

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* i.e., leaders of the Siyâls.

"Jab lag jîve, mâl hai mâhî dâ; tain te mar gae nâbar nâîṅ.
Je te te koî Hîr khoî tore, bich Dargâh deâṅ ogâhî."*
Jadoṅ Rânjhe nûṅ eh gall âkhî, hak lîâṅ majjî te gâîṅ.

"Bâbal tere, Hîre, oh dhan dindâ, jeṛâ chariâ lordâ râtî.
Pat diâṅ kîlî, toṛâ diâṅ rassî; majjî hai baḍî kamzâtî.
Sappâṅ nâl hai majlis merî, sherâṅ nâl jamâtî.
Tûṅ toṅ soî rang mahil bich, sânûṅ nibar deâṅ nahîṅ râtî."
"Hatth banhke karâṅ bintî, tainûṅ sachî âkh sunâî.
Ik pâse merâ Chûchak bâbal, ik pâse Tullî mâî.

"As long as thou shalt live she is thine, and when thou art dead she will not deny it.
If any one tear Hîr from thee I will bear witness (against him) in the Court (of God)."
When Rânjhâ was told this he drove off the buffaloes and the cows.

(Said Rânjhâ): "Thy father hath given me, O Hîr, cattle that will only graze at night.
They pull out their pegs and they break their ropes; these buffaloes are very vicious.
My company is with the serpents and my friendship with the lions.
Thou sleepest in the painted palace and I cannot pass the night."
"With joined hands I beseech thee and I tell thee truth.
On one side of me (sleepeth) my father Chûchak and on the other side my mother Tullî.

Ik pâse bîr Paṭhân sondâ, kol sondî Koḍî bharjâî.
Chheṛ majjî chal bele nûṅ, maiṅ djn chaṛhde nûṅ âî."

"Manjhî âîâṅ, merâ châk nahîṅ âiâ, kehṛe rangâṅ bich rattâ?
Nâ maiṅ katiâ, nâ kaḍḍhâ kasîdâ, deke â gaî Rânjhe nûn bhâṭṭâ.
Muṭhâṅ bharke jad dekhâ sî, mere Rânjhe dâ pinḍâ tattâ.
Nau mahîâṅ sukh Sultân dî deâṅ, daswâṅ chhaḍâṅ kaṭṭâ:
Toṛoṅ lâke lungî deâṅ, sir dâ dewâṅ sâf dupaṭṭâ:
Innî baksâṅ* us nûṅ, jeṛâ koî Rânjhe nûṅ kar de achhâ.
Jeṛâ koî Rânjhe nûṅ râje kar de, asin hâjî o Makkâ.
Hîr Siyâl, maiṅ toheṅ ḍub gaî, jadoṅ de lîâ beṛî nûṅ dhakkâ.

On one side sleepeth my brother Paṭhân and near him his wife Koḍi.
Drive the buffaloes to the forests, I will join thee at day-break."

"The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come; in what pleasures is he joying?†
Neither have I spun, nor have I plied the needle, but I am come with food for Rânjhâ.
When I shampooed my Rânjhâ I found his body hot.
Nine buffaloes do I vow to (Sakhî Sarwar) Sultân, and the tenth shall be a (cow-) calf.
I will give him my skirt and the kerchief from my head:
To him will I present them that shall make my Rânjhâ well.
For him that shall make my Rânjhâ happy, will I be a pilgrim to Makkâ.
I, Hîr of the Siyâls, was ruined for thee, when thou (Rânjhâ) didst push off thy boat.

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* For *bakhshâṅ*.
† From here to line 264 is a lament by Hîr.

Manjhî âiâñ, châk nahîñ âiâ, bele bich kharî palammâñ.
Talîâñ jhassoñ, dast maroŗâñ, merâ nij bhâiâñ kammâñ.
Jândî joban, bahinde pânî kinnî nahiñ ghatiâ bannâñ.
Bâhar jâveñ bâbal Chûchak jhiŗke, ghar âveñ Tullî ammâñ.
Jâveñ masîte Phattû Kâjî jhiŗke, dar bich châchâ Kaidû, langâñ.
Tanjan bich kuŗîâñ jhiŗakdîâñ, bich vi galî de ranâñ.
Ḍhulke merâ joban bich râhîñ pai gîâ, mainûñ disdâ obhâ kammâñ.
Je jânâñ mainûñ kajiâ painge, to nij Siyâle jammâñ!
Manjhi âiâñ, châk nahîñ âiâ, manjhî nûñ kis bidh talle?
Âj Rânjhe ghar Hîr de nahîñ âiâ, khabar nahin bich bele.

The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come, and I search for him in the forests.
I will rub his feet and knead his hands, that is my favorite.
My youth is fleeting and none can stay the flowing waters.
When I go abroad my father Chûchak scoldeth, when I return home my mother Jullî.
When I go the mosque Fattû the Qâzî scoldeth and at home my uncle Kaidû, the cripple.
The maids jeer at me in the spinning place and the women even in the lanes.
My youth declining hath gone far away and seemeth afar off.
Had I known that I would fall into such trouble I would never have been born among the Siyâls!
The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come: how have the buffaloes come?
To-day Rânjhâ hath not come to Hîr's house and there is no news of him in the forests.

Dûdhâṅ-wâle dûdh sambhâle, Gurûṅ ne sambhâle chele.
Hîr hathnî, muhâwat Miyâṅ Rânjhâ; mainûṅ jûṅ bhâve tûṅ palle.
Yâr yâroṅ koloṅ bidhiâ mangde, jûṅ Gurûṅ se chele.
Châroṅ nain kaṭṭâ-baddâ ho gae, ḍhâloṅ soṅ sele.
Bele bich phirdî dî lungî pâṭ gaî, bhaj gaî sûhî tele.
Ab de bichhṛe kadî milenge, hovenge sababoṅ de mele!
Suniye, Khwâjiâ Bâbâ, jandiâ merâ châk tere sâmbhe.
Sap na laṛe, sher nâ bhenke, chor nâ chaṛhe lâmbe!
Âiâ Sâwan, dil parchâwan, Dhartî chhaḍîâṅ sîrâṅ.
Nâdhiâṅ nûṅ bar mâpe de lîe, tainûṅ Hîr nûṅ Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ.

Milkmen watch their milk and Gurûs watch their disciples.
(I) Hîr am an elephant, and Miyâṅ Rânjhâ is my driver: thou canst use me as thou wilt.
Friends take leave of friends, as Gurûs do of their disciples.
Our four eyes met, as spear against shield.
Wandering in the forests my kerchief is torn, and ripped up is my red scarf.
If the separated meet again, happy will be the meeting!
Hear, O saintly Khwâjâ,* my errant servant is under thy care.
Let no snake bite him, no lion frighten him, no thief trouble him!
The rains† have come and my heart rejoices and the Earth brings forth.
Parents shall find husbands for their maids and the Panj Pîr for Hîr.

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* Shekh Faridu'ddîn Shakarganj, the great saint of Pâk Paṭṭan and patron saint of the Siyâls; commonly also called Bâbâ Farîd.

† The season of rejoicing to Indian women.

Suníye, we nâlîâṅ, ḍathiâ bhâliâ : kyûṅ bûte paṭdâ kâhîṅ ?
Shahr dariyâwân dî rîsâṅ kardâ, tûṅ tul chhapṛe de nâîṅ ?
Aisî pattan manjî laṅgîâṅ, aisî pattan gâîṅ.
Aisî pattan Miyâṅ Rânjhâ langh gîâ, merâ Hîr nadhî dâ sâîṅ.
Je phakaroṅ dî doâ lag jâe, tainûṅ phir bagegâ nâhîṅ.
Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûṅ milnâ, bhâveṅ jân jâve ajâîṅ.
Rain andherî ; galîâṅ chîkar ; bijlî lasak ḍarâve.
Dhartî Mâtâ mainûṅ bel nahîṅ dindî ; maithoṅ ambar chaṛhâ nahîṅ jâe.
Khabbe jâveṅ sher bahakdâ, sajje basîr khâve :
Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûṅ milnâ, jûṅ Kâjír* nûṅ bhâve.
Mulk Rabbânâ paike so gîâ, mainûṅ lâîâṅ tattî nûṅ sâṅghâṅ.

Hear, O thou stream, I know thee well: why dost thou throw down the trees ?
Dost rival the great rivers, that art not even equal to the ponds ?
Such a ford can buffaloes cross, such a passage can cows.
Such a ford can Miyâṅ Rânjhâ cross, the lord of Hîr, the maid.
If a *faqîr* curse thee thou shalt no longer flow.
Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, though she lose her life.
The night is dark and the lanes muddy and the lightning frighteneth me.
Mother Earth giveth me no cover and I cannot climb to the heavens.
If I go to the left lions frighten me, if I go to the right serpents bite me :
But Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, if God be favourable.
God's earth doth sleep, but I the wretched am pierced with the arrows (of grief).

---

* For *Qâdir*.

Dûdhoṅwâla dûdh sambhâle, Shahreṅ miliâṅ bângan.
Milnâ hai tû mil par, Rânjhiâ; nahîṅ, merî jân nikal chaliâṅ chângâṅ.
Sap shî mainûṅ khân nûṅ âwande, pânî diâṅ chàṛh gîâṅ kânghâṅ.
Manjhî manjhî sab koî âdhâ, manjhî han hûrâṅ parîâṅ.
Sing manjhî de balbal khûṇḍe, paṭ par sawândiâṅ thaliâṅ.
Dûdh manjhî de sharbat mîthe, ghiû misrî di ḍalîâṅ.
Bâhir jân jî sahâwan, ghar âwan to galîâṅ.
Â, Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, chaupaṭ khele, khasmon nûṅ khâdîâṅ kheṛîâṅ.
Âshak te mâshâkâṅ dîâṅ gallâṅ bich jag de ṭurîâṅ."

The milkmen have collected the milk and the cry (to prayer) resounds through the city.*
If thou wilt meet me, Rânjhâ, meet me, or my life will depart in tears.
Serpents and lions come to destroy me and the waters have risen on high.
All call them buffaloes, but the buffaloes are spirits and fairies.
The buffaloes' horns are beautifully curved and their buttocks fat.
The buffaloes' milk is sweet as sugar and the butter as sugar-candy.
Going out they beautify the fields, coming home the lanes.
Come, my Lord Rânjhâ, let us play at *chaupuṛ*,† and let the buffaloes go home.
The story of lover and beloved is known throughout the world."

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* *i.e.*, it is morning.
† See Vol. I., p. 243; and Vol. II., p. 282.

"Mâṛî jon zât châkâṅ dî, bad boi mandî âve.
Ki tûṅ kisi dî gândhî lûṭî, âkhe tûṅ Hîre kulâve?
Bukal kholke dikhâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûṅ mushk chandan dâ âve."
Bukal Rânjhe de bich Hîr sî, je Rabb paṛdâ pâve.
"Mâṛî jât sâḍî banâudâ, tainûṅ sharam na âve!
Nâ maiṅ kisî dî gâudhî lûṭi, nâ hai merî Hîr kulâve.
Chandan rukh Kashmîroṅ ḍub piâ, bahan piâ haṛâve:
Kheke manjhî chandan nâl, langhdîâṅ mushk manjhi te âve."
Jad bukal kholke dîkhâ lî Rânjhâ, pichoṅ Hîr nazar na âve!
Rânjhâ jatî Maujû dâ beṭâ, Rabb oh dî sharam rakhâve!

Said Paṭhân: "A low set are servants and bad to the smell.*
Hast thou stolen some sweet perfume, or is Hîr embracing thee?
Raise up thy arm, Rânjhâ, for thou dost smell of sandal-wood."†
Hîr was under Rânjhâ's arm, but God hid her.
(Said Rânjhâ): "Thou dost call me a low man and hast no shame!
I have stolen no sweet perfume, nor is Hîr embracing me.
A sandal-tree had been cut in Kashmîr and floated down the river:
The buffaloes (in crossing it) ran against the sandal-tree and the scent stuck to the buffaloes."
Then Rânjhâ raised up his arms and there was no sign of Hîr!
And God preserved the virtuous Rânjhâ, the son of Maujû, from shame!

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* The story progresses, and Paṭhân, Hîr's brother, tries to catch Rânjhâ with Hîr and fails.

† *i.e.*, sweetly.

"Akhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, tainûṅ sachî âkh sunâî:
Eh le apnâ bhugal bhûrâ, eh khaṛîâṅ han manjhî dî gâîṅ.
Tuhâ nûṅ daulatmandâṅ nûṅ châk bahutere, sânûṅ châkarâṅ nûṅ bahutere thâîṅ.
Uḍe hans, uḍe nahîṅ bhande, uḍke jân surgân de tâîṅ.
Pânâṅ dî bâṛî nûṅ râkhe bahutere, bhawarâṅ de phûlâṅ de tâîṅ.
Bîr Paṭhân mainûṅ mihine mâreu, merâ rahinâ mubârik nâîṅ.
Hîr, oh dî yârî lâwan, sher jagâwan, nâg jagâwan kâlî.
Siroṅ dharoṅ dî bâjî lag gaî, tûṅ chal nahîṅ jândâ châlî."
Paṭ paṭ siṭdî nûṇḍîân, kes makhan dî pâlî.
"Iko lag gaî, tû chhoḍî jândâṅ, kache mâhî, bâbal Chûchak bâlî!"

(Said Rânjhâ to Hîr): "I speak the truth and I tell thee truth:
Take thy brown blanket and the cow-buffaloes that are standing (waiting).
Ye rich can find many servants, and we servants many a place.
The flying swans cannot be stayed, and fly to the heavens.
The betel-fields have many a keeper and flowers many a bee.
Thy brother Paṭhân doth threaten me and it is not well that I remain.
O Hîr, to fall in love with thee is to awaken lions and black snakes.
It is a stake of heads and bodies and thou dost not know how to play."
She tore the hair of her head and her locks nurtured on butter (and Hîr said):
"Thou wretched neatherd, thou wouldst desert the daughter of Chûchak at the first reproach!"

"Kaidû eh dâ âkhâṅ, sachî âkh sunâwâṅ, taiṅûṅ âkh sunâî.
Makkoṅ ṭurke hâjî â giâ; â gîâ, Rânjhe, tere tâîṅ.
Tîn din maiṅûṅ bhûke nûṅ ho gae, kite roṭî haṭh na âî.
Wâste Rabb de roṭî maiṅûṅ châk de, tûṅ jîve jagâṅ tâîṅ.
Makkioṅ ṭurke hâjî, Kaidû, â gîâ Rânjheṅ tâîṅ."
"Bich ujâṛ de langaṛ bhâldâ? Ithe kin ne deg chaṛhâî?
Aṭṭhoṅ pahroṅ maiṅûṅ roṭî âwandi, hâṅ Chûchak Mihar dâ mâhî.
Je tûṅ bhuṭṭa bhûkâ, pai jâ Siyâlâṅ dî râhî."
"Adhî nâloṅ chappâ de de, pinnî nâḷoṅ bhorâ.
Awal pun sârî dâ kar de, agle jug dâ dohrâ."
Jad Rânjhe sawâl Kaidû dâ suniâ, palle Kaidû de chûrî pâî.

Saith Kaidû,* "I speak truth and speak it to thee.
I am come a pilgrim from Makkâ, O Rânjhâ, to thee.
Three days have I been hungry and had no bread at all.
Give me bread for God's sake, thou servant, and mayest thou live for ever.
I, Kaidû, am come a pilgrim from Makkâ to Rânjhâ."
"Who can light a hearth in the wilds? Who can put a cauldron (on the fire) here?
I am the neatherd of Mihar Chûchak and get my bread once in the eight watches.
If thou art very hungry take thy way to the Siyâls."
"Give me half of half a piece or a quarter of a piece (of sweetmeat).
Give me first all the bread, that thou mayest win double in the next world."
When Rânjhâ heard Kaidû's speech, he put some cakes into Kaidû's wallet.

---

* Hîr's uncle.

Leke chûrî Kaidû ṭur piâ, âke Siyâle vich dinde dhâî:
"Hîr tân Rânjhâ main bich bele de dekhâ, jhûṭ boldâ nâhîn.
Hîr leke Rânjhâ chalâ jâo, lâj Siyâlân nûn lâîn."

Eh gall jadon Siyâle ne sun lî, Hîr Kâjî de paṛhne pâî.
"Eh karam bich Siyâlân de nâhîn; tû pai jâ mâpiân de râhîn.
Samajh siyânâ ban jâ, Hîre, pai jâ Kheṛon de râhîn.
Kheṛe tainûn biyâhke le jâwange, rassî pâwange bâhîn.
Jeṛe Rânjhe dâ mân kârdî hai, oh châk nahîn kisî tâhîn."
Phattû Kâjî Hîr nûn samjhâutâ: "Bich tû Bahishton Dozakh nûn na jâîn."
"Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî; tainûn kahinde hain, 'Miyân! Miyân!'

Taking the cakes Kaidû went and cried out amid the Siyâls:
"I have seen Hîr and Rânjhâ in the forests, and I tell no lies.
Rânjhâ will take away Hîr, and there will be shame to the Siyâls."

When the Siyâls heard this, they sent Hîr to be taught by the Qâzî.
(Said the Qâzî to Hîr): "This is not like the Siyâls: follow thou the way of thy parents.
Be wise, O Hîr, and go the way of the Kheṛâs.
The Kheṛâs will take thee away in marriage and will bind thine arms with a rope.
The Rânjhâ on whom thine heart is set is but a worthless neatherd."
Said Fattû, the Qâzî, to Hîr: "Go not from Heaven to Hell."
(Said Hîr): "Hear, O holy Qâzî; men call thee, 'Lord, Lord!'

'Miyaṅ' khalkat Rabb Sache nûṅ kahindî, jeṛâ rizak-dindâ sab jiyâṅ !
Hîr, maiṅ Dhartî; merâ hal Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, nit uṭh mârdâ sîmâṅ.
Post hoke, merî haḍḍî rawan gîâ, oh do pîte bâj na jîwâṅ.
Khoke Rânjhe te Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ dindâ terâ kyûṅkar bagdâ hîâṅ ?
Jo tainûṅ Kheṛe bahut piâre, Kâjîâ, dolî bich pâ de apnî dhîâṅ !"
"Samajh siyânî chhaḍ de takabbar, pakaṛ halemî ban jâ Kheṛiôṅ dî bândî.
Sombî rûpâ nâl lâviṅ jarânâ, Kheṛe chhaḍḍî korî chândî.
Sir toṅ nangî, pairoṅ se nangî, hâl fakîrâṅ de jândî.
Teri ṭûṭî jûtî, pâṭî lungî, pairâṅ dî gard sir nûṅ jândî.
Unche dhaular Sîde de sunharî chhajjî, uthe pawan hulârî khândî.

And men call the True God 'Lord', that giveth sustenance to all !
I, Hîr, am the Earth, and Miyâṅ Rânjhâ is my plough that ever plougheth.
Like opium he hath entered my bones, and I cannot live without drinking (him).
How can thy heart brook that thou take me from Rânjha and give me to the Kheṛâs?
O Qâzî, if thou so lovest the Kheṛâs, give them thy own daughter in marriage !"
"Be wise and give up thy pride, and be humble, and be the maid of the Kheṛâs.
Thou dost attach thyself to false silver and leavest the true silver of the Kheṛâs.
Thou wilt become as a *faqîr* with bare head and naked feet.
Thy shoes will be worn out and thy skirt tattered and the dust of thy feet will fly to thy head.
In the lattices of the lofty palace of Sîdâ the cool air plays.

Chhaḍke Kheṛâṅ nûṅ pallâ Râṇjhe dâ phaṛdî haiṅ, Bahishtoṅ Dozakh nûṅ jândî."
"Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî, kâgaj likhdâ bagge:
Ag lag jâe terâ ghar, jal jâe balan kitâbâṅ sabbhe!
Put mar jâe, nûh raṇḍî bah jâe, tere âve jâîâṅ de agge!
Hakk Rânjhe dâ Kheṛoṅ dindâ; tere bhâ kabarâṅ nûṅ lagge!"

"Âkhâṅ sachî, akh sunâwâṅ, maiṅ dewâṅ, Kâjî, dohâî.
Hîr mere te paṛhdî nâhîṅ, oh mere paṛhândî nâhîṅ."
Panje Kheṛe kaṭṭhe ho gae, takiâ majlis lâî.
Ik kahinde haiṇ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Mabbû Sunâre nûṅ de do; oh dî daulat kammî nâ kâî."
Ik kahinde haiṅ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Adalî Râjâ nûṅ de do; oh dî hai baḍî bâdshâhî."

To leave the Kheṛâs and to seize the skirt of Rânjhâ is to go from Heaven to Hell."
"Hear, O holy Qâzî, that writest on the white papers:
Fire seize thy house and burn all thy books!
May thy son die and his wife be a widow and thy daughter suffer!
Thou givest Râṇjhâ's right to the Kheṛâs: fire burn thy grave!"

(Said the Qâzî to the Siyâls): "I tell you truth, and I, the Qâzî, claim your protection.
Hîr listeneth not to me, nor can be made to listen."
The heads of the Kheṛâs gathered together and held a meeting.
Said one: "Give Hîr in marriage to Mabbû, the Goldsmith, that hath no lack of wealth."
Said another: "Give Hîr in marriage to Râjâ Adalî,* that hath a great empire."

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* See below in this poem line 607 ff.

Chûchak kahindâ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Rânjhe nûṅ de do, jeṛâ ghar sâḍe dâ mâhî."
Kaidû kahindá: "Hîr Kheṛioṅ de do; maiṅ sachî âkh sunâî."
Itnî gall majlis bich ho gaî, Hîr dî kîtî Sîde Kheṛe nûṅ kuṛmâhî.

"Chaṛhdîâṅ nadîâṅ paindîâṅ lashkâṅ, mèrîâṅ ankhîâṅ Rânjhe dîâṅ dukhâîâṅ.
Jûṅ jûṅ manjhî de magaroṅ phirdâ, dukhdî dûn sawâîâṅ.
Pardesîâṅ de dukh kaun bande, bâz apnî mâîâṅ?
Nâ maiṅ lîâṅ rok rupae, na ginke lîâṅ chhamâîâṅ.
Siyâlâṅ vichh âke kî dhan katṭhiâṅ? Lakh badîâṅ sarâîâṅ!
Tainûṅ biyâhke le jâo Sîdâ, main kyûṅkar ralâṅ bhâîâṅ?
Kin tere hatth gânâ bandhâ? Kin terî mehndî lâî?

Said Chûchak: "Give Hîr in marriage to Rânjhâ, the neatherd of my house."
Said Kaidû: "Give Hîr to the Kheṛâs; it is truth that I say."
When this had been said at the meeting, Hîr was betrothed to Sîdâ, the Kheṛâ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "The strong currents of the rivers have risen and the eyes of me, Rânjhâ, are troubled.
They are greatly troubled, as I wander after the buffaloes.
Who shall know the trouble of a stranger, but his own mother?
Neither did I take any money, nor did I receive any pay.
Have I gathered any wealth by coming to the Siyâls? But I have endured a thousand reproaches!
When Sîdâ takes thee away as a bride, how shall I meet my brethren?"
(Said Hîr) "Who shall bind on the marriage bracelets? Who shall stain thee with henna?

Kîde ghar tainûṅ biyâhan jânâ? Kîdâ banwangâ jamâî?"
"Mohanâ Bâhman mere gânâ ḅândhâ: Phattî Nâin no mehndî lâî.
Ralke kuṛîâṅ ne butnâ lâiâ, heṭ Rânjhe de chaukî dhâî.
Ghar Chûchak de biyâhan jânâ; maiṅ banâṅ Siyâlâṅ dâ jamâî.
Bârâṅ baras unhâṅ dî manjhî çhârîâṅ, main ginke nahîṅ lî chhamâî.
Lagî sî kachahri Chûchak Mihar dî, jad mainûṅ Hîr phaṛâî.
Hun koî Hîr khoe luṛe, tâṅ bich Dargâh de dîeṅ dohâî."
Sâṭh suhelîâṅ kaṭṭhîâṅ hoîâṅ, janj dekhan Sîde dâ âî.
Tîn tîn tangalî kanne Sîdâ, sir lungî balî malâhî.
Ankhoṅ kânâ, sir te ganjâ, joṛî bandî nâhîṅ.
"Maiṅ tâṅ mâl Rânjhe dâ, jeṛâ sâḍe ghar dâ mâhî."

Into whose house shalt thou marry? Who shall make thee a son-in-law?"
"Mohan, the Brâhman, shall bind on the bracelet; Fattî, the Barber's wife, shall bring the henna.
The maidens shall anoint me with oil and place the (marriage) throne beneath Rânjhâ.
I will marry into the house of Chûchak; I will be the son-in-law of the Siyâls.
Twelve years have I grazed their buffaloes and have taken no pay.
It was in the assembly of Mihar Chûchak that Hîr was given me.
If any one take her away now I will complain to the Court (of God).
Sixty maidens collected to see the marriage procession of Sîdâ.
Sîdâ had three rings in his ears and a large turban like a boatman.
He was one-eyed and bald-headed and no match for (Hîr)."
(Said Hîr): "I belong to Ranjhâ, the neatherd of our house!"

"Sir par ṭamak patâr Kheṛiâṅ rakh lîâ terî prît de mâre.
Takht Hazârâ bâbal dâ chhorâ, chhode bhrr piâre.
Lâlî bhâbhî rondî chhadî, jin urde panchhî mâre.
Us Lâlî nûṅ parbat rondî, asî mânas kaun bichâre?
Putr pathâṅ de asî châk sadâle, châk honde kaun bichâre?
De jawâb, mûṛ jâ gharon nûn, jâke ralîye bhâîchâre."
"Pairâṅ bâj nâ sonde ṭhamaṅ, hathân wâj nahîn kariâṅ.
Putrân wâj mâwân nahîn sondiân, daulat dîâṅ bhariâṅ.
Bhâîân bâj bahinâṅ nahîṅ sondîân, paṇḍ udekeṅ khariâṅ.
Kanthâṅ bâj nârân nahîṅ sondiâṅ, bhâwân hondîân hûrân pariâṅ.
Rânjhe bâj maiṅ Hîr nahîṅ sondî, bhâwâṅ lakh Kheṛiâṅ dî faujâṅ chaṛhîâṅ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "For thy sake I put the drum and the goods of the Kheṛâs on my head.
I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and my beloved brethren.
I left my brother's wife Lâlî, that kills the flying birds (with her glances).
The (stony) hills would weep for Lâlî, and what am I that am a man?
I, the son of nobles, am called a servant, and who careth for a servant?
Dismiss me that I may go home and mingle with my brethren."
(Said Hîr): "Without feet anklets are useless, and bracelets without arms.
Mothers are useless without sons, though covered with wealth.
Sisters are useless without brothers, that wait beside the roads.
Women are useless without husbands, be they spirits or fairies.
I, Hîr, am useless without Rânjhâ, though thousands of Kheṛâs surround me.

Je mukh mûṛâ Rânjhe yâr, ton hâliâ· Dozakh bich saṛiâṅ."
"Reṛû rukh bich gun nâ koî, phirde bhawar piâse.
Barâṅ baras taiṅ manjhî charâîâṅ, hun deke dher dilâse!
Takht Hazârâ bâp dâ chhoṛâ, ronde chhaḍe mâpe.
Bhâî bîr piâre chhaḍe, chhaḍe tâî châche.
Rânjhâ, hans Allah dâ, galiâṅ bich ruldâ, Sîdâ kâg nûṅ bahâvegî pâse.
Jin hatteṅ ghio khanḍ khilâ, kinne chhâb nahîṅ deṇî bich kâṅsî ?
Oh din chete kar, jis din bele bich âwandî sî âpe.
Tû charn gaî Sîde Kheṛe dî ḍolî: asî jînâ kede parwâr se ?"
Hîr âkhdî Rânjhe nûṅ: "Tûṅ sâḍe sir dâ sâîṅ.

If Rânjhâ turn away his face I suffer as in the midst of Hell."
(Said Rânjhâ): "There is no good thing in the *reṛû** tree, and the bees roam about it thirsty.
For twelve years thou madest me graze buffaloes and now thou givest promises!
I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers and my weeping parents.
I left my dear brethren and my uncles.
Rânjhâ, the swan of God, is wandering in the lanes, while Sîdâ, the crow, is called to thy side.
The days were when thou didst feed me with sugar and *ghî* and put no curds into my cup;
Remember, too, the day when thou didst come of thyself into the forests.
When thou goest in marriage to Sîdâ, the Kheṛâ, with whom shall I dwell in solace?"
Said Hîr to Rânjhâ: "Thou art the lord of my head.

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* The *acacia leucophlœa*.

Ohî jâke manjhîâṅ chậre ; ohî chậre gâîṅ.
Bârâ mahîne Kheṛe kaṭ lain de, tervîṅ mahîne tere khol âî.
Mainûṅ kasam Kurân de ; maiṅ dharam dolâṅdî nahîṅ."

Hîr nûṅ toṛke Rânjhâ muṛ piâ, Siyâlâṅ vich murlî bajâî.
Jadoṅ Rânjhe de bajî murlî, kaṭṭhî ho gaî kul lukâî.
"Agge taiṅ bajâî Hîr kamlî bhûl gaî, hun bhûlnâ kisî ne nâîṅ.
Khâlî kyûṅ pûr bajâwandâ, bâlakiâ ? Takht Hazâre nûṅ jâîṅ!"

Siyâlâṅ toṅ ṭur piâ Rânjhâ, lagâ Takht Hazârâ dî râhîṅ.
Lâlî kahindî, "Chalo, suhelio, ral dekheṅ chalîye sâḍe debar ne bahuṭṭi ândî.
Khûh de utte lîâ utârâ, piṇḍ na baṛî sarmândî.

Go and graze the same buffaloes ; go and graze the same cows.
Let me spend twelve months with the Kheṛâs and in the thirteenth month I will come to thee.
Let me take an oath on the Qurân : I go not back on my word."

Leaving Hîr Rânjhâ returned and played his flute among the Siyâls.
When Rânjhâ played his flute all the people collected,
(And said) : "Before, when thou didst play (on thy flute) thou didst deceive the foolish Hîr, now thou dost deceive no one.
Why dost play the flute, boy ? Better go back to Takht Hazârâ!"

Rânjhâ left the Siyâls and took the road to Takht Hazârâ.
Said Lâlî : "Come, my maids, let us go together to see the bride my brother-in-law hath brought.
She must have stayed at the well, too shy to enter the village :

Kânî jaisî patlî, nau nau jhhoṭî khândî !
Akkâṅ vichh mewe bhâldî, ṭor ṭor phale khândî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, Jaṭṭî kawârî ṭorke
ândî."
" Hîr khusî te kajjî pai gaî, Lâlo ; taiṅ kyûṅ bolî lâî ?
Sîne sâng lagî phalâdou* hatheṅ âp dî lâi.
Chhaḍke Hîr nûṅ muṛke âiâ tere tâîṅ.
Chelâ ho jâwâṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, Takht Hazâre murke
âwâṅ nâhîṅ."
" Nain nigârâ lâlâṅ bich rang mâhil de bharde.
Hoṭh chhâre, dand badânâ, riwâre jabâ ḍe phirde.
Aṭiâṅ-jatiâṅ maroṛâṅ-wâlé maiṅ bahle dekh le tharde.
Je terâ chit kardâ Takht Hazâre, â jâ ; nahîṅ, more
murde."
" Paṭṭâ mâr, phakîrî karîye, Allâh de log sadâe.

One-eyed and so slender, that she bends down nine
times !
She finds fruit in the *ak*† plant and plucks and eats it.
The daughter of Chûchak and sister of Paṭhân, the Jatt
maiden is brought here."
(Said Rânjhâ) : " Lâlo, Hîr hath been torn from me,
why dost thou tease me ?
Thou dost thrust a spear of steel into my breast.
Leaving Hîr I am come back to thee.
I will become a follower of Gorakh Nâth and come back
to Takht Hazârâ no more."
" The glory of thine eyes hath entered the palace.
Thy lips are dates, and thy teeth pomegranate seeds,
and thy speech sweetmeats.
I have seen many proud men like thee brought to ruin.
If thou dost regard Takht Hazârâ come or go back."
" We should slay our pride and become saints and be
called the people of God.

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* For *faulâd*.
† The *ak* is a poisonous plant, *asclepias gigantea* : these two lines are ironical.

Utte dhîraj de âsan karke kis nûṅ hâl sunâe ?
Lâlṛî wandî lâl nahîṅ bandî, bhâveṅ sattar âb chaṛhâe.
Lâlâṅ dî lâlî kadhî nahîṅ jândî, bhâwâṅ sattar bhasham ralâe.
Be-aslâṅ de asal nahîṅ bande, bhâṅweṅ sattar ilam paṛhâe.
Hansâṅ de bache kâg nahîṅ bande, bhawâṅ ṛûṛî lâ bahâe.
Tâzî dî aswârî karke, terâ ṭaṭû dâ kî sarâhî ?
Be-kadaroṅ dî yârî koloṅ je ṭuṭ jâe, tâṅ lakh pâe.''

Sûbeh sâr phajar dâ velâ Rânjhe Ṭille dâ râh pachhâiâ.
Jûṅ jûṅ Ṭillâ neṛe âwandâ dîdâ don sawâiâ !
Bhenkan sher, chaṅiṅ na oh nûṅ dehdâ ; Rânjhâ boldâ nahîṅ bulâiâ.

Sitting on the seat of patience we should not complain ?
Carats* will never be rubies, though washed in 70 waters :
The redness of the ruby will never depart, though rubbed in 70 ashes.
The base will never be noble, though thou try 70 plans.
The cygnet will never be a crow, though it stands upon a dunghill.
He that rides an Arab horse, will he admire thy pony ?
When unrequitted love is gone a *lákh* (of rupees) is gained."

It was the hour of early morn when Rânjhâ found the road to (Gorakh Nâth's) Ṭillâ.†
As he approached the Ṭillâ its glory increased !
The lions roared and he could not see the hill, nor spake Rânjhâ when called.‡

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* The *lálrí* is a small red seed used in weighing precious stones.
† In the Gujrânwâlâ District.
‡ As he was so frightened.

Aukhî ghâṭî, bakṛâ paindâ; Rânjhe sambhâlke pair ṭakâiâ.
Astâ Mastâ Jogî baiṭhe; Rânjhe ne dohâṅ nûṅ sîs niwâiâ.
Panj rupae, tâṅ pânâṅ dâ beṛâ, pahilî bhaiṇṭ chaṛhâiâ.
"Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, jog lain nûṅ chalke âiâ.
Kan phâṛke mundrâṅ pâ deo, mainûṅ chaṛh jâ rûp sawâiâ."
"Mâpiâṅ jhiṛkî kî? Tûṅ rizak bhonâ, Jogîâṅ dî koli lag khaṛoveṅ?
Chanbî hazâr sâṅs hî tainûṅ hâsil koî nâ hoveṅ.
Jis banjâre nûṅ ghâṭâ â gîâ, so banjârâ roveṅ.
Chelâ ban chalâṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, Chaudhar Takht Hazâre dî khoveṅ."
Ṭille utte Gorakh baiṭhâ, Gorakh baḍâ asânî.*

The way was difficult and the road was steep and Rânjhâ walked with care.
Astâ and Mastâ, the Jogîs,† were sitting there, and Rânjhâ bowed his head to them.
He offered them five rupees and betel leaves‡ (and said):
"I, the son of Maujû and grandson of Maṭṭâ, am come to take the saintship.
Bore my ears and put in the rings, that my beauty may increase."
(Said they): "Have thy parents scolded? Is thy living hard, that thou art standing by the Jogîs?
Of 24,000 (departed) breaths thou canst not recall one.
If a merchant suffer loss that merchant weeps.
If thou become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth thou wilt lose the Chiefship of Takht Hazârâ."
Gorakh sitting at his Ṭillâ was very gracious.

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* For *ahsânî*.
† Followers of Gorakh Nâth.
‡ A customary present.

"Kan phâṛke mere mundrân pâ de, sîlî de mîrgânî.
Nagarî sârî chîtke le âwâṅ, ghat dewâṅ dhûâṅ te pânî.
Hor chele sab urle parle, maiṅ, Rânjhâ, châk madâmî."
"Kanak bharolî, ghio ghar, ghar mânî duniyâ dî bhog.
Dekh bagânîâṅ tarîmtâṅ, had bihâ jadâṅ rog.
Jadâṅ, bâlakîâ, karegâ phakîrî, ab mukhṛâ nâ hog.
Âkh Gorakh dâ mân le, aukhâ kaṭhân hai jog."
"Takht Hazâroṅ maiṅ chalke â gîâ, sun le, Gorakh Sâîṅ.
Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, mainûṅ ruliâ hoîâ bhale nâhîṅ.
Jog dâ khilat gal mere pâ de, sir munke soṛ banâîṅ.
Hatth baṅhke kardâ bintî, mainûṅ charnâṅ apne lâîṅ."

(Said Rânjhâ): "Bore my ears and put in the rings and give me the deer-skin cloak.
I will beg through the whole city for thee and tend thy fire and water.
Thy other followers are here and there, I, Rânjhâ, will ever be thy servant."
(Said Gorakh): "There is gold and *ghî* in thy house, and thou dost enjoy at home the pleasures of the world.
Gazing on strange women thou art bringing misery on thyself.
My son, when thou hast become a *faqîr*, thy face will not be as now.
Hear the words of Gorakh, the saintship is a difficult thing."
"Hear, my Lord Gorakh, I am come from Takht Hazârâ:
I am the son of Maujû and the grandson of Mattâ, think me no wanderer.
Put the garment of the saintship round my neck and shave my head.
With joined hands I pray and place my head at thy feet."

"Ajmat* nâoṅ kahar dâ dhakkâ, aukhî hai ghâṭ phakîrî.
Roṛâṅ tekṛiâṅ bich bâsâ sâḍâ; sâ te kehe mangdâṅ Gurpîrî?
Kan phâṛke mundrâṅ pâ deâṅ lahû dî bag jâe tatîrî.
Kâliâṅ keshâṅ bich bhasham ralâ deâṅ, terî chhaḍungâ nâ garmîrî.
Mâmâ ne pakiâṅ, putâṅ ne khâḍiâṅ; koî nahîṅ shahr jagîrî.
Bhûṅîṅ sonâ te dhûṅiṅ tapnâ; nahiṅ koî palang palghanîrî."

Ṭille uttoṅ Rânjhâ utarîâ, Gorakh dâ nâdh churâiâ.
Nawâṅ Nâthâṅ de akkh bachâe, Rânjhâ Naî Chandal nûṅ dhâiâ.
Bich baretî de nâdh dabiâ, oh de utte âsan bichhâiâ.

"The name of greatness bringeth blows, and the saintship is a difficult path.
I live among the stones and potsherds:—is this the Saintship thou dost want from me?
If I bore thy ears and put in the rings, the drops of blood will fall.
If I rub ashes into thy black locks, I shall destroy the pride.
Mothers cook and sons eat, but I have no cities and lands (to give thee).
I sleep on the ground and warm myself at the fire: I have no bed and covering."

Rânjhâ descended the Ṭillâ and stole Gorakh Nâth's conch.
Escaping the eyes of the Nine Nâths Rânjhâ went to the Châudal (Chinâb) River.
He buried the conch in the sand and made his seat above it.

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* For *'azmat*.

Dhartî Mâtâ dî sompâ kîtî, Khwâjâ Pir dhyâiâ.
"Eh tâṅ nâdh tusîṅ kisî nûṅ denâ nâhiṅ, je koî Jogî âiâ."
Nâdh ḍubke Rânjhâ muṛiâ Gorakh di dhûîṅ nûṅ âiâ.
Gorakh âkhdâ : "Bachâ, yârâṅ chorâṅ dî ṃat na jândî, bhawâṅ satar hoî siânâ.
Pakkâ dhâm merâ ṭhaṇḍâ ho gîâ, bîte bakhat biâhnâ.
Nau sai chappî paî khaṛke, bhûkâṅ Jogî mar gîâ kamlânâ.
Ithoṅ nâdh phaṛâîṅ, bâlakiâ, je koî ṭukrâ khânâ."
"Choriâṅ te badnâmiâṅ dindâ! Tere akhal thikâne nâîṅ.
Takht Hazâre dâ Chaudharî, koî mainûṅ evîṅ kamîn jâne nâîṅ."
Kânipâ chelâ âkhdâ : "Suneṅ, Gorakh Sâîṅ,
Nâdh terâ Rânjhe Jatt ne churâiâ, kinî sadh ne churâiâ nâîṅ.

He gave it into the care of Mother Earth and meditated on the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar and said) ;
"Give not up this conch to any one, if a Jogî come for it."
Burying the conch Rânjhâ returned to Gorakh's fire.
Said Gorakh : "My son, the plans of libertines and thiefs withstand not, however wise they be.
The cooked food is becoming cold and the time for eating is passing away.
Waiting with 900 bowls the helpless Jogîs will die of hunger.
Bring the conch* here, my son, that they may eat their food."
"Calling me a thief and bad names! Thou hast lost thy senses !
I am the Head of Takht Hazârâ, think me no low man."
Said Kânîpâ, the follower :† "Hear, my Lord Gorakh,
Rânjhâ, the Jaṭṭ, hath stolen thy conch : no one else hath stolen it.

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* By which to call them. † But see Vol. II., p. 16 ff.

Nâdh tere nûṅ baretî khândî, bahindî manjhîṅ gâîṅ.
Dhartî Mâtâ' dî sompâ rakhdî, kol Khwâjâ Pîr kîtâ ogâhî.
Hun tâṅ nâdh tainûṅ kadhî nahîṅ thiâunâ, Jaṭṭ ne kaṛaṛî dhâr bagâî.
Eh Jaṭṭ hai barkat-wâliâ, inhâṅ nâdh tainûṅ kadhî vî denâ nâîṅ."
"Ṭille utte maiṅ Gorakh baithâ; Gorakh hâṅ baḍâ khiḍârî.
Bârâṅ chhakke de nard pherâṅ, tere Rânjhâ bâjî jit lewâṅ sârî.
Je bal karâṅ sattar pîr dâ, bhâj jânge ithe, rahnâṅ kisî nûṅ nâhîn.
Mârâṅ pawwâ Dhartî nûṅ, gârat kaṛ deâṅ, Khwâjâ dâ sukhâ deâṅ pânî.
Bhalî châhe tâṅnâdh phaṛâ; nahîṅ, kaṛ deâṅ Lankâ Wâlî.

The sand hath eaten thy conch, and cows and buffaloes rest upon it.
He gave it to the care of Mother Earth and made the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar) witness.
Thou shalt never recover thy conch, for the Jatt hath buried it deep.
This Jatt is a wizard and will never give thee thy conch."
"I, Gorakh, am sitting on my Tillâ; I, Gorakh, am a great magician.
I can throw the twelve and move the men (accordingly)* and will win the game from thee, Rânjhâ.
If I use my strength against the 70 Saints they will all fly hence and none will remain.
I will strike the Earth with my shoe and make her sink, and will dry up the waters of Khwâjâ (Khizar†).
If thou desire thy good, then give up the conch, or I will use thee as the Lord of Lankâ.‡

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* See Vol. I., p. 244, &c. † As Lord of the Flood.
‡ Allusion to the tale in the *Râmâyana*. Râvana, Lord of Lankâ carried off Sîtâ, wife of Râma Chandra, and was slain in revenge.

Eh gall merî mân le, Rânjhiâ, tainûn sachî âkh sunâî."
Rânjhâ aggion âkhdâ: "Gorakh, mainûn jhûṭîân tohmatân na lâîn.
Put main Maujû dâ, Matte dâ potâ, lakkhân pagân dâ sâîn.
Je gîdar-wâlî chungrâhî mârân, tân mere sab âwange bhâî:
Ehnân Jogîân ne bhaj jânâ, ethe rahnâ kisî ne nâîn!
Bhalî châhe Gorakh âsan chak le; nahîn, dholâû khâke jâîn.
Hon bhûîn zor sârâ lâ le, nâdh bajâî bin dindâ nâîn,"

Sajje Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, kabhe murlî bâhî.
Biche ṭuriân bhîrkân, kus bâjî dâ orakh nâîn.
Sunke bâjî Devî Mâtâ bhajî, karke sherân dî aswârî

Listen to my words, Rânjhâ, for I tell thee truth."
Then said Rânjhâ: "Gorakh, bring no false charges against me.
I am the son of Maujû, the grandson of Mattâ, and lord of 100 heads.
If I make a call as a jackal* then all my brethren will come:
And all thy Jogîs will fly hence and none remain!
If thou seek thy good, Gorakh, go hence, or thou wilt be thrust away.
Bring the whole force of the world, and yet I will not give up the conch until I have sounded it."†

On the right Ranjhâ sounded the conch, on the left he played the flute.
There was no end to the music in the conch.
Hearing the music came the Mother Goddess riding on her lion.‡

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* The tribal cry of the Rânjhâ Jaṭṭs to collect the tribe in time of danger. This custom still exists in the Panjâb.

† *i.e.*, made himself as great as Gorakh.

‡ *i.e.*, Durgâ!

Paune sai chappe Machhandar Nâth de sabhî chaṛhke âe.
Sunke bâjî Adalî Râjâ bhajâ âke, bahindâ Kachahrî lâîṅ.
Sunke bâjî chele Gorakh Nâth de khush hoe, sabhnâṅ ne bhalî manâî.
Sunke bâjî Gorakh khush hoiâ, kan phâṛe dî sartî dhâî.
Sajje Rânjhe de pakkî mundrâ, kabhe kachî pâî.
"Chhoṭî nûṅ kahnâ 'bîbî,' bhanâṅ, badî nûṅ kahnâ 'mâî.'
Nagarî sârî chîtke lâîṅ, mere bhikh nûṅ lâj na lâîṅ."
"Rosiâṅ bhajân de kan phâṛdâṅ, terî akal ṭhikâne nâhîṅ.
Kan banânde mundrâ le le, maiṅ Jogî banâṅ nâîṅ.
Jede khâtir maiṅ Jogî ban giâ, oh nûṅ kyûṅkar âkhâṅ 'mâî'?

Three quarters of a hundred followers of Machhandar Nâth* came together.
Hearing the music came Râjâ Adalî† with his Court.
Hearing the music the followers of Gorakh Nâth were happy and the saints were happy.
Hearing the music Gorakh Nâth was pleased and made ready to bore (Rânjhâ's) ears.
Into Rânjhâ's right ear he put a *pakkâ* ring, and into his left ear a *kachâ* one.‡
(Said Gorakh Nâth to Rânjhâ): "My Saint, call the young women 'sister' and the old women 'mother.'
Beg throughout the whole city and bring no shame to my (profession of) begging."
(Said Rânjhâ): "Hast lost thy senses that thou borest the ears of runaways and fugitives.
Make whole my ears and take thy rings, I will be no Jogî.
How shall I call her 'mother,' for whose sake I would be a Jogî?

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* See Legend of Gopî Chand, *ante, passim*. † See below line 607.
‡ *Kachâ* and *pakkâ* mean respectively unbaked and baked pottery, of which material the rings were made.

Jogî banâṅ, mihinâṅ lâj sâḍî kul nûṅ lâî."
"Sun, Rânjhiâ, maiṅ tainûṅ âkhdâ, Gorakh Sâîṅ :
Ieṛîâṅ gallâṅ tusâṅ te bakhshâunâ, eh sâḍe karam phakîrâṅ de nâîṅ.
Jâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûṅ Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tâîṅ.
Hîr terî, tûṅ Hîr dâ, kitte hor pâse jhânke nâîṅ."

Jog Rânjhâ ne le-lîâ, Hîr bhûldî us nûṅ nâîṅ.
"Gurûjî, bhajke kâlâ kâg Hîr dî khabar de mangâîṅ."
Gorakh kâg nûṅ âkhdâ, "Tûṅ Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ uḍ jâîṅ.
Uthe Hîr hai Rânjhe dî, oh dî jâke khabar le âîṅ."
Ṭillioṅ kâg uṛ gîâ, Kheṛe baṛdâ jâe.
Ghar ghar phirdâ bhâldâ, unhoṅ Hîr thiâwandî nâîṅ.
Ghar Sîde de jâke kâg lendâ Rânjhe dâ nân.

If I become a Jogî my family will be disgraced."
"Hear, Ranjhâ, I, the Lord Gorakh, speak to thee :
The thing thou dost desire cannot be granted by a *faqîr*.
Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr is granted thee from Makkâ and Madina.*
Hîr is thine and thou Hîr's, and look thou not on another."

Rânjhâ took on the Saintship, but forgot not Hîr.
(Said he) : "Sir Gurû (Gorakh Nâth), send thy black crow to bring news of Hîr."
Said Gorakh to his crow : "Fly thou to the Kherâs,
Where is Rânjhâ's Hîr, and bring news of her."
The crow flew from the Ṭillâ and entered Kheṛâ.
He looked into every house, but found not Hîr.
The crow went to the house of Sîdâ, and called out Rânjhâ's name, (and said) :

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i.e., by Muhammad, the highest Mussalmân authority.

"Rânjhe mainûṅ bhajiâ, Hîre, â giâ tere pās,
Je dharam terâ kâim hai, tāṅ ṭur pio sâḍe nâl.
Oh tâṅ Jogî ho giâ, nit lendâ hai terâ nâṅ."
"Âvîṅ, kâg rasîliâ, âvîṅ mere pâs.
Sau sau salâm tainûn maiṅ karâṅ, tûṅ Rânjhe de dâs.
Chûrî kûṭâṅ phul khaṇḍ dî, bhattâ ghî ralâî,
Je Rânjhâ mainûṅ mil pawe, tûṅ.eh khâne khâe."
"Akhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, maiṅ jhûṭh boldâ nâîṅ.
Rânjhe mûe nûṅ tin din ho gae, utte Ṭille de kabar banâî.
Maiṅ tâṅ Rânjhâ chele ban ikke Nâth de, donoṅ ban gur-bhâî.
Oh dî tûṅ aurat lagdî, meri lagdî bhujâî,"
Jad eh gall sunî Hîr ne sabar di mârdî dhân: "Ithoṅ uṛ jâ tûṅ, kâliâ kâwâṅ!
Je Rânjhá mar giá, tâṅ main kaṭârâṅ khâwâṅ."

"Rânjhâ hath sent me, O Hîr, and I am come to thee.
If thou art still faithful, then come with me.
He hath become a Jogî and is ever calling on thy name."
"Come, friendly crow, come to me, (said Hîr):
I make thee a hundred salutations, thou servant of Rânjhâ.
I will make thee cakes of fine sugar and mix butter with thy food.
If thou bring Rânjhâ to me this shall be thy food."
"I say to thee truth and I tell no lies.
Rânjhâ hath been dead there three days and his grave is on (Gorakh Nâth's) Ṭillâ.
I and Rânjhâ were disciples together, the brother-followers of one Nâth.
Thou art his wife and my sister-in-law."
When Hîr heard these words she could keep no patience (and said): "Fly hence, thou black crow!
For if Rânjhâ be dead, then will I stab myself with a dagger."

"Eh gall hai jhûṭhî, Hîre, main tainûṅ evîṅ sunâî.
Rânjhâ ho giâ Jogî, ang babhût charhâe.
Gorakh hoiâ khush utte Rânjhe, oh ne tûṅ bakhshâî.
Maiṅ uḍnâ ithoṅ; de snehâ Rânjhe tâîṅ."
"Uḍîṅ, kâwâṅ kâg rasîliâ, uḍ jâ, kâliâ kâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ main Tulî ammâṅ nûṅ denâ, oh dî main kokh vichh samâwâṅ.
Dûjâ snehâ mere Chûchak bâp nûṅ kahnâ, oh de main mastak chaṛhke âwâṅ.
Ṭîjâ snehâ piṇḍ de panchâṅ nûṅ kahnâ, jinheṅ ditîâṅ Rânjhe nâl lâwâṅ.
Chauthâ snehâ Fatti Nâin nûṅ kahnâ, jis te main sohnâ sîs gudhâwâṅ.
Panjwâṅ snehâ Fattû Kâjî nûṅ kahnâ, jih dî mahjit* paṛhne jâwâṅ.

"It was not truth, O Hîr, that I said to thee just now.
Rânjhâ hath become a Jogî and rubbed ashes on his body.
Gorakh hath been pleased with Rânjhâ and given thee to him.
Let me fly hence with a message for Rânjhâ."
"Fly, O friendly crow, fly, O black crow.
My first message is for my mother Tulî, that bore me in her womb.
My second message is for my father Chûchak, from whose head I was born.†
My third message is for the village elders, that gave me in marriage to Rânjhâ.
My fourth message is for Fattî, the Barber's wife, that used to dress my hair so well.
My fifth message is for Fattû, the Qâzi, that taught me in the mosque.

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* For *masjid*.
† Natives believe that the seat of procreation is the forehead.

Ik snehâ merâ chhatrî ṭâlî nûṅ kahnâ, jithe taiṅ baiṭhke lâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ khandî pîpal nûṅ denâ, jit Sâwan dî pîgîâṅ pâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ merâ Luḍan mallâh pûṅ kahnâ, oh dî beṛî bich chhej bichâwâṅ.
Sârâ snehâ Râṇjhe yâr nûṅ denâ, maiṅ jis dî Hîr sadâwâṅ."
Kheṛîâṅ te kâg uṛ piâ Ṭille Gorakh de âiâ.
Pâs Râṅjhe de bahke, sârâ Hîr dâ hâl sunâiâ.
"Hîr tûṅ sukh kî kânâ ho gaî, maiṅ âkheṅ vekhke âiâ.
Chhetî, Râṅjhiâ, jâiṅ kheṛîâṅ nûṅ": kâg ne Râṅjhe nûṅ âkh sunâiâ.

Ṭilloṅ Râṅjhâ utariâ, utariâ nâdh bajâe.
Majiloṅ majiloṅ â gîâ, bâg Kheṛîâṅ de lathâ âe.

A message from me is for the spreading tree, beneath which I was married.
A message from me is for the sweet *pîpal* tree, where I used to swing in the rains.*
A message from me is for Luḍan the boatman, that spread my bed in his boat.
Give all my message to my lover Rânjhâ, whose Hîr I call myself."
The crow flew away from Kheṛâ and came to Gorakh's Ṭillâ.
It sat down beside Rânjhâ and told him all the story of Hîr (saying):
"Hîr hath become as a dry reed, I have seen her with my own eyes.
Go quickly, Rânjhâ, to Kheṛâ:" said the crow to Rânjhâ.

Rânjhâ came down from the Ṭillâ sounding his conch.
Stage by stage he came and entered the Kheṛâ's garden

* Swinging under *pîpal* tree in the month of Sâwan for luck is a universal custom in Northern India among the young.

Subeh sâṛ fajar dâ belâ, Rânjhâ Kheṛeṅ baṛiâ bichhâ nûṅ jâe.
Koṭiâ Rânjhe chûrmâṅ, liâ jholî bich pâe:
Jad piṇḍ de yâne kaṭṭhe ho gae, tâṅ sabhnâṅ nûṅ bartâiâ.
Rânjhe 'âlakh' jagâ dittâ bûhe Bhûge Jaṭṭ Kheṛe de jâe:
Rânjhe bichhâ mangdâ dar Bhûge de nâdh bajâiâ.
Bachiâṅ yâne ne rassî toṛâ lîe, tâṅ gâîâṅ ne ârâ pâiâ.
Phuṭîâṅ dudh dîâṅ kûrîâṅ, sârâ dudh saṛâiâ.
Kheṛe kahde: "Eh kî raulâ ho giâ? Eh sabhrathâ Jogî kidhareṅ âiâ?"
Rânjhâ Hîr dî saunrî jâ baṛâ, bhukke bâj mângoṅ pichhoṅ tâwandâ.
Agge rangale palang utte Hîr baiṭhî, jholî siṭṭke ho giâ bâwarâ.

It was early morn when Rânjhâ went to the Kheṛâs to beg alms.
Rânjhâ made cakes and put them into his wallet,
And when the village children collected, he distributed them amongst them.
Rânjhâ called '*âlakh*'* before the door of Bhûgâ the Kheṛâ Jaṭṭ:†
And sounding his conch he demanded alms of Bhûgâ.
The young calves tore at their ropes and the cows lowed.‡
They overset the milk-pails and spoilt all the milk.
Said the Kheṛâs: "What is this disturbance? Whence hath come this wizard Jogî?"
Rânjhâ entered the home of Hîr's father-in-law, sorrowing like a hungry falcon.
Hîr was sitting before him on a painted couch, and throwing down his wallet he became frantic.

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* See Vol. I., p 32, etc.
† Should be Siyâl: the father-in-law of Hîr
‡ *i. e.*, on hearing the conch.

Jad Rânjhe nâdh bajâî Sîtî khair chîne dâ pâiâ.
" Kidharoṅ â gîâ, Jogîâ ? Taiṅ kîshâ makar banâiâ !
Leke bichhâ muṛ jâ; tâṅ kihâ jhagṛâ pâiâ ?
Eh ghar hai Sîde Kheṛe dâ : tûṅ ithe kâs nûṅ âiâ ?"
" Gorakh Ṭille te Jogî utarâ, Jogî baḍâ nakînâ !
Âke Kheṛeṅ 'âlakh' jagâî, milke baiṭhâ Sîde dâ basî mâṅ.
Âṭe dî bichhâ mainûṅ koî nahîṅ pâwandî, jo koî pâune Nâth nûṅ chînâ !
Âṭe hove sâdh madhû-garî pakâve; terâ bhath nahîṅ bhujdâ, Sîtî, chînâṅ."
"Jamiâ mar jâ, ghaṛiâ bhaj jâ; eh bandâ hai utalî Parbatgâr* dâ.
Sâhûkârâṅ de mâl khizâne luṭ gae; phaṭṭe kâṅse nûṅ kâh nûṅ chatârdâ ?

When Rânjhâ sounded his conch Sîtî brought him some millet as alms (and said) :
" Whence comest thou, Jogî ? and what is thy story ?
Take thy alms and go ; why create a disturbance ?
This is Sîdâ's house : why hast thou come ?"
(Said Rânjhâ) : " A Jogî comes from Gorakh's Ṭillâ and a comely Jogî too !
Coming to Kheṛâ he calls out '*âlakh*' and sits at Sîdâ's threshold.
No (wheaten) flour is given him in alms, but what is given to the Nâth is millet !
Were it (wheaten) flour the saint could cook it : thy millet, Sîtî, will not even parch in an oven."
"What is born will die,† what is made will be broken : man is a creature of God.
Merchants are robbed of their wealth and goods : why art thou grieving over a broken bowl ?

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* For *Parwardigâr*. See *ante*, p. 407.
† Sîtî says this : something seems to have been omitted before this speech.

535 Je taiṅ kâṅsâ maṭṭî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî kumhâr dâ.
Je taiṅ kâṅsâ lakṛî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî tarkhân dâ.
Je kâṅsâ chândî sone dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain baṛe sâhûkâr dâ.
Kâṅsâ nâloṅ tainûṅ gaṛwâ le deâṅ, bharke de deâṅ, Nâth, kanak te jawâr dâ.
Mâṛe—mûṭe dâ eh ghar nahîn, eh ghar hai Sîde Sardâr dâ.
540 Â jâe Sîdâ, tere akal gaṅwâve, phir phireṅgâ Hîr nûṅ bhâldâ ?"

Jadoṅ Rânjhe wal Hîr ne dekhâ, uṭhke bah gaî bichârî :
Jad âshikâṅ nûṅ mâshûk mil pie, sukhî harî hoî tarkarî.
Wâste Rânjhe de milan nûṅ Hîr tâṅ Sîti ne banat banâî.
Sajje hatth dî ungalî baddî, sar sarap dî lâî.

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535 If thou dost want an earthen bowl, go to some potter's house.
If thou dost want a wooden bowl, go to some carpenter.
If thou dost want a bowl of silver or gold, go to some great merchant.
I will get thee a bowl made and fill it, Nâth, with wheat and millet.
This house belongs to no low man, but to the Lord Sidâ.
540 When Sîdâ comes thou wilt be frightened and then where shalt thou find Hîr ?"

When Hîr looked towards Rânjhâ she got up and sat down, and was restless :
When lover meets beloved the flesh grows moist and (then) dry.*
Then Hîr and Sîtî made a plan for (Hîr's) meeting with Rânjhâ.
(Hîr) cut a finger of her right hand (and said) a snake had bitten it.

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* *i.e.*, they become restless.

"Bhâbû nî, ik Jogî vekhiâ, Jogî anj khiâlî.
Sûkhâñ banâñ nûñ Jogî hare kardâ, pat pat lâwandâ ḍâlî.
Âko Kheṛeñ 'âlakh' jagâ giâ; taiñ kyûñ kaḍhîâ khâlî?
Akhe tûñ Jogî nûñ Kheṛeñ basâo; nahîñ, maiñ, Sîtî, chalnewâlî."
"Kheṛio, Hîr nag ne ḍâṅgî, ḍâṅgî nâg ne yânî.
Ghaṭak lammâñ, rang dâ sunehrî, kar giâ mandî bhânî.
Sajje hath dî chîchî par laṛiâ, bis chaṛhdî hai zor dhagânî.
Utteñ dhâb de ik Jogî suni dâ; oh sar sappâñ dî jânî."
Sîdâ chalke kol Jogî de â giâ, hor Sîtî bhî nâl âî.
Hatth bañhke Sîdâ kardâ arjâñ: "Sun lo, Jogîâ Sâîñ,
Ikkî Kheṛe bich Chaudharî kahâwâñ; ghar daulat dî kammî nâîñ.

(Said Hîr to Sîtî): "O sister, I have seen a Jogî, a Jogî beyond belief.
A Jogî that can make green the dried forest and bring leaves on every branch.
He hath come to the Kheṛâ's and called '*âlakh*'; why dost send him away empty?
Do thou make the Jogî a dweller in Kheṛâ, or, Sîtî, I shall run away."
(Said Sîtî): "O Kheṛâs, a snake hath bitten Hîr, a young snake hath bitten her.
A finger long it was and of golden hue, and it hath put her in sore trouble.
It hath bitten the little finger of her right hand and the poison is strong.
There is a wise Jogî on the hill that knoweth about serpents."
Sîdâ went to the Jogî and Sitî went with him.
Said Sîdâ with joined hands: "Hear, my Lord Jogî,
They call me Chief of the 21 Kheṛâ (clans) and there is no lack of wealth in my house.

Râtîṅ Hîr nûṅ sap laṛ gîâ, bachdî dikhdî nâîṅ."
"Âkhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, merâ jânâ bandâ nâîṅ.
Sânûṅ âsan chhaḍnâ charaj hai, sâḍî satiâ rahindî nâîṅ.
Jo tuhâṅ nûṅ dard badherî hai, tâṅ lâo sâḍe pâs.
Je shap dâ mârâ mar jâve, maiṅ âpe pâ dewâṅ sâṅs."
Sîtî te Rânjhâ mil gae, ikko kîtî salâh.
Sîdâ muṇḍâ baiṭhâ rah gîâ, unhâṅ kus khabar na sâr.
Dhûiṅ te râkh chakko, dindâ Sîtî de hatth phaṛâî.
"Unhâṅ dhûnî gûgal dî de deo, râjî kare Khudâe."
Muṛke Sîdâ â gîâ, â bahindâ Hîr de pâs:
Jo kus Jogî ne dasiâ, oh kîtâ ilâj:
Hîr aggoṅ vî aukhî ho gaî, bhattî kardî kûk pukâr:
"Nâ ik gharî nûṅ mar jâwângî, le chalo Jogî de pâs."
Ḍolî vichh Hîr pâ lîe, leke ṭure kahâr.

In the night a snake bit (my wife) Hîr and she will not be saved."
"I tell thee truth I cannot go there.
I cannot leave my seat without losing my virtue.
If thou art in great trouble bring her to me.
Even if she be dead of the snake-bite I myself will give her breath."
Sîtî and Rânjhâ together made a plan.
Sîdâ sitting beside them had no knowledge of it.
(Rânjhâ) took some ashes from his fire and gave them into Sîtî's hand (and said):
"Give her incense of my smoke and God will make her well."
Sîdâ went back and sat beside Hîr,
And did all that the Jogî had said.
Hîr then became in great trouble and cried out with a loud voice:
"If thou wouldst not that I die in an hour take me to the Jogî."
They put her into a litter and bearers carried her.

Nâl chimtî de Jogî jhâṛdâ, dittî bis utâr.
Mele bichhṛâṅ de ho gae, yârâṅ nûṅ mildî yâr.
Yârâṅ chorâṅ âshikâṅ dî pat rakhe Kartâr !
Ḍhâb utton Jogî ṭur piâ, ṭuriâ Sîde de nâl.
Ghar Sîde dâ âke âsan dittâ, chaubâre bich lâe.
Dindâ khalkat nûṅ bûṭîâṅ te golîâṅ, kardâ jinn bhût de ilâj.

Jad bahle din rahinde nûṅ ho gae, tad Hîr de kâḍhan dî kîtî salâh.
Aggioṅ Sîtî boldî : "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe :
Jaisî hai tuhâḍî dohâṅ dî dostî, aisî hai merî Murâd de nâl.
Je tûṅ kalî Hîr nûṅ le giâ, maiṅ dewâṅ dohâî pâe.
Dohâî tainûṅ Gorakh Nâth dî merâ yâr milâe."
Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, Gorakh nûṅ lendâ dhyâe.

The Jogî charmed her with his (fire) tongs and took out the poison.
The separated met and the lover met his lass.
(For) God preserves the honour of lovers and thieves !
The Jogî came down from the hill and went with Sîdâ.
And going to Sîdâ's house took up his abode in the upper story.
Giving the people herbs and medicines he cured (those possessed of) goblins and sprites.

When many days had passed (Rânjhâ) made a plan to carry off Hîr.
Then said Sîtî : "I tell thee truth :
As ye two love, so do I love Murâd.
If thou take off Hîr alone, I will demand redress.
I adjure thee by Gorakh Nâth to bring me to my love."
Rânjhâ sounded his conch and meditated on Gorakh.

Nâdh bich Makke de sun piâ, Murâd Baloch nûṅ âiâ khwâb.
"Tere âshik yad kardî chhetî mile Sîtî nûṅ jâe."
Jaisâ Sassî nûṅ Punnûṅ mil piâ, aisâ Sîtî nûṅ mile Murâd.
Jeṭhî rât Itwâr dî, Rânjhe lîe Hîr nûṅ churâe.
Leke Hîr nûṅ jhal vichh baṛ giâ, Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ khabar na sâr.
Sîtî ajân bhî, nahiṅ pîchhâ chhaḍdî, bâṭî ghar dî jâe.
"Tainûṅ kasam hai Gorakh Nâth de, mainûṅ chhad jâ Murád de pâs."
Rânjhâ Murâd sadiâ, chhin mâtar bich giâ âe.
Sîtî utte dâchî de châṛh lîe, hoiâ Chinâûṅ pâr

The sound of the conch reached to Makkâ* and Murâu, the Baloch, had a dream
(That) his love remembered him and that he should go quickly to Sîtî.
As Punnûṅ went to Sassî,† so Murâd went to Sîtî.
It was on a Sunday night in June that Rânjhâ carried off Hîr.
He took Hîr off into the wilds and the Kheṛâs knew nothing of it.
Nor Sîtî knew, but she followed them and caught them up on the road home (and said):
"I adjure you by Gorakh Nâth leave me with Murâd."
Rânjhâ called Murâd, who came in the twinkling of an eye.
He mounted Sîtî on a camel and was across the Chinâb.

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* *i.e.*, a very long way.
† The hero and heroine of a very old and famous Baloch love tale, found all over the Panjâb in many a form.

Magar khabar Kheṛâṅ nûṅ ho gaî, dittî das Chhattî ne pâe.
"Tuhâḍi Hîr nûṅ Rânjhâ le giâ, Sîtî nûṅ le giâ Murâd."
Jadoṅ mahileṅ waṛke Hîr nûṅ na dekhde, ghoṛî lende phakaṛâṅ pâe.
"Chalo Jogi nûṅ chalke marîye, dâg giâ kul nûṅ lâe"—
"Sun, be châkâ, chhâ piâkâ, tainûṅ mat na kâî.
Ṭukre khândâ beh subeh, phirdâṅ jû phirâîṅ.
Kaṭṭî bachî châranwâliâ, pâ liâ taiṅ Kheṛiâṅ dî Hîr churâe.
Jinhâṅ Siyâlâṅ diâṅ majjî chârdâṅ, magare dhâṛ Siyâlâṅ dî âî.
Panj sai ghoṛî Sîde dî gaṛaṛî chambî ghatte uṛdî Kheṛîâṅ dî râhîṅ!"
"Nâ maiṅ chaṛh gai kâlî parbat, nâ Chândan Nahâ ṭapâî:

Afterwards Chhattî* gave news to the Kheṛâs, (saying):
"Rânjhâ hath carried off thy Hîr and Murâd hath taken Sîtî."
When they entered the palace and found not Hîr, they saddled their mares,
(And said): "Come, let us slay the Jogî that hath disgraced the family."
(Said they): "Hear, O servant, drinker of skimmed milk, thou hast no sense.
Thou dost wander about eating stale bread, wandering in the wilds.
Thou herdsman of young buffaloes, thou hast stolen Hîr of the Kheṛâs.
The Siyâls whose buffaloes thou dost graze are after thee."
"The five hundred bay and grey mares of Sîdâ raise the dust along the path of the Kheṛâs!"
(Said Hîr to Rânjhâ): "I have not ascended the dark mountain, nor crossed the Chândan (Chinâb) River:

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* One of Hîr's maids.

Nâ dekhiâ Ṭillâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, nâ Takht Hazârâ âî.
Nâ dekhiâ Adalî Shahr suhânâ, jithe bahindâ Kachahrî nâl lâî.
Deke baḍî Adalî Râje nûṅ mil pawo, apnî dohâṅ dî jân bachâîṅ.
Tainûṅ mârange, mainûṅ baṅhke le jânge: sâḍi maut ikaṭṭhâṅ dî âî."

605 Chaṛhke Kheṛiâṅ ne Rânjhâ phaṛ lîâ; kalle dî bâh na chaldî kâî.
Ik kahinde: "Hîr te Rânjhe nûṅ chhaḍ deo; Hîr sâḍe kamm dî nâîṅ."
Ik kahinde: "Adalî Râje kol chalo; inhâṅ use chhaḍo nâîṅ."
Baṅhke Rânjhe nûṅ Râje Adalî de lo gae; unheṅ surat Gorakh wal takâî.

Nor have I seen Gorakh Nâth's Ṭillâ, nor reached Takht Hazârâ:
Nor have I seen the beautiful City of Râjâ Adalî, where he sitteth in his Court.
Let us give Râjâ Adalî a bribe and save both our lives.
They will slay thee and take me away bound, and we shall both die together."

605 The Kheṛâs came up and caught Rânjhâ, for one man's power availeth naught.
Said one: "Let Hîr and Rânjhâ go; Hîr is of no use to us."
Said another: "Let us go to Râjâ Adalî*: release them not here."
They bound Rânjhâ and took him to Râjâ Adalî, while he meditated on Gorakh (Nâth).

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* This worthy seems to have been ruling at the time in the neighbourhood of the Kheṛâs' holdings, (?) at Koṭ Addû in the Muzaffargaṛh District.

Adali Râjâ Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ: "Eh kaisâ jhagṛâ pâiâ?
Kî tuhâḍîâṅ ghoṛîâṅ kaḍhîâṅ? Kî khizânâ churâiâ?"
"Âkhâṅ sachîâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, Adali nûṅ sachî âkh sunâî:
Kalûâ te Tulsîâ Chhiyâlân* te ṭur pie, kar gae Rangpûr Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ dhâî.
Bharî kachahrî vichh Sîdâ Kherâ bahe gîâ: oh de muṅh nûṅ guṛ dî reoṛî lâî.
Baṅhke jan† Sîdâ Siyâlân vichh dhank piâ; agge ghar hai Rânjhâ Chûchak de mâhî.
Fattû Kâjî kahine paṛh lîe, Hîr sharâh de nâl biyâhîṅ.
Lakh rupae vichh Siyâlâṅ de baṇḍiâ, daulat banâṅ de vichh khadâî.
Sir Rânjhe de ṭamak de lîâ, âwandâ pinḍe pind bajâîṅ.

Said Râjâ Adalî to the Kheṛâs: "What is this quarrel?
Hath he stolen your mares, or money?"
"We say to thee truth, O Adalî:
Kalûâ and Tulsîâ‡ set out from the Siyâls and came to Rangpûr of the Kheṛâs.
Before the whole assembly they sat Sîdâ the Kheṛâ and put the sweets into his mouth.§
Making a marriage procession Sîdâ went to the Siyâls and there found that Rânjhâ was Chûchak's neatherd.
Fattû, the Qâzî, performed the ceremony and Hîr was married according to the law.
A *lâkh* of rupees was given to the Siyâls and money was scattered in the forests.
The drum was placed on Rânjhâ's head and he played it in every village.

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* For *Siyâlâṅ*. † For *janj*.

‡ The Brâhman messengers to arrange a marriage. This settles the position of the Kheṛâs at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargaṛh District.

§ *i.e.*, betrothed him to Hîr.

Jadoṅ Rânjhâ Rangpûr Kheṛiâṅ vichh â gîâ, sohanî mohanî banjali bajâî.
Sunke banjalî shahr ikaṭṭhâ ho gîâ, inhâṅ parjâ vekheṅ âe.
Biyahîâṅ kuṛîâṅ muṛke sohre nahîṅ jândîâṅ, kawârî koî biyâh karwâ deṅ nâhîṅ.
Mârke dhakke Rânjhe nûṅ bâhar kaḍḍhiâ, kar gîâ Gorakh de Ṭille nûṅ dhâî.
Jâke sidhâṅ dâ nâdh choriâ, inhâṅ kan vichh mundarâṅ pâî.
Dhâke Bangâle Jogî paṛhke â gîâ, sikhiâ dî lai bâl gudâî.
Uthoṅ ṭurke Rangpûr Kheṛeṅ â gîâ, âke bâg vichh dhûnî lâî.
Sûkhâ bâg hariâ kîtâ, pat pat ḍâlî nûṅ lâî.

When Rânjhâ reached Rangpûr of the Kheṛâs beautifully and ravishingly he played the flute.
Hearing the flute the city collected and all the people came to see.
The married girls would go not to their husbands and maidens would not wed.
So we thrust Rânjhâ away and he went to Gorakh (Nâth's) Ṭillâ.
There he stole the saint's conch and (obliged him to) put the ring in his ears.*
The (new) Jogî went to Ḍhâkâ and Bangâl† and studied and learnt the ways of holiness.
Returning thence he came to Rangpûr Kheṛâ and made his (Jogî's) fire in the garden.
He made the dried up garden green and brought leaves on every branch.

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* i. e., to make him a follower.
† Vague terms, meaning a long way off.

Âṭhoñ vele Jaṭṭ gaje nûñ chaṛhdâ, jâke Kheṛiâñ vichh 'âlakh' jagâî.
Dah ghar choṛhdâ, do ghar mangdâ, phirdâ chorâñ mang ṭakâî.
Luhṛâ mârâ Sîtî kamlî ne Rânjhe nûñ khair chîne dâ lâî.
Hitoñ chhadke kâñsâ bhaniâ, bah giâ boṛe bich bheûnâ pâî:
Nâl nihâñ de chîne nûñ chugdâ, maidâ sabar dî dohâiñ:
'Ḍâlâ ann meñ chhaḍke na jânâ; eh sikkhâ mainûñ Gorakh ne samjhâî.'
Sappâñ thoîâñ dî phendî bandhdâ, Hîr Sîtî koloñ bâg vich mangâî.
Leke Hîr nûñ râwal Jogî uṭh giâ, Sîtî khabar nahîñ keṛe khâte pâe.
Bhale châhunâ, Adalîâ, inhâñ phâî châk le, eh lâik chhaḍan de nâîñ."

During the 8 watches the Jaṭṭ went a-begging and called out '*âlakh*' at the Kheṛâ's houses.
Passing over ten houses he begged at two, wandering and begging like a thief.
The simple Sîtî did wrong in giving millet as alms to Rânjhâ.
So that he let drop his begging bowl and took a firm seat in the courtyard:
And picked up the millet with his nails, praising (the virtues of) patience, (saying):
'Never leave the scattered corn; thus did Gorakh teach me.'
He could take the stings from snakes and scorpions, and called Hîr to Sîtî in the garden.
The wily Jogî carried off Hîr and none knoweth what hath happened to Sîtî.
If thou dost desire thy good, O Adalî, thou shouldst hang him up, as he ought not to live."

Bich Kachahrî de Adalî âkhdâ Rânjhe nûṅ, âkhke sunâî:
"Naukarî lenî, roz dâ rupâe le le; oṛak nûṅ do likhâîṅ.
Ḍolâ lenâ, tâṅ golî bândî dâ le le; tainûṅ Hîr thiâwandî nâhîṅ.
Mahîṅâṅ lenâṅ, tûṅ adhî band le; tainûṅ sârîâṅ thiâwandîâṅ nâhîṅ.
Naukar lenâ, tâṅ merâ ṭahilwâ le jâ; jâke apnî ghar dîâṅ mahîṅ charâîṅ.
Bhalî châhe, tâṅ Kachahrîâṅ nikal jâ; nahîṅ dhaulâṅ khâke jâîṅ."
Itne chir nûṅ Rânjhâ boliâ, boliâ Adalî de tâîṅ:
"Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, lakkhâṅ pagâṅ dâ Sâîṅ.
Tere nâloṅ mere kol râj badherî; mainûṅ ruliâ bhâle nâhîṅ.
Naukarî denî, sattâṅ bâdshâhîâṅ dâ lâl de de; itne kâm rupâe de nâhîṅ.

In the midst of the Court said Adalî to Rânjhâ:
"If thou wouldst have service take a rupee a day; take as far as two (rupees).
If thou wouldst marry take slaves and maids; thou canst not keep Hîr.
If thou wouldst buffaloes, take half (nine); thou canst not take all.
If thou wouldst servants, take mine to tend the buffaloes of thy house.
If thou wouldst thy good, leave the Court, lest thou be thrust out."
Then spake Rânjhâ and said to Adalî:
"I am son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ and Lord of a *lâkh* of heads.
I have a greater empire than thou; think me no (mere) wanderer.
If thou wouldst give me service pay me with the ruby of seven kings; I have no need for rupees.

Mahînâṅ dene, sâre de de; kujh chhaḍke jândâ nahîṅ.
Golî bândî kisî garîb nûṅ de de; sâḍe kâm pinḍâwâliâṅ de nâhîṅ.
Je sâk Kheṛiâṅ dâ le denâ, tûṅ Chhattî Sîtî dâ sâk diwâîṅ.
Abbal tûṅ apnî dhî Niwâzâṅ de de, merî châk dî jholî bich pâîṅ.
Wâste Allah de, wâste Nabbî de, Hîr de de mainûṅ bhaglî-wâle nûṅ; merî joṛî vichh bhang na pâîṅ.
Je Hîr tûṅ mere se khoî lorîṅ, tainûṅ, Dargeh milângî sazâîṅ."
Vichh kachahri de Kaidû kûkdâ: "Sachî âkh sunâî.
Bâp de ghar asî tin beṭe, tinnî sage bhâi.
Chûchak de lekh Chaudhar likhî: Mihrû dî Padchhâhî.*
Merî Kaidû dî lekh likhî Fakirî: Dâḍe ne kalam bagâî.

If thou wouldst give buffaloes give all and leave none.
Give slave-girls and maids to some poor man; slave-girls are of no use to me.
If thou wouldst wed me amongst the Kheṛâs, give me Sîtî and Chhattî.
First of all give me thy own daughter Niwâzân, to put into my wallet.†
For the sake of God and (Muḥammad) the Prophet give Hîr to me, the wearer of the blanket;‡ spoil not the match between us.
If thou wilt take Hîr from me, thou shalt be ruined and disgraced."
Kaidû§ called out in the Court: "I say truth.
We were three brothers in our father's house: three own brothers.
Chiefship was written in Chûchak's fate, and Lordship in Mihrû's:
In my, Kaidû's, fate was written Saintship: it was the writing of God.

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* For *bâdshâhat*.
† *i.e.*, as charity.
‡ *i.e.*, a *faqîr*.
§ Hîr's uncle.

Jis dîn dâ châk Chhiyâlâṅ vichh baṛiâ, tin sai kuṛî biyahwan ditti nâîn.
Bhalî châhunâ, inhâṅ phâe de de; lâik chhaḍan de nâhîṅ."
Adalî Râjâ Chûchak nûṅ âkhdâ: "Tûṅ sachî sach sunâîṅ.
Jeh nûṅ Hîr dittî hai, oh nûṅ das de; evîṅ jhûṭh na lâîṅ."
Vichh Kachahrî de Chûchak âkhdâ: "Maiṅ jhûṭh boldâ nâîṅ.
Sattar Khâṅ, bahattar umre, Hîr maiṅ Rânjhe de hatth phaṛâî.
Bârâṅ barsâṅ Rânjhe meriâṅ manjhî châriâṅ, maithe kauḍî nahîṅ lî chhamâî.
Bhâîchâre ne dhakkâ kitâ, Hîr chakke Kheṛiâṅ ḍolî bich pâî
Ehdhoṅ jhûṭh hai, tâṅ Hîr nûṅ pûchh le: terî vichh Kachahrî de Hîr âî.
Ehdhoṅ galloṅ jo jhûṭh nikale, tâṅ bich Dargeh maiṅ bharâṅ sazâî."

Since this servant (Rânjhâ) came to the Siyâls 360 maidens have refused to marry.
If thou wouldst thy good, (O Adalî,) hang him; he is not fit to live."
Said Râjâ Adalî to Chûchak, "Tell me the truth.
Show me to whom thou hast given Hîr: tell me no lie in this."
In the Court said Chûchak: "I tell no lies.
Before 70 Khâṅs* and 72 nobles I gave Hîr to Rânjhâ.
Rânjhâ grazed my buffaloes for 12 years and took no pay at all from me.
My brethren thrust him away, and seizing Hîr married her to the Kheṛâs.
If there be a lie in this ask Hîr: she is in thy Court.
If there be a lie in this may I be punished in the Court (of God)."

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* Chiefs of the Siyâls.

Ûbî tanî Hîr pair piâḍe chalke Kachahrî vichh âî.
"Bikhat painde râjâ rânîâṅ; maiṅ bhî bikhat paî te âî.
Pahilâṅ bikhat piâ Râm Chand nûṅ, oh di Sîtâ dah-sir ne churâî.
Phir bikhat utte dah-sir nûṅ pai giâ, us de sone dî Lankâ luṭâî.
Phir bikhat piâ utte Mansûr de, jeh de khâtir Ḍâḍe ne sûlî gaḍâî.
Phir bikhat piâ Samâsmarez nûṅ, jo pûṭhî khâl le âî.
Hun bikhat mainûṅ Hîr nûṅ pai giâ, Adaliâ, bich Kachahrî de maiṅ âî.
Leke baḍî gall Kheṛiâṅ kardâ; merâ dûr-andeshâṅ dâ kallâ mâhî!

Without a veil and on foot came Hîr into the Court.
(Said she): "Kings and queens have suffered ill: I too am fallen into trouble.
First trouble fell upon Râm Chandar, whose Sîtâ the ten-headed (Râvana) stole.
Then the ten-headed came to trouble, whose golden Lankâ was stolen.*
Afterwards trouble fell upon Mansûr, for whom God allowed gallows to be erected.
And then trouble fell upon Shams Tabrez, whose skin was flayed.†
Now hath trouble come upon Hîr, O Adali, that she should come into thy Court.
Taking bribes thou dost side with the Kheṛâs, and my uncared-for neatherd is all alone!

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* See above *passim*.

† Shekh Hussain Ḥallâj Baizî, more commonly and wrongly called Mansûr Ḥallâj, or shortly Mansûr, and Maulânâ Shamsu'ddîn Muḥammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, are two of the great martyrs of the Sûfî sect of the Muhammadans. Mansûr was put to death at Baghdâd by Al-Muqtâdir B'illah, the 18th Abbaside Khalîfa of Baghdâd, about 919-922 A.D. Shams Tabrez was murdered at Qunia (Iconium) in 1274 A. D.—the flaying alive is a legend—by an opposition party of Sûfîs, headed by 'Alâu'ddîn Maḥmûd, nephew of his own celebrated pupil Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddin Rûmî, better known as the Maulavî Rûmî, founder of the Sûfî *durveshes* of Qunia. See *ante*, p. 404.

Daulat leke Sîde nûṅ muḍh bahâwanâ; kauḍî joṛke khizâne vichh pâî!
Uṛdâ chhâpâ mainûṅ Sîdâ lag gîâ, korî kâghaz nûṅ lagî siâhî.
Rânjhâ merâ phul gulâbî; main hâṅ us de jal dî murgâbî.
Gîlîṅ khambîn maite uṛdâ na jândâ; mainûṅ lâj ishk ne lâî!
Jaisî terî ghar dhî Niwâzâṅ, Adaliâ, aisî maiṅ Chûchak Mihar dî jâî.
Hakk hâṅ maiṅ Rânjhe dâ, oh nûṅ de de: merî joṛî bich bhang na pâî."
Itnî gall jad Adalî ne sunî, Hîr sadke pâs biṭhâî.
Jad muṅh Hîr dâ Adalî ne dekhiâ, tân sudh budh rah na kâî.
Hîr mahileṅ apnî chaṛhâ lîe, bâhir Kheṛiâṅ de uṭhâe.
Rânjhe nûṅ kahindâ Adalî: "Tûṅ bhî jhûṭâṅ hai; pahilâṅ kîtî thî Hîr dî *merî* kuṛmâî!"

For wealth thou dost side with Sîdâ; to collect pence to put into thy treasury!
Sîdâ clings to me like a stray thorn, like ink to clean paper.
Rânjhâ is a rose flower to me: I am to him as a water fowl on the water.
My wings are wet and I cannot fly: I am not ashamed of my love!
As Niwâzâṅ is a daughter to thee, O Adalî, so am I daughter of Mihar Chûchak.
I am Rânjhâ's by right, give me to him, and spoil not the match."
When Adalî heard these words he called Hîr and sat her beside him.
When Adalî saw Hîr's face he lost his wits and wisdom.
He sent Hîr to his own palace and put away the Kheṛâs.
Said Adalî to Rânjhâ: "Thou too art a liar: Hîr was first of all betrothed to *me!*"

Dhakkâ kîtâ Adalî Râje, Hîr dâ palang chaubâre bich ḍhâiâ.
Jad hoiâ sânj da belâ Adalî palang Hîr de nûn âiâ.
"Adalî Râjiâ, taiṅ adal nâ kamâiâ, damâṅ de muṅhtâje!
Kalar terî khandî lag jâ, Adaliâ, bhâ lage darwâje.
Mar jâîṅ, Adaliâ, tainûṅ roîṅ ranîâṅ, tere Kâjî paṛheṅ janâje.
Shahr tere iṭ iṭ ho jâ, utte lohe dî phiran sohâgî.
Pakke haud pânî de bhar le, kâm âwange tuhâḍe.
Gorakh muniâṅ mainûṅ tâhîâṅ jâṇîṅ, bachan birthe nahîṅ jâṇîṅ sâḍe."
Âthoṅ bakhat dhadholiâ, Adalî kol Hîr de âiâ.
Adalî Râjâ adal nâ kîtâ: pair Hîr de palang utte pâiâ.
Jadoṅ Adalî pair dhariâ, Hîr ne Rabb dhyâiâ.
Âtish agg Adalî dî deh nûṅ lagî, utte pânî chhiṛkâiâ.

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and had Hîr's bed placed on the upper-story.
When it was evening, Adalî came to Hîr's bed.
(Said she): "O Râjâ Adalî, thou didst not justice, and turned astray thy face for money!
May rot destroy thy walls, O Adalî, and fire thy gates.
Mayest thou die, O Adalî, and thy queens bewail thee, and the Qâzî perform thy funeral service.
May thy City become a heap of bricks and may iron harrows be dragged over it.
Better fill thy brick reservoirs, for they will be of service to thee.
Know me for a (true) disciple of Gorakh, when my words fail not."
It was the hour of dusk when Adalî came to Hîr.
Râjâ Adalî did not justice and put his foot on Hîr's bed.
When Adalî lifted his foot Hîr thought on God.
Fire seized Adalî's body and he threw water over it.

Ghoṛâ ṭaṭṭû mardâṅ jândâ; partoṅ Hîr Rânjhe ne lâiâ!
Jad Hîr ne bintî kîtî, Gorakh ne pherâ pâiâ.

Dagâ kamâiâ Adalî Râje, khoke Hîr chaubâre chàṛhî.
Mârke dhakkâ Rânjhe nûṅ kaḍḍhiâ Kachahrî; rondâ jândâ albelâ mâhî.
Jâke bâg de vichh dhûnî lâ lie, sohanî mohanî banjalî bajâî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ bich Makke de sunîâṅ, sattarâṅ pirâṅ dî porî chaṛhke âî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ bich sunîâṅ Multân de, Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ ne azmat lâî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Devî Mâtâ ne, sherâṅ par chaṛhke Rânjhe kol âî
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Sarwar Jodhe, utte Kakkî de pâkhar pâe.

Horses and ponies began to die; Hîr and Rânjhâ performed this miracle!
When Hîr besought him, Gorakh came (to help).

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and seizing Hîr took her into the upper-chamber.
He thrust Rânjhâ from the Court: the beautiful neat-herd went away weeping.
He lighted a (sacred) fire in the garden and played on his beautiful and ravishing flute.
The sound of the flute reached to Makkâ and a company of 70 saints came up.
The sound of the flute reached to Multan and the Five Saints came in majesty.
The sound of the flute brought the Mother, the Goddess (Durgâ), on her lion to Rânjhâ.*
At the sound of the flute came (Sakhî) Sarwar the Warrior, caracoling on (his mare) Kakkî.†

* See *ante*, p. 373. † See Vol. I., p. 96.

Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Hanumân ṇe, senâ-wâlî phauj charhâi.
Bâgâṅ Adali de pat sût le, senâ ne koî bûṭâ chhadâ nâîṅ.
Sabhî auliâ kaṭṭhe ho gae, puchhde Rânjhe tâîṅ:
"Sach kah, bâliâ, tainûṅ bhîr kâh dî pai gaî? Sanûṅ sachî âkh sunâîn."
Boliâ Rânjhâ: "Tuhâḍe hondiâṅ Hîr kho lîe Adalî ne, châkke chaubâre charhâi."
Phare muâte âg de shahr Adalî nûn âg lâî.
Jaldâ baldâ Adali handâṅ vichh ḍigiâ, jândâ logâṅ kolon pânî chhiṛkâe.
Jûn jûn aggoṅ utte pânî paindâ, agg bhaṛkdî dûn sawâî!

Kahe Wazîr Râje Adalî nûṅ: "Eh Rânjhe nen dhâr bagâîṅ.

At the sound of the flute came Hanumân,* the leader, with his army.
The army cut down the garden of Adalî and left not a tree remaining.
All the saints collected asked of Rânjhâ:
"Say truly, thou youth, what evil hath befallen thee? Tell us the truth."
Said Rânjhâ: "Before you all Adalî hath seized Hîr and taken her to the upper-chamber."
They took burning logs and set fire to Adali's city.
Burning went Adalî into the reservoirs and water was thrown over the people.
And when the water reached the fire it blazed forth twofold!

Said his Minister to Râjâ Adalî: "Rûnjhâ hath used his power.

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* The monkey God, Hanuman, was one of Râma Chandra's chief Generals and is constantly called in to help in legends.

Je taiṅ bachnâ, Hîr nûṅ chhaḍ de laṛ Rânjhe de lâiṅ."
Eh gall sunî Adalî ne Hîr muḍh mangâî.
Juṅ jûṅ Hîr muḍh Adalî de âwandî, Maule ne ṭhaṇḍâ âp bartâe.
Bhaje chobdâr bhâlan Rânjhâ; kitte thiâwandâ nâhîṅ.
Bhâldîâṅ bhâldîâṅ nûṅ bâg vichh thiâ giâ, baithâ sohanîâṅ dhûnîâṅ lâî.
"Chalo, Nâthjî, tainûṅ Adalî yâd kardâ, kol baiṭhî hai Siyâlâṅ di jâî."
Rânjhâ âkhdâ: "Bhan marâwandâ tuhâdâ Adalî Râjâ! Main kî jandâ Siyâlâṅ dî jâî?"

"Oh nahîṅ âwandâ, baḍîkhwâriâ Adalî, tûṅ âp jâke lâîṅ."
Nangî pairiṅ Adalî â giâ, â giâ Rânjhe de tâîṅ.
"Jaisî, Rânjhiâ, eḍî karâmât tere vichh, taiṅ mainûṅ zâhirî karâmât dikhâiṅ.

If thou wouldest be saved give up Hîr to the youth Rânjhâ."
When he heard this Adalî called Hîr to him.
When Hîr approached Adalî God himself cooled him.
Messengers ran to search out Rânjhâ, but nowhere could they find him.
Searching they found him in the garden beside a beautiful fire.
(Said they): "Come, Sir Nâth, Adalî calls thee and by him sitteth the daughter of the Siyâls."
Said Rânjhâ: "A curse upon your Raja Adalî! What know I of the daughter of the Siyâls?"

(Said the messenger): "He cometh not, O bribe-taking Adali, thou shouldst go to him."
On his bare feet went Adalî to Rânjhâ, (and said):
"O Rânjhâ, thou hast shown me the miraculous power that is in thee.

Jaisî eḍî kârâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ chhaḍî Takht Hazâre dî badchhâhî?*
Jaisî eḍî karâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ Gorakhwâlî dhûnî tapâî?
Jaisî eḍî karâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ lagâ Chûchak dâ mâhî?
Hîr dâ tere nâl nikâh paṛhâvîṅ"! Eh gall Adalî ne âkh sunâî:
"Je tere man bharam hai, Rânjhiâ, tûṅ Hîr maiṅ ne banâî hai dharam dî jâî."
Jadoṅ Adalî eh gall âkhe Rânjhe nûṅ, Rânjhe ne karî Kachahrî nûṅ dhâî.
"Jug jug jîvîṅ, Adalî Râjâ, taiṅ meri adâlat hakk pahunchâî!"
Jadoṅ Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ Indar ne barkhâ pâî;
Shahr Adalî dâ sukh bas giâ kul lukâî.
Rânjhe dâ Hîr dâ melâ ho giâ; phaṛiâṅ Rabb rajhâîṅ.
Adalî Râjê ne adal kamâiâ, daṃmâṅ de muṅhtâje.

With such miraculous power in thee, why gavest thou up the rule of Takht Hazârâ?
With such miraculous power in thee, why didst tend the fire of Gorakh?
With such miraculous power in thee, why wast thou Chûchak's neatherd?
I will marry thee to Hîr!" Then thus spake Âdalî:
"If thou doubt this in thy mind, O Rânjhâ, I make Hîr my daughter by the law."
When Adalî spake thus to Rânjhâ, Rânjhâ went to the Court, (and said):
"Live for ever, O Râjâ Adalî, thou hast preserved my honour and my rights!"
When Rânjhâ sounded his conch, Indra caused rain;
And all the people in Adali's city lived in happiness.
Rânjhâ and Hîr came together, for God favoured them.
Râjâ Adalî did justice and turned away his face from bribes.

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* For *bâdshâhat.*

"Kandhe tere channan lage, mushk lage darwâje!"
Adalî Râje Adâlat kîtî: Hîr de biyâh dî kitî tayyârî.
Shahr sârâ katthâ ho giâ, râîat katthi kar lî sârî.
"Rânjhe nûn Hîr main dene lagân: eh potrî lagdî mahârî!
Dekhe, je koi Hîr nûn mandâ bole, nagarî garak jâe sârî!"

Agge Hîr ditte Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûn; hun asal Adalî ne biyâhî.
Leke Hîr nûn tur piâ Rânjhe, leke Makke dî râhîn.
Rânjhâ Takht Hazâre dâ, Jhang Siyâlân dî Hîr,
Unhân dohâñ dî dostî madad Panj Pîr.
Katthiâ Ludan Mallâh ne karke badî tadbîr.
Jatt gâwande nâl dhadhân sârangîân de, dar dar tukre mangen fakir.

(Said the people): "May sandal-wood cleave to thy walls and a sweet scent to thy gates!"
Râjâ Adalî held his Court and prepared for Hîr's marriage.
All the city and the dependants collected together.
(Said Adalî): "I give Hîr to Rânjhâ; she is now my granddaughter!
Behold, if any speak evil of Hîr, his whole city shall be buried!"

First Chûchak gave Hîr to Rânjhâ and now Adalî properly married her (to him).
Rânjhâ took Hîr and took the road to Makkâ.
Rânjhâ of Takht Hazârâ and Hîr of Jhang Siyâl
Were helped in their loves by the Five Saints.
Ludan, the boatman, made this lay with much ability.
The Jatt sings it to the drum and the fiddle, and the *faqîr** begs from door to door.

---

* i.e., the bard who actually sings it

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

BY

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VOLUME III

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No. XXXIX.

MIRZÂ AND SÂHIBÂṄ,

AS SUNG BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE JÂLANDHAR DISTRICT.

[This is a very celebrated tale in the Jhang and Montgomery Districts, and thence throughout the Panjâb, because of the feuds which the elopement of the heroine, Sàhibâṅ, with her cousin Mirzâ led to between the Mahnîs (Siyâls) and the Chadhars of Khîwâ in the Jhang District and the Kharals of Dânâbâd in the Montgomery District. The story generally told is as follows:—Mirzâ was sent to his relative the Mahnî Chief of Khîwâ, who had a daughter Sâhibâṅ. Sâhibâṅ was betrothed to a youth of the Chadhar tribe, but before she could be married to him she eloped with Mirzâ towards Dânâbâd. Before they reached, however, their pursuers, the Mahnîs and the Chadhars, overtook them, killed Mirzâ and strangled Sâhibâṅ. The Kharals thereupon attacked the Mahnîs and the Chadhars, defeated them and recovered the corpses of Mirzâ and Sâhibâṅ, which they buried at Dânâbâd. The feuds, however, lasted a long while, so that it became to be considered unlucky to possess daughters, and thus they led to extensive female infanticide by strangulation in memory of the manner of Sâhibâṅ's death. As regards the Kharals, this was only put down by the English within the last forty years. The Siyâls to the present day resent a reference to Sâhibâṅ as they do to Hîr, the heroine of the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ given in the previous volume.]

[The date of Hîr was in the previous volume referred to the 16th century A.D. and that of Sâhibâṅ is no doubt much more modern.]

[The version here given is characteristically incomplete and full of references of a local nature. It is also wanting in that skilful treatment, which is so distinctive of the ancient Indian legends, even in their garbled modern forms.]

TEXT.

Ghar Khîwe de Sâhibâṅ jamî Mangalwâr :
Ḍom suhelî gâwande Khân Khîwe de bâr.
Râj doàiṅ dittîâṅ sohane parwâr,
Ral tadbîrân baṇdiâṅ ; chhail hoî muṭiâr.
Sâhibâṅ nâl suheliâṅ kûrî rîs kâr.
Ghar Banjâl de Mirzâ jamiâ karaṛe bâr.
Janam ditte mâî-bâp ne, rûp dittâ Kartâr :
Aisâ Mirzâ sûrmâṅ Kharalâṅ dâ sardâr.
Sâhibâṅ parhe paṭṭiâṅ, Mirzâ paṛhe Kurân :

Bich Masît* de lagîâṅ, jâne kul jahân.
"Nâ mâr, Kâjî chhâmkâṅ, nâ de tatî nûṅ tâo.
Paṛhnâ *sâdâ* rah giâ, le âe ishk Likhâ."

Sâhibâṅ gaî tel nûṅ, gaî pasârî de haṭ :
Phaṛ nâ jâne tâkhṛî, hâṛ nâ jâne waṭ.
Tel bhulâve bhûlâ Bânîâṅ, dittâ shahit ulaṭ.
Banaj gaṅwâ le Bânîâṅ ; balad gaṅwâe Jaṭṭ.
Tin sai Nâgâ piṛ rihiâ, ho gae choṛ-chapaṭ.
Mirzâ Sâhibâṅ dî dostî raho bich jagat.

Ghar se Sâhibâṅ tur pie karke paṛhne kî nît :
"Kâjî sâdâ mar giâ, sunî pie Masît."

"Tûṅ sun, Karmû Bâhmanâṅ, kadhî nâ âiâ kâm.
Ghoṛî deâṅ tere chaṛhan nûṅ, sane kâṭhî lagâm :
Hâthoṅ dî dewâṅ chuṛîâṅ, sonâ kardî dân :
Jhoṭî deâṅ dûdh pîn nûṅ, hal dî zamîn inâm.
Jad lag jîve Sâhibâṅ, rakhe terâ ahsân.
Châuthe nûṅ Chaṇḍaṛ biyâh le jânge, phir kî karogâ ân ?"
Agioṅ Karmû boldâ : "Sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Châlîs kohâṅ dâ paṇḍâ hai ; kaun âve ? kaun jâ ?
Ghar Mirzâ dî hor istrî, sunî dî burî balâe.
Sâukan utte sâukan paî mâre leve adh baṭâe.
Chhaḍ de purâne Jaṭṭ dî dostî, nawîṅ Karmû bal lâ.
Ghar bich lâ, le dostî bahke ishk kamâ."
Age Sâhibâṅ boldî : "Muṅh tere suhâe :
Mârâṅ chaupaṛ tere gajab dî, deâṅ akal gaṅwâe.
Khabar ho jâ mere bâp nûṅ, tainûṅ shaharoṅ den ujâṛ :
Tâṅ khabar ho jâ bîr Shumer nûṅ, tainûṅ karan mâr :
Je khabar ho jâ piṇḍ de muṇḍiâṅ nûṅ, karde ṭemâṅ dî mâr.
Bhulke srâdh, Dâdâ, âwange, neude khâṅ te jâ ?
Lagîâṅ main terî potrî, bah giâ ran banâe.

* For *Masjid.*

Lago Kachahrî Khîwe bâp de, tainûñ bañhke lûñ mangwâe."
"Eh gunâh merâ bakhsh le, Sâhibâñ, jithe ghalle uthe jâñ.
Doṛâ lagâ afîm dâ, sâḍe akal ṭhikânâ nâñ.
Maiñ to bholâ gharîb hâñ; merî rakh dhauliâñ dî lâj.
Baṛî râtoñ uṭhke ṭur pawoñ Khaṛalañ dî râh."
Siyâlâñ te Bahman ṭur piâ, piâ Khaṛalâñ dî râh.
Kol Mirze de âke das dittî sâhe dîe pâ:
"Mehndî Sâhibâñ de biyâh de chalke hâthoñ apne lâ.
Bhejâ Sâhibâñ dâ â giâ; chheti ho tayyâr."

Chaṛhde Mirzâ Khâñ nûñ Chhahtî kare jabâb:
"Haṭke baiṭheñ, Mirzâ, ghar vichh kariñ salâh.
Utte palang te bahke mere hathîñ kâj suñwâr:
Bhulke âwange Bhaṭṭî Sandal Bâr de, Sâhib Sunde Bâr."
"Merâ jâñ zarûr dâ, pîchhe bhâîchâr:
Achhî karnî apne nak nûñ: nahîñ, Khaṛalâñ nûñ âo hâr
Merâ jânâ zarûr dâ, jânde nûñ hoṛ na pâe.
Kâj bahûnâñ maiñ phirâñ, mainûñ kî kisî kâjâñ nâl?"

Chaṛhde Mirzâ Khâñ nûñ matâ deve mâñ:
"Bure Siyâlâñ de mu'âmlâ; burî Siyâlâñ dî râh;
Burî Siyâlâñ di auratâñ: jâdû len pâ.
Kaḍḍh kalîje khândîâñ; mere jhâṭe tel na pâe
Ran de khâtir chaliâ, âveñ jâñ gañwâe.
Âkhe mere lag jâ, âge paır na pâe."
"Ghar Khîwe dî kâj nai: lâgî bhajiâ mere bâr.
Ghar mere ânke das dittî sâhe de pâ.
Oh nânke maiñ dohtâ; jânde nûñ moṛ na pâ.
Panj rupae ık patrâ mainûñ dâ pâûngâ jâ."

Mirzâ ne ghoṛî singâr lîe, âsan baîṭhâ jâ.
Chaṛhde dâ pallâ aṭakiâ; chhink sâmhne â!
Mirzâ Syâlâñ nûñ chaliâ, Ki[illegible] niwâke sîs.

Kâḍḍh kalîje le gaî Khâṅ Khîwe dî dhî.
"Gaz gaz lamîâṅ menḍîâṅ, rang jo gorî sî;
Je deve piâlâ zahar dâ, maiṅ, Mirzâ, laindâ pî:
Je mâre burchî kaske, Mirzâ kadhî na karûngâ sî:
Apnî maut maiṅ marâṅ: mere nâl tuhâ nûṅ ki?"

Chaṛhde Mirzâ Khâṅ nûṅ Banjal dendâ mat:
"Bhaṭ ranâṅ di dostî; khorî jinhâṅ dî mat.
Hanske lâwandî jârîâṅ, roke dendî das.
Jis ghar lâî dostî mul na ghate lat.
Sathî hâth nâ âwandî dânishmandâṅ dî pat.
Sâhibâṅ âiṅ na chhaḍke, sir nâ raho sâḍî pat.
Râjâ jhore râj nûṅ, budh nûṅ jhore chor.
Gorî jhoro rûp nûṅ, pairâṅ jhore mor."

Chaṛhde Mirzâ Khâṅ nûṅ mâ mat dindî khaṛî:
"Sapâṅ sherâṅ dî dostî nâ kar, bhâî, aṛî.
Tapî kaṛhâ hai tel di, sir par lâṭ jalî.
Mûsâ bhâjiâ Maut to, us de âge Maut khaṛî;
Parbat bharde tukroṅ longhan keṛe galî.
Roudî Bîbî Fâtima karke bâhan khaṛî.
'Maiṅ kî, Rabbâ, terâ phaṛiâ, merî joṛî khâk ralî?'
Aj dâ wâr bichâle, bhulke Siyâlâṅ jâ baṛîṅ."
"Biyâh hove chhaḍḍ dewâṅ, mang na chhaḍḍî jâ.
Jekar mang maiṅ chhaḍḍ dewâṅ, lage Khaṛalâṅ nûṅ lâj.
Pût Mirzâ, nûh Sâhibâṅ, sâḍî ṭirnî jag vich wâr."

Chaṛhde Mirzâ Khâṅ nûṅ mâ mat dindî khaṛî.
"Jâṛâṅ chorâṅ vichh baiṭhke gal na karîyo kharî.
Âj dâ wâr bichâe, bhulke Siyâlâṅ jâ baṛîṅ."
Âge Mirzâ boliâ: "dewâṅ sach suná;
Ghar Banjal do jamiâ ditte kul saṅwâr.
Sadiâ Sâhibâṅ Siyâl, kîkar dewâṅ jabâb?
Jiwandâ rahâ tâṅ â milâṅ; mat chhoṛo âs."

Mirzâ Sîyâlâṅ nûṅ ṭur piâ, chaliâ hûâ sawâr.
Mirzâ puchhâ Pîlû sha'ir nûṅ; "dasîṅ shagun vichâr."

Pilû baiṭhâ khû te karke lakh tadbîr.
" Kânjan bandhâ takulâ, takulâ bandhâ tîr ;
Laṭh pilânâ miliâ, karaṛe ghat zanjîr.
Kabiâṅ mudh dhatuṛiâṅ, jiweṅ badshâhâṅ mudh wazîr.
Kathâ haṭ haṭ kar rahâ, jiweṅ dâr vichh kharâ fakîr.
Ṭiṇḍâṅ gîṛam giṛiâṅ, bhar bhar dhaulan nîr."
Âge Mirzâ boliâ : " tainûṅ deâṅ sunâ :
Terî gallâṅ jhûṭîâṅ ; ik bhî mandî nâ."
" Ehnâṅ charkhe-wâle admî kabareṅ jâ pîe ;
Je bhale châhunâ zindagî gâhâṅ pair na de."

" Raste pe jâo; râhîo, ḍaṅḍî pair na ghat.
Jis din sâhâ sâdhiâ lâgî dinde ghat,
Ghar Mirzâ de âke pâwandâ sâhâî de das,
Panj rupae ik patiâ, na wâdâ jânâ gh t.
Tuhâḍe bâr ghoṛîâṅ, merî Bakkî dâ patlâ lak.
Â, leo rupae, salâm dâ tuhânûṅ âge na âe mat.
Sum Bakkî dî khaṛakde, jo lohe pain dhagâṅ :
Dum Bakkî dî în phirî, jaisî chauṅrî karê ghulâm.
Munh nâl lâhen pagaṛîâṅ, phaṭke site anjân :
Bakkî lâhîâṅ pagaṛîâṅ, vekhî na kisî dî lâj.
Nâî merâ mâriâ, sharbat dittâ dhol.
Puchh na painde mu'âmle, na ho na lagde chhor.
Gallâṅ karan sukhâlîâṅ, aukhî pâlne bol."

Mirzâ Siyâlâṅ much â' giâ, ran Sâhibâṅ dâ chor.
Hor ânde hâtheṅ barchhâṅ, Mirzâ dî sabz kumân.
Dahine kane âwandâ merâ Mirzâ sher jawân.
Mirzâ ghar Bîbo dî â giâ, charkhâ dindâ ṭhahrâ :
" Je tûṅ mâsî dharm dî Sâhibâṅ nûṅ le âke milâ."
Ghar te Bibo ṭur pîe moharâṅ leke châr :
" Uthen, Sâhibâṅ sutîe, uthke deîṅ didâr
Chîrewâlâ chhokrâ Bibo andar kaun paṛâ ?
Mirzâ phûl gulâb dâ merî jholîṅ ṭûṭ piâ !"

" Na phaṛ, baṅîâṅ ghuṭkê, bangâṅ jândî phat !
Kal chir charhîâṅ, pahin na dekhî raj !

Bheṛî galî, kuṭhiań ghar, mûrakh dhûlî gad.
Khabar hove Khâń Shumer nûń, lahû pîvegâ raj!
Le chal Dânâbâd nûń, je sir haigî pag;
Tainûń mâr gańwâvegî; tûń rakh Khaṛalâń dî laj."

Âge Mirzâ boldâ: "tû sun, Jâm* Lohâr!
Kyâ sutâ? kyâ jâgdâ? ki gîâ pawâr?
Majûrî le lîeń apnî, kîlîâń dîeń hazâr.
Je tû bhâî dharm dâ Sâhibâń ṭorień nâl."
Mirzâ kîlîâń gaḍîâń, Panj Pîr manâ:
Pauṛî pauṛî Jaṭṭ chaṛh gîâ, ûpar chaṛhiâ jâ;
Uparoń Sâhibâń utarî, pai gaî chhinkâr:
Sâlû dâ pallâ aṭakiâ. "Raṭak Bakkî nûń pher!"
"Âge ghar, Sâhibâń, bâp dâ nau lakkhâ. Lâ dûń sâlûâń dâ ḍher.
Chaṛhî rah Bakkî dî bel te, sakh Mirzâ dî loṛ."
"Mâṛî terî ṭirkî, Mirzâ, lâiâ kidharoń ṭor?
Sukkâ ahîdâ chaukaṭâ; kâwâń khâḍe kamroṛ!
Je ghar na sî tere bâp de, mang le âwandâ hor!
Ghorî Khîwe Khâń dî baṛî murâtab-khor!
Bhajiâń nûń jân na denge, udhal ghasiâń de chor;
Bich ujâṛ de mârde, tere sat de dhoń maroṛ!"
"Kan lambî, khor patlî, dum Bakkî dî siyâh;
Dekhke maṛî tîr nûń jhorî chit na pâ.
Bâî Ḍogar jinhâń de bahan pawânde â;
Bâp de khatiâń chârke Bakkî ne lîâń banâ.
Das mahîâń dâ ghîân dittâ Bakkî de didh pâ.
Bakkî te ḍaran farishte, maitoń ḍare Khudâ!
Chobhê bich Patâl; uṛke chaṛhi Agâs!
Chaṛhnâ apne shauk nûń, Bakkî nûń lâj na lâ!"

Bûhe nûń tamak bajiâ, Sâhibâń ghate tel.
Andar baithe nânakî, bûhe baithâ mel.
Thâlî baṭwâ rah gîâ, kûpe atar phulel,
Gahne sane patârîâń, chhânjan sane hamel!

Paroz Ḍogar kûkiâń: "Suniń, Khâń Khîwâ, bât.

* A title used towards the caste.

Sâhibâñ nûñ Mirzâ le giâ rondî Kuṇḍe de Bâr!
Lâ giâ lâj Siyâlâñ nûñ, giâ sî dâgh lâ.
Ghoṛe pâo pakaṛân, paidal, ho jâoñ aswâr!
Raste pawo, paidalo, muṇḍ malloñ aswâr!
Sâwâñ Mirzâ mârnâ, karke kaul karâr!"

Ishk litâre âdmî, baraf litâre rukh;
Nînd na âwandî chor nûñ, âshak na lage bhukh.

"Sâhibâñ Mirze dî dostî jag na rahnî luk.
Le chal Dânâbâd nûñ, jân lukâve mukh.
Jaṇḍ de heṭh, Jaṭṭâ, so rahâ, uṭh sust sambhâl.
Bakkî tainûñ chhaḍḍke uṭh gaî, jis de utte baṛâ aitbâr!
Nârad chhaḍḍke uṭh giâ, terâ muḍh kadîmâñ dâ yâr,
Maran Sâhibâñ nûñ â giâ, jeh dâ kardâ nâ sî aitbâr!"
"Mere ûpar na koî dîdhâ sûrmâ, jeṛe merâ parwâr kare.
Mâr kohâñ tere, jin ne pâs tere bîr kare.
Jhattak jhûṭâ jaṇḍ heṭh lain de, jeṛe Khudâ kare!
Aj dî ghaṛî so lain de, dûjî ghaṛî baṛân Dânâbâd."
"Jaṇḍ de hethâñ, Jaṭṭâ so rihâ lâl dushâl tân,
Wahî chalâîâñ kâñîâñ Maut ne dinde jâñ.
Mathe bich kaljognâ, fatteh na dinde hon.
Likhiâñ Ḍâḍhe Rabb; deiâñ meṭan-wâlâ kon?
Uṭhan, Mirzâ sutiâ; khabe âe aswâr!
Hatheñ teghâñ rang liâñ, karde mâr-o-mâr!
Mere bâbal warğîâñ ghoṛîâñ; bîr mere sawâr!
Kî dhuṇḍhâwan asân de? Kî mîr-shikâr?
Jaṇḍ de jaṭoriâ, tûheñ kareñ niyâûñ.
Hoio dûnâ phale, chaugunâ teri mehṇḍi mâne chhâûñ."
Muthîâñ bhar jagâwandî yâr nûñ: "Jâgîye, Rabb de nâm:
Dhur na âprî ran Sâhibâñ; merî bichâloñ ṭûṭî lâñ.
Je na sî oṛ nabhânî, mere kâh nûñ palṛî bâheñ?
Bachâ dendâ, âshakâ*, nâ âge milnâ tainûñ thâûñ."

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* For 'âshiqâ.

Arsoṅ utare chhah jane, chhah haiṅ bahin bharâṅ.
Duldul lîen Shâh Alî ne, pâîeṅ Kâba dî râh.
Ik lîâ Gûge Chauhân ne, Bâgṛâṅ dittiâṅ ḍhâ.
Nîlâ lîâ Râjâ Rasâlû ne, Kâuiâ lîâ chhundâ.
Garâṛâ Jaimal Fatte sandal beṭî na dittî biyâh.
Lakhî le lain Dûlâ jawân ne, mâre Akbar dî râh.
Kakkî ghar Sultân de châreṅ kunṭâṅ lâiâṅ niwâ.
Sabhnâṅ te chhoṭî haiṅ Bakkî, chalke âî Mirzâ de pâs.
Muṅh kaḍiâlâ, Jaṭṭ ne de lîâ Panj Pîr manâ;
Chhikkê tang kasiâ; lîe na shagun manâ:
"Sir Siyâlâṅ de baḍhke, dewâṅ jaṇḍ chaṛhâ.
Bakkî kî bel par bahke; Bakkî nûṅ lâj na lâ!"
"Sherû Kaliyar bhaunkde; dekh janâṅ de dhûṅ.
Jyûṅ Makkâ labbâ hâjîân, mainûṅ labbâ tûṅ.
Shahar Siyâlân de â lage, jo phattâṅ utte nûn:
Teghâṅ mâr uṛâwange, jo panjâ punjdâ rûṅ."
Mirzâ âkhe: "Koî na dhendâ sûrmâ, jeṛâ mainûn hath kare.
Kaṭak bhaṛâ den ṭukreṅ, maithon bhaṛâr ḍare.
Balbal bad dûṅgâ sûrmâ, jo kethî nûṅ pain gaṛe.
Sir Siyâlân de baḍhke siṭṭûngâ bich raṛe."
"Âthan wakat dhoṛ dâ, jyûṅ suboh se hoe shâm.
Dhartî tâmbâ ho gaî, siâhî phaṛî âsmân.
Ghar bagâne mârke, so rahâ bich maidân.
Tere sire sagâṅ bajdiâṅ, jyûṅ lohe paṛe thangân.
Chandar dhunke jan banke mâre, tainûṅ bâj na jân.
Chheṛ Bakkî chaliye Dânâbâd; kyûṅ piâ bich maidân?
Mere Mirzâ de hathon paiâṅ bhâjṛâṅ, ambar koî na pindâ thal.
Ranî mahanî tanjanî tarapî Mirzâ dî gal."
"Maiṅ baiṭhâ bich Kachahrîâṅ Râjâ honde mere bal.
Mârâṅ râh Lâhor dâ, shahreṅ ghaṭṭâ har jal.
Chârâṅ kunṭâṅ lûṭ lîâṅ, sângâṅ nâl athal.
Marnâ te jag chhaḍḍnâ, merî jag bich rah jave gal."

Chandar Siyâl chaṛh pie, râhî ghat bhîr:
Faujâṅ gherâ ghatiâ karke baṛe tadbîr.

Kaṛâkar chalan golîâṅ, Mirzâ nûṅ bahotî painde tîr.
Oh sutâ nahîṅ jâgdâ, kâim nahîṅ hondâ sarîr.
Dekh jandre dî chhatrî sir par bolî kâṅ :
"Tâṅgoṅ bajo Maliku'l-Maut de; kite nahîṅ dinde jân."

"Chandar Siyâl mârange baṛe sûrme jawân.
Uṭh, Mirzâ sutiâ, kyûṅ piâ baṛe gumân ?
Ghoṛî âwandî bîr Shumer dî, âwandi haiṅ baṛe tân.
Sutâ hî tû uṭh khaṛ, je Rabb rakhe sidak imân."
Mirzâ âwandâ dekhîâ Sâhibâṅ dâ bîr Shumer,
To Mirzâ ne goshe vichon kaddhiâ karaṛî nukhî dâ tir,
Kar Bismi'llah mâriâ, bhaundâ wâng bhabîr,
Ghorî uthoṅ lah liâ Sâhibâṅ dâ bîr Shumer.

Âge Sâhibâṅ boldî : "Mân, Mirzâ, merî salâḥ.
Chhaṛ Bakkî nûṅ pawan râh Kharalâṅ dî, le chal Dânâbâd.
Siyâlâṅ dî ghoṛîâṅ âdam-khâṅîâṅ, nit rok laindîâṅ râh.
Jo tû, Mirzâ, sûrmâ, merî Sâhibâṅ dî oṛ nabhân."
Mirzâ vich baṛâ ghumân thâ, phir son giâ jaṇḍore de pâs :
"Maiṅ balbal baḍ dûngâ surmeṅ, deûṅ pûr khapâ.
Maiṅ jhiṭak ḍhaunkâ lâ lain de, sute nûṅ nâ jagâ.
Din chaṛhde nûṅ chalânge, tainûṅ le chalâṅ Dânâbâd."

Honî Mirzâ dî kûd pie, ralî Siyâlâṅ de nâl.
Chhutî kânî ghazab de le gîeṅ Mirzâ nûṅ nâl ;
Rûh Mirzâ dî nikal gaî, lagî jaṇḍorâ nâl.
"Mandâ kîtâ, Sâhibân, tû ral gaîṅ Siyâlâṅ de nâl."
"Kanî ghaṛî kamgarâṅ, phal ustâkâr.
Dhoke mâre merî Sâhibâṅ ne nâ âr nâ pâr."
Khainchke khaṇḍe Mirzâ jawân ne, kar gîe Mirzâ nûṅ pâr !
Âge Sâhibâṅ boldî : "Mirzâ, man merî arjâ.*
Honî bartî pagambarâṅ ; Ḥon Mirzâ te gaî â.
Bete Shâh Alî de, Hasan wa Hussain bhaṛâû,

* For 'arzî.

Larde nâl Yahûdi ditte pûr khapâ.
Dar vich rondî Bîbî Fâtima: 'murke na âe mere pâs.'
Mirzâ ede pagambar mâr lîe, tû kî dâ pânî-hâr?
Ik araz merî man le mainûn, Sâhibân, le chal nâl!"
"Mandâ kîtâ san, Sâhibân, merâ tirchhak tangia jand.
Tin sau kânî Mirzâ jawân dî dindâ Siyâlân nûn band.
Pahile mârdâ bir Shumer de; dûje kullo de tang;
Tîje mârân jorke, jede hai tû mang."
Sir te mudâsâ ur giâ; gal bich pîe jhand;
Bâjh bharâwân Jatt mâriâ; koî na Mirzâ de sang.

Pîlû pûchhe shâir nûn; "kewal giâ jahân.
Lag lag gaiân majlisân, beh beh gae Dîwân.
Mirzâ mârâ Maliku'l-Maut dâ, kuchh mârâ unhon ghumân:
Bich kabarân de khap giâ Mirzâ sohanâ jawân!"
Yeh kissâ Mirzâ Sâhibân dâ jorâ Pîlû shâir ne, je nûn jâne jag jahân.

TRANSLATION.

Sâhibân was born on a Tuesday* in the house of (the Chief of) Khîwâ:
And the singers sang songs of rejoicing at the gate of the Chief of Khîwâ.
The kindred congratulated him with auspicious prayers
And made presents; and as she became beautiful and buxom,
Her maidens emulated Sâhibân.
Mirzâ was born in the house of Banjal on an inauspicious day.
His parents gave him birth, but God gave him beauty:
So that Mirzâ became a hero and a leader among the Kharals.
Sâhibân learnt her letters and Mirzâ read the Qurân:
And in the School† they fell in love, so that the whole world knew (of it).

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* Or simply "on an auspicious day."

† *Lit.*, Mosque.

(Said Sâhibâñ), "Strike not, holy Qâzî, beat not the wretched.
All my studying is over, for Fate hath brought me love."

(Sâhibâñ) went for oil, went to the druggist's shop.
He could not hold his weights, nor adjust his scales,
And so the fascinated trader forgot the oil and gave honey instead.
The trader forgot his trade and the Jaṭṭ his oxen;
Three hundred Nâgâs* fell in love and were undone :†
But the loves of Mirzâ and Sâhibâñ live on in the world.

Sâhibâñ went out to learn.‡
(Said she): "My teacher is dead, the school is empty."§

(Said Sâhibâñ): "Hear, O Karmû Brâhman, thou hast not (yet) done me a service.
I will give thee a horse to ride with saddle and bridle:
I will give thee bracelets for thy wrists, and alms of gold:
A buffalo for milk to drink, and a plough of land as a present.
As long as Sâhibâñ lives she will remember her obligation to thee.
In four days will Chandar come to marry me and then what will he (Mirzâ) do?"
Then said Karmû: "I will tell thee truth.
It is 40 miles from hence: how can I come and go?
I hear that Mirzâ has another wife said to be of an evil temper.
Co-wife with co-wife will divide half (the property).
Let go thy love for the old Jaṭṭ and take anew to Karmû.
Come home and be my love."

Then said Sâhibâṅ: "Be ashes on thy face:
I will slap thy face and knock out thy senses.
If my father hear of this, he will turn thee out of the city:
If my brother Shumer hear of it, he will kill thee.
If the village youths hear of it, they will stone thee.
To-morrow there is to be a funeral, Father, but who will feed thee?*
I should be thy daughter and thou wouldst make me thy wife!
When my father (the Lord of) Khîwâ's Court is open
I will have thee fettered."
"Forgive this my fault, Sâhibâṅ, and I will go whither thou sayest.
I am drunk with opium and my senses are not clear.
I am poor and foolish; spare my white locks.
In the early evening I will start for the Khaṛals."
The Brâhman left the Siyâls and went toward the Khaṛals.
Going to Mirzâ he gave him the invitation (to the marriage, saying:)
"Put the henna (in earnest) of marriage to Sâhibâṅ on thy hands.
Sâhibâṅ hath sent for thee, get ready quickly."

Said Chhahtî† to Mirzâ Khâṅ as he was going:
"My advice, Mirzâ, is to come back and stay at home.
Sit on thy couch ‡and arrange for my marriage:
For to-morrow will come the Bhaṭṭî of the Sandal Bâr,
Lord of Sunde Bâr."§
"I must go; our kinsfolk are (left) behind,
Who will arrange well for their own sakes, or the Khaṛals will be disgraced.

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* According to Hindû custom: observe that the speaker is a Musalmân. † His sister. ‡ *i.e.*, at thy ease.
§ *i.e.* her betrothed was a Bhaṭṭî of the Sandal Bâr, a tract in the Montgomery and Jhang Districts.

I must go; stay me not.
I go to my duty: I have no concern with the duty of others."

Said his mother to Mirzâ as he was going:
"Evil are the dealings of the Siyâls; evil the way to the Siyâls;
Evil the women of the Siyâls: be not bewitched by them.
They will take out thy liver and eat it;* lay not this trouble upon me.
Thou goest for the sake of a woman, thou wilt return with loss of life.
Hear my say: put not thy foot forward."
"I have business in the house at Khiwâ: they have sent (a marriage) messenger to my door.
Coming to my house he has shown me the date fixed upon.
I am a son of their house; stay me not.
I will go and give him five rupees and a suit of clothes."†

Mirzâ saddled his mare, and took his seat.
As he mounted his skirt caught; and some one sneezed in front of him.‡
Mirzâ went to the Siyâls and bowed his head to the Kheṛâs.§
The daughter of the Khâṅ of Khiwâ took away his heart.
(Said he): "Her locks are a yard long, and the maiden is fair:
If she give me a cup of poison, I, Mirzâ, will drink it:
If she strike me with a spear, I, Mirzâ, will never even sigh:
I will die in my own way: what have I to do with you?"

* A common attribute of witches in India.
† In earnest of agreement to the marriage.
‡ A bad omen.
§ See Vol. II., story of Hîr and Rânjhâ, *passim*.

Said Banjal* to Mirzâ as he was going:
"Evil is love for women; foolish are their ways.
Smiling they make love and weeping they tell it abroad.
Never put thy foot into the house where thy love is.
The honor of the wise when lost is never found again.
Bring Sâhibâṅ with you that our honor be not destroyed.
Râjâs weep over kingdoms, thieves over ill success,
Women over beauty, peacocks over their feet.†"

Again did his mother give Mirzâ advice as he was going:
"Make not friends of serpents and lions, my beloved.
The oil in the cauldron is boiling and the flames reach thy head.
Moses fled from the (Angel of) death, when he stood before him,
And stopped his way as he entered the mountains.‡
Bîbî Fâtima wept and wailed, (saying):
'What have I done to thee, O God, that thou hast laid my pair (of sons) in the dust?'§
Stay then to-day, and go in the morning to the Siyâls."
(Said Mirzâ): "Were she married I could give her up:
I cannot give up a betrothed maiden.
If I were to give up my betrothed shame would fall on the Kharals.
The story of thy son Mirzâ and his wife Sâhibâṅ will go forth into the world."

And again his mother spake to Mirzâ as he was going:
"Speak not honest words before thieves and scoundrels.
Stay to-day and go to the Siyâls in the morning."
Then spake Mirzâ: "I tell thee truth;

* His father.
† Which are ugly. These two lines are proverbial.
‡ *i.e.* he could not escape fate. But the passage seems to refer in a manner to the Muhammadan version of the story of the burning bush as related in the 20th and 27th *sûrâs* of the *Qurân*.
§ Hasan and Hussain, the martyr-heroes of the Shî'a Muhammadans.

I would be a glory to the house of Banjal, wherein I was born.
How can I refuse Sâhibâṅ the Siyâl, who hath sent for me?
As long as I live I will come to see thee; be not downcast."

Mirzâ went riding to the Siyâls.
Said Mirzâ to Pîlû the soothsayer: "Explain to me the omens."
Pîlû sat by the well-side and thought out a thousand things (and said):
"The axle binds the shaft, and the spokes bind the axle;
The axle-tree lies on the ground fastened by strong chains.
Wheel works with wheel, as a king with his courtiers.
The whole machine creaks, as a beggar among the husbandmen.
The pitchers clink (as they come up) full of pure water."*
Then said Mirzâ: "I tell thee,
That thy words are false; I will not listen to one."
(Said Pîlû): "They that love women fall into trouble;
If thou wishest well for thy life put not thy foot forward."

(Said Mirzâ): "Go along the road, O travellers, go not on the pathways.
On the day that the messengers gave me the invitation
And came to my, Mirzâ's, house and showed me the invitation,
(I fixed the marriage by a present of) five rupees and a suit of clothes, and cannot go back on my word.
Your mares are fat, my Bakkî is lean.
Come, take your money, or your proposals will not prosper.
Bakki's hoofs clang like iron on an anvil:

* Simile drawn from the working of a Persian wheel. This, of course, is an oracle.

Bakkî's tail whisks like a fan in the hands of a servant.
She will tear off turbans unknowing:
Bakkî will tear off a turban and think of no one's honor.
They* beat my barber† and threw away the sweet drink.
Love cometh not for asking and sticketh fast.
It is easy to say but difficult to fulfil."

The thief of Sâhibâṅ, Mirzâ, hath come to the Siyâls.
Mirzâ hath in his hands a green bow and the others have spears.
Mirzâ, my lion-like youth, hath come from the right hand.
Mirzâ went to the house of Bîbo and stopped her spinning her wheel (and said):
"If thou be my real aunt then bring Sâhibâṅ to me."
Came Bîbo from her house with four gold *mohars*, and said:
"Up, sleeping Sâhibâṅ, and show me thy face.
What turbaned youth is in Bîbo's house?
Mirzâ, (as beautiful as) a rose, has fallen into my skirt!"

(Said Sâhibâṅ to Mirzâ): "Squeeze not, my bracelets break!
Only yesterday I got them and am not tired of them yet!
Narrow the lane, small the house, fool wast thou?
If Shumer Khâṅ hear of it, he will satisfy himself with thy blood!
If there be a turban on thy head take me to Dânâbâd,
(Or) they will kill thee: so preserve the honor of the Kharals."

Then said Mirzâ: "Hear, O Blacksmith!
Art sleeping, or waking, or in the clouds?

---

* Sâhibâṅ's parents. † *i.e.*, marriage messenger.

Take thy wages and make me a thousand nails.
If thou be my sworn brother we will take Sâhibâṅ hence."*
Mirzâ prayed to the five Saints,* and drove in the nails.†
Up went the Jaṭṭ up this ladder:
(But) as Sâhibân came down her ornaments clinked,
And her skirt caught.‡ (Said she): "Stop (thy mare) Bakki!"
(Said Mirzâ): "In front, Sâhibân, is my father's house worth nine *lâkhs* (of rupees).§ I will get thee many skirts.
Get on to Bakkî and pray for Mirzâ's safety."
"Lean and bony is thy mare, Mirzâ, whence hast thou stolen it?
Dry is her skin and her back, and the crows have eaten into her back!
If (a strong mare) were not in thy father's house thou shouldst have brought one from elsewhere!
Khîwe Khâṅ's‖ mares are great eaters of corn!
They will not let thee escape, that art the thief of an eloped woman;
But will slay thee in the wilds and cut thy throat!"
"Bakkî's ears are long and her sides thin and her tail black;
But be not down-hearted at her wretched appearance.
Behind whose bed two and twenty Dogars sit:¶
Bakkî eats freely of my father's fields.
Bakkî eats up the butter of ten buffaloes.
The angels fear Bakkì and God fears me!
She can penetrate into Hell and fly to Heaven!
So get up cheerfully and disparage not Bakkî!"

Music was played at the door and Sâhibâṅ was anointed with oil.

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* See Vol. II., footnotes, *passim*.
† *i.e.*, made steps with them in the wall of Sâhibân's house.
‡ Bad omens. § See preceding volumes, footnotes, *passim*.
‖ *i.e.*, my father's.
¶ *i.e.*, behind his father's bed. This means that he was so great a man that Dogars sat *behind* his bed as a sign of inferiority.

The women sat within and the guests at the door.
But the pastry remained in the plate and the essences
in the bags,
The jewels in the caskets and the bangles and necklaces
too!

Firoz the Ḍogar* cried out; "Khân of Khîwâ, hear my
words.
Mirzâ has carried off Sâhibân weeping to the Sandę
Bâr.†
Shame hath he brought to the Siyâls and a stain upon them.
O you footmen, catch the horses and mount them!
Take the road, O footmen, and horsemen, to the
forests!
And make a promise to slay Mirzâ!"

Love distresses mankind, as snow loads the trees;
No sleep knows the thief, and no hunger the lover.‡

(Said Sâhibân): "The loves of Mirzâ and Sâhibân are
not hidden in the world.
Take me to Dânâbâd, this life irks me.
Arise, O Jaṭṭ, sleeping under the acacia tree and be on
thy guard.
Bakkî, in whom was thy great trust, hath left thee!
Nârad, thy oldest friend hath left thee!
Sâhibân (too) will die, whom thou wouldst not believe!"
"I know of no hero that can harm me.
I will slay every brother that you have.
Let me sleep awhile beneath the acacia tree; and let
God do (as He pleases)!
Let me sleep this hour, we will enter Dânâbâd the next."
"O Jaṭṭ sleeping under the acacia tree with thy red shawl
round thee,

---

* Sâhibân's maternal uncle. † See line 52.
‡ A proverbial couplet thrown in for effect.

(The Angel-of) Death hath ready his arrows and will not let thee live.
Misfortune is upon us, and we shall not win the victory.
The Great God hath said it, and who shall gainsay him ?
Up, sleeping Mirzâ ; these are horsemen !
Swords are in their hands and they are brandishing them !
The mares are like my father's ; the riders are my brothers !
Are they looking for us ? Are they a-hunting ?
O acacia tree, be on our side.
May thy fruit be doubled and thy shade increase fourfold."
Kneading him with her hands she awakened her love, (and said) : " Awake, for God's sake :
Sâhibân hath not reached her home : save the broken rope (of my life)
If thou protect me not to the end why didst thou take me by the wrist ?
Save me, my love, or thou shalt win no place (in the next world)."

Six horses descended from heaven and the six were brothers and sisters.
Shâh 'Alî took Duldul and found the road to the Ka'aba.
One had Gûgâ the Chauhân, which beat the Bâgrâs.
Râjâ Rasâlû had the dark-grey one and conquered the city of Kâniâ.
Jaimal Fattah had the piebald one, that refused his beautiful daughter in marriage.
Dûlâ, the hero, had the bay one, who plundered Akbar.
Sarwar (Sultân) had Kakkî and conquered the four quarters (of the world).

Last of all was Bakkî that was with Mirzâ.*
The Jaṭṭ (Mirzâ) called on the Five Saints,
Bitted and tightened up (the mare), but took not the omens.†
"I will cut off the heads of the Siyâls and hang them on the acacia.
After having ridden Bakkî do not disparage her!"
(Said Sâhibâṅ): "I hear Sherû and Kaliyar barking; I see the dust of the men.
As pilgrims look to Makkâ, so do I look to thee.
The Siyâls use their weapons, so that none escape.
They will scatter us with their swords, as carders scatter cotton."
(Said Mirzâ): "I know of no hero that can conquer me.
I will cut the host to pieces, for the warriors fear me.
I will cut up these heroes, that are banded together in the field.
I will caste down the heads of the Siyâls on the sands."
"It is dark as night, as when day turns to evening.
The earth is (red) as copper and there is blackness in the sky.
Thou that robbest others' houses art sleeping in the plain!
(The arrows) fall about thy head, as the strokes upon an anvil.
The Chaṇdars‡ are come as a marriage party, they know not that thou art flying.

---

* The allusions here are numerous. The first is to Duldul the famous mule of 'Alî: then to the horse Javâdiâ of Gûgâ, on which he rode when fighting his brethren (see Vol. I., p. 200ff): Kâniâ, said to be the city of Râjâ Sirkap (see Vol. I., p. 39 ff.), is a new name in connection with Rasâlû and his grey horse: the story of Jaimal is a Râjpût one belonging to Chittauṛ: see story of Râjâ Rattan Sain, Vol. II. p. 350 ff: Dûlâ Bhaṭṭî was a celebrated robber chief of the Montgomery District in the 16th Century: Kakkî was the name of the mare of Sakhî Sarwar (See Vol. I., p. 96).

† And said to Sâhibân.

‡ *i.e.*, the Chadhars of Khîwâ into which tribe Sâhibân was betrothed.

Spur up Bakkî and let us go to Dânâbâd: why art lying in the plain?
My Mirzâ, at whose hands the heavens tremble, should rout the warriors.
My Mirzâ is known in the battle-field and at the meetings of girls and maidens."
"When I sit in my Court I have Râjâs under me.
I can rob on the road to Lâhor and put the cities into confusion.
I have robbed in the four quarters (of the world) by the power of my spear.
When I die and leave the world my story will be told in it."

The Chandars and the Siyâls assembled on the road,
And were drawn up together in good order.
They fired their balls at Mirzâ and many arrows fell about him.
He slept and awaked not and his body could not live.
Sitting in the shade of the acacia tree spake a crow to him:
"The drum of the Lord of Death is being beaten and thou shalt not live."

(Said Sâhibân): "Great heroes of the Chandars and the Siyâls (are come to) slay thee.
Up, sleeping Mirzâ, why art full of pride?
My brother Shumer's mare cometh on apace.
Wake up out of thy sleep, if thou hast faith in God!"
When Mirzâ saw Sâhibâṅ's brother Shumer coming,
He took out of his quiver a sharp-pointed arrow,
He loosed it in the Name of God and it hurtled (through the air),
And threw Shumer, the brother of Sâhibâṅ, from off his mare.

Then said Sâhibâṅ: "Mirzâ, hearken to my advice.

Mount Bakkî and take the way to the Kharals and take me to Dânâbâd.
The mares of the Siyâls are man-eaters and will stop the way.
If thou be a hero, Mirzâ, save Sâhibân to the end."
But Mirzâ was overcome by pride and went to sleep again under the acacia tree (and said):
"I will destroy thy heroes and break them in pieces.
Let me slumber awhile and wake not the sleeper.
I will take thee at sunrise, take thee to Dânâbâd."

Fate deserted Mirzâ and joined the Siyâls.
A small arrow entered Mirzâ.
And the soul of Mirzâ was about to leave him under the acacia tree.
(Said he) "Thou didst practise deceit on me, Sâhibân, and wert joined to the Siyâls."
(Said she): "A bowman made the shaft and a cunning workman made the tip.
It hath gone through thee by no deceit of Sâhibân."
Mirzâ the hero drew it out and it had gone through him!
Then said Sâhibân: "Mirzâ, hearken to my prayer.
Fate came on the prophets: Fate hath come on thee.
The brethren Hasan and Hussain, sons of Shâh 'Alî,
Were destroyed in the fights with the Jew.*
At the door wept Bibî Fâtima (saying): 'They will come not back to me.'
Mirzâ, when (fate) slew such prophets, shalt thou escape?
Hear my prayer and take me, Sâhibân, with thee!"[1]
"Thou didst play me false, Sâhibân, and hanged my quiver in the acacia tree.

---

* Hasan and Hussain, the sons of 'Alî by Fâtima, the daughter of Muhammad, were destroyed respectively in 669 and 680 A. D., it is said, at the instigation of Yazîd the son of Mu'âwia, the great opponent of 'Alî. As Yazîd succeeded Mu'âwia in the Khalifate at Damascus, and as Mu'âwia ruled Syria and Palestine for about 40 years the expression "the Jew" probably stands for both of them.

In it were my 800 arrows to shoot at the Sjyâls.
First I would have slain thy brother Shumer, next his following,
And thirdly the fool to whom thou wast betrothed."
His turban fell off his head and his locks fell about his neck.
And Mirzâ the Jatt died and his brethren were not there (to help him).

Said Pîlû to a poet: "Thus runs the world on.
Societies and Courts all pass away.
Partly the Lord of Death and partly pride slew Mirzâ
And the beauty of Mirzâ was hidden in the grave!"
Pîlû the poet hath composed this story of Mirzâ and Sâhibâñ, celebrated throughout the world.

No. XL.

A VERSION OF SASSÎ AND PUNNÛṄ,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE HUSHIÂRPÛR DISTRICT.

[This bardic version of the very celebrated tale of Sassî and Punnûn, which properly belongs to Sindh and Southern Balûchistân, is specially valuable as showing a folktale, after becoming a literary story, in the process of returning to the people. In this case it is the literary Panjâbî version of the tale by the poet Ḥâsham Shâh that has become the property of the bards and is reproduced in a terribly curtailed, confused and mangled shape. The bard has repeated as much as he could remember—which is not much—and as the tale is thoroughly well known to the audience in all its details he is quite indifferent as to how many of the original verses are given or in what order.]

[Ḥâsham Shâh's poem is a complete one and consists of 126 stanzas or quatrains and his version of the story is as follows: In the City of Bhambor there was a king called Jâm Âḍam to whom was born a daughter name Sassî. The astrologers foretold that she would fall in love with a man outside of her tribe and so disgrace her family. So she was placed in an ark and floated down a river (the Indus or a mouth of it), from which she was rescued by Aṭṭâ, a washerman, who brought her up as his own daughter. Many a young washerman wished to marry her, but she refused them, saying she was a king's daughter. Presently the king heard of her beauty and wished to marry her himself, but when he saw from the amulet round her neck that she was his own daughter he was very much ashamed and sent her back to the washerman. After a while Sassî happened to see a picture of Punnûṅ, the son of the king of Kecham,* and fell in love with it. Some merchants too from Balûchistân told her all about him and said they were his brethren. She thereupon locked them up in the hope that Punnûṅ would come to rescue them. Two cameleers of the party escaped and told Hot 'Alî†, Punnûṅ's father, what had happened. Punnûṅ accordingly set out, met Sassî, lived happily with her, and refused to leave her. So his father's adherents made him drunk and carried him off from Sassî. Finding this out she went off after him on foot and died in the deserts.‡ At her death her spirit visited Punnûn and called him to her grave, and he resisting all entreaties went there, when it opened and he entered it.]

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* Kech in Makrân.

† Ârî in the Sindh version. The tribe of the Hots can have had no connection with the tale and the name is a modern interpolation.

‡ In the Pabb Mountains in Sindh.

[The following table will show how the original order of the stanzas has been perverted by the bard, and it must be understood that in many cases he has given but fragments of the poet's stanzas.

Bard.	Poet.	Bard.	Poet.	Bard.	Poet
I.	14	IX.	35	XVI.	117
II.	17	X.	36	XVII.	19
III.	22	XI.	37	XVIII.	115
IV.	21	XII.	(?) 33	XIX.	116
V.	23	XIII.	34	XX.	124
VI.	24	XIV.	(?) 104	XXI.	125
VII.	25	XV.	(?) 105	XXII.	126
VIII.	27				

Stanzas XII., XIV., and XV. are not in the original, but appear to stand for 33, 104, and 105 respectively.]

[In order to show clearly what the bard refers to by his fragments I here give the full stanzas of the poet meant to be quoted by him, with a rendering. With the help of this and the outline story above given the student will not find much difficulty in comprehending this difficult and mutilated text.]

14

[Orak kauf ulâr najûmî, bât kahî man bhânî :
"Kâmil ishk Sassî nûn hosî, jad hog jawân siyânî.
Mast be-hosh thalân vichh marsî, dard farâk na jânî.
(Hâsham) dâgh lagâwag kul nûn; jag vichh hog kahânî."

At last the astrologer overcame his fear and spake what was in his heart.
"Sassî will be perfect in love, when she grows up.
Wild (with love) she will die in the deserts and not know the fear of separation (from her lover).
She will cast a stain on her family; and her story will be known in the world."

17

Kahiâ Wazîr, "kî dos Sassî nûn? Likhiâ lekh Kahârî.
Be-takstr kahâwan kanîân; nasht kare kul sârî.
Is thîn pâp kî hor parere? Kaum hove hatiârî.
(Hâsham) pâe sandûk rirhâ, mûl chukî khar-khwârî."

Said the Minister, "What fault is it of Sassî? God hath written it in her fate.
The maiden shall be called blameless, though she disgrace the whole race.
Is there any greater sin than this? Her race will be disgraced.
Put her into an ark and float her away and thy fears shall be destroyed."

22

Kar tadbîr kîte tin chhânde, charkh dittâ kar nâle.
Tis de milk hoiâ ik chhândâ, shîr pilâwan-wâle;
Dûjâ dâj-dahej Sassî nûn; hor pachhâwan-wâle.
(Hâsham) likh tâvîz hakîkat, harf Sassî gal dâle.

They settled her (future) expenses in three portions and put the money in for them.
One portion for him whose she would become, for rearing her;
A second for Sassi's dowry; and (a third) for her education.
They wrote her story on an amulet and put the writing round Sassî's neck.

21

Channan shâkh mangâî kadâhon, baiṭh kârîgar ghaṛiâ:
Bûṭâ vel sunahrî kîtî; lâl jawâhir jaṛiâ.
Pâ zanjîr chaufer pinjar nûn, baith be-dardân kaḍhiâ.
(Hâsham) vekh tawallad hundî, ân dukhân laṛ phaṛiâ.
Procuring a branch of sandal wood a workman fashioned it:
Put trees and creepers of gold upon it and studded it with rubies and jewels.
They put chains all round the ark and the shameless ones put her into it.
Behold her fate was evil and troubles came upon her.

23

Pâ sandûk virhâ Sassî nûn: Nûh tûfân wagaindâ.
Bâsak Nag na hâth liâwan, dhûl siyâh bagaindâ.
Pûr urâr balâên phirdîân, deo dânw dhal rahindâ.
(Hâsham) vekh, nasîb Sassî dâ kî kujh hor karaindâ!
They put Sâssî into the ark and floated her off: a very storm of Noah blew.
Bâsak Nâg could not stay her and the black dust flew.*
Horrors wandered on both sides and demons and devils dwelt there.
Behold, could Sassi's fate do any more?

24

Turiâ toṛ zanjîr sidak dâ, chûiân rizak muhârân,
Gardash falak huâ sir-gardân: bâjh mallâh kahârân.
Suraj tez hoiâ, jal khûnî, lain tusân chamkârân.
(Hâsham) vekh, Sassî vichh ghere dushman lakh hazârân:
On it went, breaking the chain of continence, drawn by the halter of fate,
Surrounded by a stormy sky without a boatman.
Hot was the sun, blood red the water from his shining rays.
Behold, a thousand thousand enemies had surrounded Sassî.

25

Âdamkhor janâwar jal de, râkas rûp sarêen,
Magarmachh, kachhû, jalhûrî, nâg, sunsâr baldên,
Tandue, kahar, zambûrân-wâle lûwan zor tadâen.
(Hâsham) marg Sassî vichh thal de: mâras khaun uthâen?
Man-eating monsters of the deep, like unto ogres,
Alligators, turtles, mermaids, serpents and horrors of the world,
Crocodiles, dragons, porpoises, were bellowing aloud.
Sassî's death was (however) to be in the deserts: and who shall stay fate?

---

* See notes to Text, p. 34, *post*.

27

Shahroṇ bâhir ko pattan dhobî dhondâ nadî kinâre.
Aṭṭâ nâm, misâl farishta, buzurg nek satârî,
Diṭṭhâ os sandûk durâḍâ, dil vichh khauf chitâre.
(Hâsham) gaio ras hosh dimâghoṅ, wekh sandûk sitâre.
Without the city was a washerman washing by the river-bank.
Aṭṭâ his name, holy and righteous as an angel;
He saw the floating ark and was afraid in his heart.
His senses left him, when he saw the shining ark.

35

Sharkat nâl Sharîk Aṭṭe de, bure, bakhîl, fasâdî.
Pâs Bhambor Shâhr de wâlî jâ, hoe fariyâdî:
'Hoî jawân Aṭṭe ghar beṭî, sûrat shakal shâhzâdî."
(Hâsham) kahâ pukâr bakhîlân: "Lâik hoi tusâḍî."
Aṭṭâ's comrades, the evil and wicked strife-makers, made a plan,
And went to the lord of Bhambor City and said:
"A daughter hath grown up in Aṭṭâ's house, like unto a princess."
Called out the wicked men: "She is worthy of thee."

36

Bhejiâ nafar ghulâm Aṭṭe nûn, Âdam Jâm bulâiâ.
Sassî khol tâvîz gale dâ shâh-i-huzûr pahunchâiâ.
Kâghaz vâch pachhâtâ shâh ne, jo pâe sandûk rirhâiâ.
(Hâsham) vekh hoiâ sharmindâ Âdam Jâm siwâiâ.
Sending a servant to Aṭṭa Jâm Âdam called her.
Sassî took the amulet from her neck and sent it to the king.
The king read the paper and recognized her as (the girl) set float in the ark.
When the great Jâm Adam saw this he was much ashamed.

37

Lahû garm hoiâ, dil bariân; pher aulâd piârî.
Mâṅ piû nâl Sassî de châhan, bât kîtî 'akwârî:
'Sassî, sâf jawâb dito nî, khol hakîkat sârî.
(Hâsham) milan harâm tusâ-nûṅ rîth dittî akwârî."
His blood warmed and his heart expanded, for love of his offspring
He desired to speak with the maiden Sassî's (ostensible) parents:
(Saying): "speak to me clearly, Sassî, and tell me all thy story.
We did thee a wrong when we set our maiden afloat."

33

Ik din kol Sassî de piû ne baiṭh kîtî gal chhorî;
Âkh: "Bachâ, tûṅ bâligh hoîon: vâg tere hath tere.
Dhobî zât-ûchhe ghar âpan: phir phir jân bahutere.
(Hâsham) kaun tere man bhâve? Âkh sunâ sawere."

One day Sassî's (washerman) father sat beside her and spake disagreeable words.
Said he: "My child, thou art of age: thy fate is in thy hands
Washermen of good houses come and many go away again.
Whom doth thy heart desire? Tell me early."

34

Sassî mûl jawâb na kîtâ nâl piû sharmândî.
Dil vichh pher lagî oh sochan: "Bekh likhî ḳarmâṅ dî.
Ḍhûṇḍan sâk jharre mâpe; maiṅ dhî badshâhâṅ dî."
(Hâsham) pher oh nâm na lewan, vekh Sassî darmâṅ dî.
Sassî for shame gave no answer at all to her father.
And began to think in her heart: "Behold, the decree of fate.
My parents want to marry me to a washerman and I am the daughter of kings."
But he said no more, seeing that Sassî was unwilling.

104

Kujh bahindî, kujh ḍigdî ṭhaindî, uṭhdî te dam laindî;
Jiûṅkar ṭuṭ sharâboṅ âve, pher utte wal ḍhaindî:
Ḍhûṇḍî khoj shutar dâ phirke; kit wal bhâl nâ paindî.
(Hâsham) jagat na kiûṅkar gâveṅ, pît sapûran jiṅheṅ dî?
Sometimes sitting, sometimes falling about, getting up and resting;
As when intoxication from wine comes and overcomes the strength:
She searches for the footprints of the camel and finds them nowhere.
Shall she not be sung throughout the world, whose love was perfect?

105

Kudrat nâl Sassî hath âiâ phirdîâṅ khoj shutar dâ.
Jân pâiâ us khoj shutar dâ, miliâ jâm Khizar dâ.
Yâ oh nûr nazar dâ kahîye dârû dard jigar dâ!
(Hâsham) paik Sassî hath âiâ, kâsid Kech Shahar dâ.
Searching Sassî luckily found the camel's footprints.
She recognized them and followed them to the realm of (Khwâjâ) Khizar.*
Call ye that sight the cure for the pains of the heart!
A messenger it was from the City of Kech, that reached Sassî.

117

Uḍiâ bhawar Sassî de tan thîṅ, pher Punnûṅ wal âiâ;
Mahmal, mast, be-hosh, Punnûṅ nûṅ suphne âṅ jagâiâ:
"Le hun, yâr, asâṅ sang tere, kaul karâr nibhâiâ.
(Hâsham) rahî Sassî vichh thal de, maiṅ rûh rukhsat le âiâ."
Sassî's soul left her body and went to Punnûṅ,
And wakened the love-stricken Punnûṅ in a dream:
"Take me now, my love, with thee and fulfil thy promise.
Sassî hath remained in the desert; I, her soul, have taken my leave and am come."

---

* *i.e.*, the river.

19

Wâh kálam nasîb Sassî de, nâm lîâṅ dil ḍardâ.
Takhtoṅ châe site sultânâṅ, khair pawe dar dar dâ:
Bail gharîb na-kâbil jihâ châe zamîn sir dhardâ.
(Hâsham) jâe na bolan Wâlî, jo châhe so kardâ.
The heart fears to mention the fate of Sassî.
Kings are hurled from their thrones and are given alms from door to door,
Like a poor powerless ox that stands with his head on the ground.*
God is not to be gainsaid, that doeth as He listeth.

115

Aiyaṛ chhoḍ Sassî wal ṭuriâ, ḍardâ rah pakardâ.
Sûrat vekh ahwâl Sassî dâ, châṛhiâ josh kahar dâ.
Dil toṅ shauk gaiâ uṭh sârâ: mâl, aurat, put, ghar dâ.
(Hâsham) jân dilon jag fânî de yeh fakîrî phaṛdâ.
Leaving his flock he went to Sassî, taking the way with fear.
Seeing Sassî's beauty and condition, pity rose within him.
All desires left his heart: property, wife, son and home.
Knowing in his heart that this world is mortal he became a *faqîr*.

116

Thal vichh gor Sassî dî karke, baiṭhâ gor sirhâne.
Gal kafnî, sir pâ barahnâ, wâng yatîm nimâne.
Ik gal jân laî—jag fânî;— hor kalâm na jâne.
(Hâsham) khâs fakîrî ihâ, par koî virlâ jâne.
He made a grave for Sassî and sat at its head.
A shroud was on his breast and his head bare, like a neglected orphan.
One thing he knew—the world is frail;—nothing else he knew.
This was real saintship, but some thought it madness.

124

Shâbash os shutar da ṭurnâ, tez ṭuro ṭuk ṭîroṅ!
Pahutâ ân Sassî dî gore akal shutar wazîroṅ.
Tâzî gor ḍiṭhî shâhzâde; puchhiâ os fakîroṅ.
(Hâsham) "kaun buzurg samâiâ? Wâkif kar is pîroṅ!"
Praise be to the camel's pace that went as swiftly as wing of bird!
The camel, wiser than a minister, reached Sassî's grave.
The prince saw a fresh grave and asked the *faqîr*:
"What saint is buried here? Tell me about this saint!"

125

Âkhe os fakîr Punnûṅ nûṅ, khol hakîkat sârî:
"Âhî nal parî dî sûrat, garmî mâr utârî;
Jupdî nâm Punnûṅ dâ âhî, dard ishk dî mârî.
(Hâsham) nâm makân nâ jânâṅ, âhî kaun vichârî."

* For explanation see the text on page 37.

Said the *faqîr* to Puññûñ, saying all he knew:
"Beautiful was she as a fairy and borne down by the heat:
Calling on Puññûñ's name was she, stricken with love.
I knew not her name, nor home, nor who she was."

126

Gal sun Hot zamîn ṭe ḍigâ, khâe kalîjâ kânî.
Khul gaî gor, piâ vichh kabare: pher milî dil-jânî.
Khâtir ishk gaî ral miṭṭhî, sûrat, husan, jawânî.
(*Hâsham*) *ishk kamâl Sassî dâ jag vichh rahe kahânî!*

Hearing this the Hot* fell to the earth stricken to the heart by the arrow (of love).
The grave opened and he fell within it, and once more met his heart's delight.
For love's sake was their youth and beauty mingled in the dust.
May the story of the perfect love of Sâssî remain ever in the world.]

[The story of Sassî and Punnûñ has often been treated, and in the *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XI., p. 291, will be found all the bibliography of the subject, as far as I am acquainted with it, except the mention in Burton's *Sindh Revisited*, Vol. I., p. 128 ff. Briefly the story may be referred to an early period in Sindh History. Bhambor or Bhambûr is a ruined site on the read between Karâchî and Ghârû, and was probably on an old mouth of the Indus. It is one of the places fixed on as the Barbarikê emporium of the Greeks. The name of Sassî appears also in the form of Sasswî, and of Punnûn as Punhû and Paunûñ. The story is naturalized in the Panjâb and Kachh, besides being indigenous to Sindh.]

* This is probably an error. Punnûñ was not at all likely to have been a Hot by tribe.

TEXT.

I

Oṛak khaump* utâṛ najûmî bât kare man bhânî:
"Ishkhoû kamâl Sassî dâ, jad hove jawân siyânî.
Mabbal mast thalâñ vichh marsî, dard farâk rijhânî.
(Hâsham) dâgh lagâve kul nûñ tere: pawe jahân kahanî."

II

Kahe Wazîr: "kî dosh Sassî nûñ? Likhiâ lekh likhârî!
Be-taksîr kûhâve kanîân: tere nisbt ho jâ kul sârî!
Is te pâp nâ hor badhere, tere kaum ho jâ hatiârî!
(Hâsham) pâ sandûk riṛhâve; e dî mul chuke kar-khwârî."

† For *kauf*.

III.

Kar tadbir kîte tre chhâṅde, kharch dittâ kar nâlê:
Tis de milk hoiâ ik chhândâ, shîr chugâhan-wâle;
Dûjâ dâj-dahej* Sassî nûṅ; hor paṛhâwan-wâle.
(Hâshaṁ) Likh tâbez† hakîkat, harf Sassî gal dâle.

IV

Channaṅ chîr madânî siṭṭiâ, baith karîgar ghaṛiâ.
Bûtâ bel sunahrî karke, lâl jawâhir jaṛiâ.
Pâe zanjîr chaupahre pinjre, baiṭh be-dardâṅ ghaṛiâ.
(Hâsham) bolan dî châh kujhnâ, ân dukhâṅ laṛ phaṛiâ!

V

Sassî pâe sandûk riṛhâ liê, jêkar Nûh tûfân bagaindâ.
Bâsak Nâg nûṅ hâth na âve, Dhaul pânâh mangaindâ.
Pâr urâr balâiṅ buriâṅ, jithe deo dâṅo ṭhil rahindâ.
(Hâsham) dekh nasib Sassî dâ! Aje kî kujh hor karaindâ?

VI

Ṭurîâ ṭor zanjîr sabar dâ; châhîâṅ rizak muhârâṅ:
Gard vichh falak hoîâ sir-gardâṅ, bâz mallah kahâṛâṅ.
Sûṛij vekh hoiâ jal khûnî, pain lashkân chamkâṛâṅ.
(Hâsham) dekh Sassî vichh gherî, jithe dushmaṅ lakh hazârâṅ.

VII.

Âdam-khor janâwar jal de, râkhas rup sârâin,
Magar-machh, kachh, jal-hûṛî, nâg, sarâr balâiṅ,
Tandue, kahar, jambhûrâṅ, bolan lâwan zoṙ uṭhâin.
(Hâsham) maut likhî vichh thal de; mâre kaun uṭhâin?

VIII.

Aṭṭâ nâûṅ, mashâl farishta, buzurg nek sitârî.
Dekhâ un sandûk ḍarîde, man vichh khauf chitârî,
(Hâsham) gae oh de hosh dimâkû‡ dekh sandûk sitârî.

---

* *For jahez.* † *For ta'wîz.* ‡ *For dimâghoṅ.*

IX.

" Beṭî jawân Aṭṭe ghar janamî; oh de sûrat shakal shahzâdî : "
Bâdshâhân nûn chug boldeal " Lâik hai kul tuâḍî ! "

X.

Ghattiâ nafar Aṭṭe de ghar nûn, pâs Aṭṭe de âiâ:
" Kah kahân, beṭî; kî karîye âpân? Likhiâ Huzûron âiâ."
Khol tabîz Sassî ne gal dâ, Hâsham de hatth pharâiâ.
" Bânch le, be piû, likhiâ: merâ (Hâsham) jâm parâiâ."

XI.

Lahû garam hoiâ, dil bhadia, oṛak aulâd piârî.

XII.

Mattân den Sassî nûn mâpe: " Âo, dhî, pavâhîn.
Dhobî zât kamîn karke, tainûn chhaḍ gaî tujh tâhîn."

XIII.

" Dhobî zât Jhînwe janedî: main dhî bâdshâhân dî.
Karmî likhâ, kadhî nahîn ṭaldâ: honîhâr nahîn jândî."

XIV.

Sassî nûn khoj Punnûn dâ laj piâ magarî jândî bhaje.

XV.

Jaun jaun khoj agârî jândâ, bâl paṭe-paṭ siṭdî.
Sassi dî goṭak wâng kabûtarân, laṭak laṭak jind ṭuṭdî.
" Nitdîân nitdîân kajiân nâlon, mainûn kar jâ chukdî-mukdî.
(Hâsham) bolan dî châh kujh nâ mere nard jorîon tutdî."

XVI.

Uṛiâ bhawar Sassî de tarfon, phir Punnûn bal dhâiâ.
" Lakhân, yâr, asân sang tere, kaul karâr nibhâiâ.
Sassî mar gaî bich mâṛû thal de; rûh rukhsat lekar âiâ."

XVII.

Bâh, kalâm nasîb Sassî de nâm lîân dil ḍardâ.
Takhton châh siṭe sultânân, khair mangâve dar dar dâ,
Bail gharîb nakâwal* jihâ, châh zamîn sir dhardâ.
(Hâsham) bolan dî châh kujh nâ; Rabb jo châhe so kardâ.

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* For *nâ-qâbil.*

XVIII.

Ijaṛ chhoṛ ajâlî ṭuriâ, dil ḍardâ pav dhardâ.
Utar chhaunk* gîâ sab dil dâ mâl, dhyân, put, ghar dâ.
Dekh shakal Sassî dî us ne baiṭh fakîrî kardâ.

XIX.

Gal vichh alfî, sir babrânî, bah gîâ kabar sirhâne:
"Iko jân—rahâ-jag fânî." Hor kalâm na jâne.

XX.

Sabâsh âkho us karhe nûṅ tej dhare pav tîroṅ.†
Pahunchâ ân Sassî de kabare akaloṅ surt wazîroṅ.
Tâzî gor dekhe shâhzâde puchhiâ os fakîroṅ:
"Ithe kaun buzurg samânâ? Wâkif karo, fakîro!"

XXI.

Âkhiâ us fakîr Punnûṅ nûṅ khol hakîkat sârî:
"Â gaî nâr, parî dî sûrat, garmî mâr utârî.
Japdî nâûṅ Punnûṅ dâ, â gaî teg hijar dî mârî.
(Hâsham) thân makân nahîṅ jandâ, â gaî kaun bipârî."‡

XXII.

Sunde sâr zamîn par ḍigiâ, khâe kalîjâ kânî.
Khul gaî gor, piâ vichh kabare, phir mile dil-jânî.
Khâtir ishk de oh ral mâtî; oh dî sûrat husan jawânî.
(Hâsham) ishk Sassî de lagiâ, oh dî pai jâe jahân kahânî.

TRANSLATION.

I.

At last overcoming his fears the astrologer spake his mind:
"Sassî will be perfect in love, when she becomes of age.
By her evil destiny she will die in the deserts, overcome by the pains of separation (from her lover).
She will cast a stain on thy family, and her story will be known throughout the world."§

* For *shauq*. † For *tâîroṅ*.
‡ Probably meant for *vichârî*.
§ *i.e.*, her love will be illicit. I have omitted the *taqallus* or *nom de plume* of the poet, where it is inserted in the text without reference to it after the Indian literary fashion.

II.

Said the minister : "How is Sassî to blame ? It is the will of fate !

If thou let the innocent maiden die, thy whole race shall be ruined.

Thou canst have no greater blame, than to destroy (one of) thy own race !

Set her afloat in an ark ; thus will thy anxieties cease."

III.

They made a plan for her (future) expenses (dividing them) into three portions and put the money in for them.*

One share for him whose she was to be, for her rearing ;

One for Sassî's dowry ; and (one) for her education.

They wrote her story in an amulet and put the writing round Sassî's neck.

IV.

They cut down a sandal-wood tree in the plain, and a workman fashioned a box.

He put on it trees and creepers of gold, and studded it with rubies and jewels.

They put chains all round the box, and the shameless ones put her into it.

One can say no more than that trouble had seized upon her !

V.

Sassî was put into the ark and set afloat (in the river) rushing as in a Noah's deluge.†

Bâsak Nag‡ could not stay her, nor Dhaul give her refuge.

---

* *i.e.*, into the ark : see preceding verse.

† The story of Noah and the Deluge is common to Christians and Muhammadans.

‡ Vâsuki ; see Vol. I., p. 415ff. Dhaul is one of the Elephants that supports the earth.

On this side and that were dread horrors, and demons and devils dwelt there.
Behold the fate of Sassî! Could it be worse?

VI.

On went the ark, breaking the chains of patience, drawn by the halter of fate:
Hidden it was, as the sky by dust, and without a boatman (to steer it).
The water became blood-red at sight of the sun, shining with his light.
Behold! thousands upon thousands of horrors have surrounded Sassî.

VII.

The man-eating monsters of the deep, like unto ogres,
Aligators, turtles, mermaids, serpents and all horrors,
Crocodiles, dragons, porpoises, were bellowing aloud.
But her death was ordained in the deserts; who can slay her now?

VIII.

There was a holy man, righteous as an angel, named Aṭṭâ.
Seeing the ark floating he was terrified in his heart.
His senses left him on seeing the shining ark.

IX.

"A daughter is born in the house of Aṭṭâ, beautiful as a princess:"
Said the backbiters to the king: "She is fit for thy family."

X.

A servant was sent to Aṭṭâ's house, and came to Aṭṭâ
(Said Aṭṭâ): "Tell me, my daughter; what shall we do? His Highness' letters have come."
Sassî opened the amulet at her neck and Hâsham* took it in his hand (and she said):

---

* *i.e.* the author!

"Read the writing, father: I was born in a stranger's* house."

XI.

His (the king's) blood warmed and his heart expanded, and in the end his daughter became dear to him.

XII.

Spake her (washer-)parents to Sassî advising her: "Daughter, mend your ways.
Thinking you to be a low-caste washerman's daughter, they have left you here."†

XIII.

"The washerman is of the Jhînwar caste:‡ I am the daughter of kings.
Fate wrote it, which cannot be gainsaid: fate is not to be put aside."

XIV.

Sassî followed after the footsteps of Punnûn.

XV.

When the footmarks led her forward she tore her hair.
Sassî's voice was as a dove's: worn out she sank down.
(Said she): "Secret was our love and it is best that I die.
When so decreed by fate, I have no escape from joining the broken."

XVI.

Sassî's soul left her and went to Punnûn.
"Between us, love, thousands of promises must be redeemed.
Sassî has died in the cruel deserts, and her spirit has taken leave of her and come (to thee)."

XVII.

The heart fears to contemplate the strangeness of Sassî's fate.
Kings are dashed from their thrones, and have to beg from door to door,

* *i.e.*, I am a stranger's daughter and not thine.
† This verse is not in the original poem. ‡ A low one.

Like a poor powerless ox that stands with his head on the ground.*
Fate is not to be gainsaid, and God doeth as he listeth.

XVIII.

The shepherd left his flock and went onwards with trembling heart.
His heart went out to her (leaving) his goods, his daughters, his sons and his home.
Seeing Sassî's beauty he became a *faqîr*.

XIX.

A mendicant's dress on his breast, his head bare, he sat (as a *faqîr*) at the head (of her tomb),
(Saying): "One thing I know—the world is perishable."
Nothing else would he say.

XX.

Praise ye the camel that quickly goes onwards with winged feet.
He came to Sassî's grave with the unerring wisdom of a minister.
Seeing a fresh grave said the prince to the *faqîr*:
"What saint is contained in this? Tell me O *faqîr!*"

XXI.

Said the *faqîr* to Punnûn telling the whole story:
"A woman came, fair as a fairy, worn down by the heat.
Calling on Punnûn she came and stricken at heart.
Her home I know not, nor who she was."

XXII.

Hearing this he fell down and the arrow (of death) pierced his heart.
The grave opened and he fell within it, and again met his heart's delight.
For love's sake he was turned to dust, beautiful and young.
His love for Sassî is known throughout the world.

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* Simile drawn from an ox that has slipped his yoke and stands helpless with his head lowered to the ground: a common sight in India.

No. XLI.

PIRTHÎ RÂJ AND MALKÂN,

AS TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN BARD OF BHARAUṬ IN THE MEṚAṬH DISTRICT.

[This story belongs to the well-known cycle of the *Âlhkhaṇḍ*, a popular collection of poems relating to the doings of Âlhâ and Ûdal (or Rûdal) two warriors engaged by Râja Parmâl (Paramârdi Deva) the Chandel ruler of Mahobâ in Bundelkhaṇḍ to defend him against Prithivî Râja of Dehlî, or more properly Dillî. Prithivî Râja, who was the great Râi Pithaurâ of Dehlî and Ajmer, defeated and slain by Shahâbu'ddîn Muḥammad Ghorî in 1193 A.D., overcame Parmâl in 1182 A.D. and reduced the Chandels of Mahobâ to the rank of petty princes from which they never recovered. This is all the history that is connected with the *Âlhkhaṇḍ* cycle, the rest of which is merely a confused popular tradition of a memorable fight between the Chandels of Mahobâ and the Tuñwar—Chauhân dynasty of Dehlî.]

[The *Âlhkhaṇḍ* is divided in the ordinary rescensions—that by Chaudhrî Ghâs Râm of Bhaṭipurâ, printed at Meṛaṭh, being the best known in the Panjâb and the western divisions of the North-West Provinces—into seven parts or chapters. A useful *résumé* of this by Mr. G. A. Grierson will be found in the *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XIV., p. 255 ff. This particular quarrel is detailed there in the fifth chapter, and as that version differs entirely from the one here given I quote Mr. Grierson's summary of it. "One day Malkhâ (Malkân in the bard's text) respectfully made representations to Parmâl (of Mahobâ) that all his brothers had been allotted separate forts and residences, but none had been given to him. He asked that the same consideration might be shown to him. The king (Parmâ) replied that Prithivî Râja of Dillî had encroached on his territory and that he had invited him and the neighbouring kings to meet him at Mahobâ and settle the dispute. He was prepared to give Malkhâ what Prithivî should return. The meeting took place and Malkhâ charged Prithivî with the encroachment and demanded the territory back on pain of war. Prithivî finally refused to give up the disputed land and war ensued. Parmâl first laid seige to Saresmâ (Saraswâ in the bard's text) and in the first battle defeated Pârath (of Saresmâ, who is (?) the Pâras of the bard). Then a larger army was sent from Dillî, but it also he defeated. Thus the king of Mahobâ got possession of Saresmâ and giving it to Malkhâ returned to his capital." I would mention that the bard's version, which makes out that the powerful ruler Prithivî Râja, who was strong

enough to make a long stand against Shahâbu'ddîn, on this occasion merely suppressed a refractory baron for ravaging his borders, is more likely to have preserved the correct tradition than Ghâsî Ram's version.]

[As to the other actors in the tale. These are Pâras, Kop Bachhrâj and Gajmodhnî. Mr. Grierson has made out a pedigree from the *Âlhkhanḍ*, which shows the relationship between the parties as therein stated. From it we gather this much :—

Bâsdeo of Mahobâ.

- Malnâ d. m. Parmâl of Mahobâ.
- Diwalâ d. m. Jasrâj of Jhijhâwat
  - Âlhâ.
  - Ûdal.
- Tilkâ d. m. (Kop) Bachhrâj of Jhijhâwat.
  - Malkhâ m. Gajnâ, d. of Gaj of Kusaudî.
  - by a slave girl Parsâ or Pâras.

[The relationship in the bard's version differs from the above, but not materially. As to Gajmodhnî: she is evidently the Gajnâ of Chapter vii. of the *Âlhkhanḍ*, who was the daughter of Gaj, king of Kusaudî in Gujarâ. Her brother was Motî, and it seems that in the bard's version these two names have been merged into one. Motî figures in Chapters vi. and vii. of the *Âlhkhanḍ* as a great hero.]

[Saresmâ or Saraswâ seems to have been a fort in the old Indian district or division of Sambhal or Sambhalpûr, now in the Murâdâbâd District.]

TEXT.

Qissa Laṛâî Râjâ Pirthî Râj.

Malkan zamîndâr kâ Râjâ se zamın lêkar qilâ banânâ aur chughalî khânî Pâras ne Malkân kî Râjâ se. Phir laṛâî honî Râjâ Pirthî Râj kî Malkân se aur Malkân kâ mârna Pâras ko aur Kop Bachhrâj brâdar Pâraş ko, aur phir hamla karn ba-zât khûd Râjâ Pirthî Râj kâ aur mârnâ jânâ Malkân kâ.

I.

Pirthî Râjâ hûe Dillî meṅ asthân.
Nau lakkh neza sang men, sur bîr balwân.
Aisâ balwân balî chhatardhârî,
Us ko to dekh parjâ kâmpî sârî.
Râjâ sab jît lîe nezadhârî,
Kâmpe balwân, hukm aisâ bhârî.

II.

Sun Râjâ ke zor ko, ân Tikkâ Malkân:
"Jagah batâo, Râojî, mujhe mile asthân.
Charsâ bhar ik jagah mujh ko dîje.
Rakh lenâ mân, karam apnâ kîje.
Râjâ ke dharam karam, jitne sâre,
Mujh ko manzûr aur bartûn piyâre."

III.

"Us Sambhal ke sarhad pe mujh ko hai manzûr.
Jagah banâo, khush raho," bole Sadr-sadûr.
"Us par makân karo khâtir rahnâ;
Âge, Malkân, rahâ terâ lahnâ.
Nekî har wakt karo; sobhâ pâo:
Rahnâ hoshiyâr; badî mat na lâo."

IV.

Sîs niwâyâ Râo ko pahuchâ apne dhâm.
Kilâ banânâ sarhad pe aur karan lagâ bisrâm.
Hâṭ aur bazâr kare baiṭhak niyârî;
Mahilon men rahan lagî us kî nârî.
Bâghî das bîs sâth lekar ḍolî;
Lûṭe aur khâe; phir bal ko tolî.

V.

Pûras.

"Taine dînî thî jagah aur us ne karî anek.
Be-îmân Malkân to âve nahîn babek.
Woh to balwân hûâ, lûṭe, khâve.
Baḍhâ hai gharûr; nahîn hâzir âve.
Apnâ hî zor-shor ghar ghar tole.
Mâyâ men mast hûâ andhâ ḍole."

VI.

Pirthî Râj.

"Pâras, us ko jâke kah denâ samjhâe.
Dher dilâsâ sab karo, aur lâo use bulâe.
Us ko bulwâo, chale abhî jâo;

Leko sitâb khabar ulṭe âo :
Pîchhe bisrâm karo khânâ khâo.
Mat karo avîr, chale jaldi jâo."

VII.

Sun Râjâ ke bachan ko Pâras pahunchâ jâe :
"Chalo pâs Pirthî Râj ko, kahûn tumheṅ samjhâe.
Râjâ ne yâd kiyâ tujh ko, Bhaîâ.
Nahîṅ ho mallah terî kaisî naîâ.
Nekî to dûr, badî kartâ ḍolî.
Resam kî gâṇth kaun is ko kholî ?"

VIII.

Malkân.

"Maiṅ apne makân pe nâ kuchh liâ kasûr.
Jis ke dil ko shak hûâ, kyâ nere kyâ dûr,
Râjâ ke pâs badî kisî ne kînî.
Jitnâ thâ hukm maine utne linî.
Kapṭî ho, mitr nahîṅ, us pe jâe.
Gere to dût pâs, phir mat na âe."

IX.

Sunke itnî bât ko Pâras bharâ gharûr.
Tab âyâ Pirthî Râj pe ; kahnâ lagâ huzûr :
"Woh to Malkân nahîṅ bas meṅ âve.
Mâyâ meṅ mast hûâ, lûṭe, khâve.
Kîjo ilâj koî us kâ kârî,
Mujh ko bhî, Mahârâj, hûâ rahnâ bhârî."

X.

"Ik lâkh neza, aur sawâ lâkh talwâr !
Top dharo boh-bhânt kî ab mat karo awâr :"
Râjâ ne hukm karâ faujâṅ âî.
Pâras ik bâr dihal dil pe khâî.
Jangaî lîe fauj charhî sâump sârî.
Râjâ Pirthî Râj charhe, bal ko dhârî.

XI.

Saraswâ ko gher lîâ ḍerâ kînâ :
Jab ṭo ik bâr hukm Râjâ dînâ.

Mahiloṅ ke Rânî kharî dekh rahî chhaun or;
Jab to lo aisî lagî, jaisî chand chakor:
"Jaṅgal men ghâṭ kisî dhobî ne lâyâ?
Kyâ phûleṅ meṅ kâṅs? Bagî Har kî mâyâ!"

XII.

Rânî Gajmodhnî kî Mâ.

"Fauj chaṛhî Pirthî Râj kî, sunîye Râjkaṅwâr:
Sutâ sher jagâ de, ab mat kare awâr.
Beṭî, mat der kare, mâno merî.
Akal kis des gaî, sunîye, terî?
Marne kî kâl gharî sir pe âî!
Pânî kê âg bîch kis ne lâî?"

XIII.

Jab Rânî Gajmodhnî pahunch gaî darbâr,
Pahilî us ne jâke thâ lîe hathiyâr.
Ṭhâe hathiyâr aur us se bolî;
Jitnî thî bât sabhî dil se kholî:
"Dushman kî fauj sajî tujh par âî!
Uṭho, Mahârâj, maiṅ to tujh pe âî!"

XIV.

Sunke itnî bât ko uṭhe Râjkaṅwâr.
Eḍî se choṭî lagî, jaisî jhamak rahî talwâr.
"Mere hathiyâr kaho kis ne ṭhâe.
Dushman koî pâs nahîṅ mere âe!
Achraj kî bât fikar man meṅ khâyâ!
Maiṅ thâ be-dâgh; dâgh kis ne lâyâ?"

XV.

Hâth joṛ Rânî kahî: "eh lîjo hathiyâr.
Dushman tere sîs pe ûpar kaṛhâ tayyâr.
Râjâ Pirthî Râj tere ûpar âyâ.
Dekhke ahwâl merî kâmpî kâyâ.
Saraswâ ko gher lîâ faujâṅ garjain.
Dekho, Mahârâj, tere baghî larjain."

XVI.

Pânchon phaṛe kapre, bândh lîe hathiyâr.
Pirthî Râj kî fauj pe Râjâ hûâ tayyâr.

Denî lalkâr uṭhe bâghî âe;
Bândh hathiyâr khaṛe âge pâe.
Das hazâr sâth chaṛhe ran pe dhâe
Saraswâ ko chhoṛ nikal bâhir âe.

XVII.

Jab dekhâ Pirthî Râj ne mârâ bânjî tûr.
Chaṛho udhar se garajke: "Sunîyo saṅwat-sûr."
Pâras tab bikaṭ âge dhâyâ:
Dekhan balwân balî kâmpî kâyâ.
Sûnte talwâr paṛe jodhâ ran meṅ,
Jaisî ik bâr âg lagî bhârî ban meṅ.

XVIII.

Mahâ krodh tan meṅ uṭhâ yûṅ bolâ Malkân:
"Sanmukh se haṭnâ nahîṅ, châhe jâte raho prân,
Kaṭ-kaṭ-ke sîs nahî ûpar aveṅ.
Mârîṅ har wakht; nahîṅ jâne pâve.
Sûnto talwâr, baṛho âge, mâro.
Dushman se wâr karo, lîjâ târo."

XIX.

Pâras ne dhâwâ kiyâ: "dekh hamâre hâth!
Âge se nahîṅ jân dûṅ, aur din se karûṅ rût."
Mâre talwâr ik Pâras baṛhke,
Dhâl pe sambhâl lîe âge baṛhke.
Jab to mukh moṛ dîâ us kâ, bîrâ,
Bhûlâ gîâ hosh, nahîṅ dhâre dhîrâ.

XX.

Teg lîe Malkân ne; sanmukh dhâyâ dhîr.
Baḍhke mâre beg de; kâmpan lagâ sarîr.
Râjâ ne wâr kiyâ, ran pe dhâyâ;
Mâre das bîs; phir us pe âyâ.
Râjâ talwâr hâth le rahâ nangî;
Chau tarfoṅ fauj khaṛî dekhan jangî.

XXI.

Pâras ne tegâ lîâ; bal baḍh gîâ upâr.
Tegâ mârâ sûntke; karâ dusrâ wâr.
Hâne pe teg lagî, tuk ke mâre.

Kalghî ghoṛe kî kâṭ nîche ḍâre.
Jhukke talwâr phir tîje mâre:
Jab to Malkân dher dil pe dhâre.

XXII.

Ghoṛe ke châbuk dîâ; agin lagî balwân.
Sîs kâṭ nîche dharû, kabhî na ubhrat prân.
Pâras ko mâr aur dhâwâ kînâ.
Rahnâ nahîn, yâr, sadâ jag meṅ jînâ.
Bâje talwâr jawân iko bârî:
Râjâ kî fauj tarâsh deke mârî.

XXIII.

Pâras kâ marnâ sunâ uṭh Kop Bachhrâj.
Ân paṛâ Malkân pe, jûṅ tîtar pe bâj.
Golî bandûk chaleṅ, bâje barchhî.
Tuk-tuk-ke jawân sâng mâreṅ tarchhî.
Lothoṅ pe loth paṛe faujâṅ sârî:
Pâe nahîṅ hosh, mâṅ aisî mârî.

XXIV.

Agan paṛî ran bîch meṅ, pâve nahîṅ shumâr:
Jab Malkân mahâbalî sûnt rahâ talwâr.
Nangî lîe teg sûnt dhâwâ kînâ;
Bhâgî sab fauj, hûâ mushkil jînâ.
Das hazâr fauj khapî ran meṅ aisî,
Bâdal ke bîch chhipî bijlî jaisî.

XXV.

Sâng lîe jab hâth meṅ, dhâwâ kînâ hâl;
Mâre jab Malkân ke sanmukh dar sâ kâl.
Sanmukh se kâl dekh us ko âyâ;—
Aisâ nahîṅ aur balî ran meṅ pâyâ;—
Dekhî chau taraf, teg sontî nangî,
Jab to koî nahîṅ rahâ sâ ho sangî.

XXVI.

Sâng lie Malkân ne aur mârio Bachhrâj.
Ran jîtâ, faujâṅ bhâgî, aur pûran ho gîâ kâj.
Pîchhe se phir ik dhâwâ mârâ;

Das hazâr fauj khapî kampû* sârâ.
Bhûlâ lîe sab dhâm charhe jitne bâgî;
Dekhâ Malkân fauj âge bhâgî.

XXVII.

Bârâh kampû* bândhke charhe âp Prithî Râj:
Kampen sûrmâ balî, charhe bîr ransâj.
Ghan† kâ bandûk chalen bâjen golî,
Rang kî phuâr, jaise khelen Holî.
Jab to Pirthî Râj âp barhke âyâ;
Mârâ Malkân; nâm us ne pâyâ.

XXVIII.

Darwâzâ ko torke liâ Saraswâ lût.
It ut bhâge sûrmâ, par gaî ran men phût.
Lûte dhan mâl aur hâthî ghorâ.
Dhâm dhâm haul kâl sir par ghorâ.
Jab to Pirthî Râj fattah aisî pâî:
Sâunt ko jît fauj dal men âî.

Kishn Lâl Shibkanwar nê bhâkâ kahî banâe,
Jaisî mîn samundar kî jit châhe ut jâe.

TRANSLATION.

STORY OF A FIGHT WITH RÂJÂ PIRTHÎ RÂJ.

Malkân, a land-owner, obtains some land from the Râjâ and builds a fort thereon and Pâras tells tales of Malkân. Then there is war between Râjâ Pirthî Râj and Malkân, and Malkân slays Pâras and his relative Kop Bachhrâj, and then Râjâ Pirthî Râj himself attacks Malkân and kills him.

I.

Râjâ Pirthî Râj's throne was at Dillî.
Nine lâkhs of spears and heroic warriors were in his following.
So heroic and powerful a ruler was he,
That all his subjects trembled to look upon him.
He conquered all the spear-bearing kings,
And heroes trembled at his wondrous power.

* From the English word *camp*.
† For the English word *gun*.

II.

Prince Malkân came, hearing of the Râjâ's power,
(And said); "Show me a place, Sir King, where I may
find a home.
Give me as much land as I can irrigate (in a day).
Keep up thy honour and thy word.
As many rights and dues as the king may have
I agree to and will willingly fulfil."

III.

"I agree to a spot on the boundaries of Sambhal.*
Build a home and be happy there," said His Majesty.
"Make a house there to dwell in,
For the rest, Malkân, remains with thee.
Do ever good and be happy:
Be wise and do no evil."

IV.

He bowed his head to the king and went to his home.
He built a fort on the boundaries and took his ease
there.
He built shops and a *bâzâr* and a separate palace,
And his women began to dwell in the palace.
He collected a few outlaws and wandered about,
Robbing and enjoying himself, and using his power.

V.

Pâras.†

"Thou gavest him a place and he has made encroachments.
The faithless Malkân has no prudence.
He is a warrior and robs and enjoys himself.
His pride increases and he is never present (in Court).
He shows his power in every house.
He goes about blinded by his illusions."

---

* *i.e.*, apparently a spot somewhere between the modern Dehlî and Murâdâbâd Districts.

† Complaining to Pirthî Râj.

VI.

Pirthî Râj.

"Go and make him understand, Pâras.
Use all haste and bring him here.
Go now and call him here,
And come back soon with news of him.
Take thy ease later and eat thy food.
Make no delays and go quickly."

VII.

Hearing the king's words Pâras reached (Malkân),
(And said): "I tell thee, come to Pirthî Râj.
The king hath called thee, Friend.
Thy boat cannot float without the boatman.
Thou hast sent away goodness and doest evil.
Who shall untie this silken knot?"

VIII.

Malkân.

"I have done no wrong in my house.
Some person, who has doubted me, whether near or far,
Has spoken evil of me to the Râjâ.
I have done as I was told.
Some hypocrite and no friend has gone to him.
He may send a messenger now, but I come not."

IX.

Hearing this pride filled Pâras.
Then went he to Pirthî Râj and said in the presence:
"I had no power over Malkân.
Filled with illusions he robs and enjoys himself.
Invent some strong remedy for him,
For I, too, will now find it difficult to live, Mahârâj."

X.

"Get one *lâkh* of spears and one and a quarter of swords.
Get many kinds of guns and make no delay."
(Such), were the king's orders and the army assembled.

Pâras was suddenly frightened in his heart.
He sent forward a warlike army with much care.
Râjâ Pirthî Râj went with it and gave it strength.

XI.

They surrounded Saraswâ* and pitched their camp,
And the king gave orders at once.
The Rânî† stood on the palace (roof) and gazed around her;
She stood like a partridge gazing at the moon,‡
(And said): "Has a washerman brought his clothes to the forest!
Or is the *kans* grass flowering?" § It is an illusion (made) of God!

XII.

Rânî Gajmodhnî's Mother.

"It is Pirthî Râj's army, hear, my Princess;
Go and awaken the sleeping lion|| and make no delay.
Make no delay, my daughter, and mark me.
To what country have thy senses flown?
The hour of death hath come upon us.
Who hath thrown fire into the water?"¶

XIII.

When Rânî Gajmodhnî reached the presence,
First she took up (Malkân's) arms.
Taking up the arms she spake,
Saying all that was in her heart:
'The enemy's army is upon thee!
Up, my Lord, I am come to thee!"

* The Saresmâ of the *Âlhkhand* and Malkân's fort.
† Gajmodhnî, the wife of Malkân.
‡ The *chakor*, partridge, is commonly supposed to be in love with the moon.
§ The *kans* grass has a conspicuous white flower.
|| *i.e.*, Malkân.
¶ Idiom—who hath spoken evil against us?

XIV.

Hearing this up got the Prince.
(Anger) blazed from head to heeles as a sword flash.
(Said he): "Tell me who hath taken my arms.
No enemy hath come to me!
Thou art troubled at heart at an impossible thing!
I was without a stain; who hath brought a stain upon me?"

XV.

With joined hands said the Princess: "Take these arms.
Thy enemy is ready to be upon thy head.
Râjâ Pirthî Râj hath come upon thee.
When I saw it my body trembled.
A roaring army hath encompassed Saraswâ.
Behold, my Lord, thy outlaws are trembling."

XVI.

He took his five (sorts of) clothes and fastened on his arms.
The Râjâ Malkân was ready for Pirthî Râj's army.
Shouting out the outlaws came up,
And stood before him armed.
Ten thousand went up with him to the field;
And leaving Saraswâ they came outside.

XVII.

When Pirthî Râj saw that they were beating their drums,
Furiously he came forward (and said) "listen to them, ye warriors."
Then Pâras rushed forward furiously,
And the warriors and heroes trembled as they saw him.
Drawing their swords the warriors rushed into the field,
As a fire suddenly catches a great forest.

XVIII.

Very wrathful in his heart thus spake Malkân:
"I will not turn my back on them, though I lose my life,
And severed heads fall upon the ground.

Strike every moment and let them not escape.
Draw your swords and go forward and slay.
Fall upon the enemy and rest not."

XIX.

Cried out Pâras: "behold my strength!
I will not let thee go on and will turn day into night."
Pâras advanced and struck a blow with his sword.
And he (Malkân) advancing warded it with his shield.
And when he turned his face at him, friends,*
(Pâras) forgot his sense and had no courage.

XX.

Malkân took his sword and rushed forward.
Quickly he struck him and his body trembled.
The Râjâ (Malkân) shouted and rushed into the field,
Slew some ten or twenty and then came upon him again.
The Râjâ had his sword drawn in his hand,
And on all sides the warlike army looked on.

XXI.

Pâras took up his sword and showed great strength.
Drawing his sword he struck a second time.
His aim (was bad) and the sword struck the pommel.†
The crest of the horse was cut and fell down.
Recovering his sword he struck a third time,
When Malkân summoned up all his courage.

XXII.

He whipped up his horse and a strong fire burned within him.
He cut off his head and there was no hope of life left.
Slaying Pâras he went onwards.
One cannot stay, friend, or live for ever in the world.
Suddenly the warriors brandished their swords,
And cut up the Râjâ (Pirthî Râj's) army.

---

* To the audience. † Of Malkân's saddle.

XXIII.

Hearing of the death of Pâras up got Kop Bachhrâj.
He came upon Malkân, like a hawk upon a partridge.
Guns discharged bullets, and spears were brandished.
The warriors aimed and hurled their javelins.
All the army was piled up, corpse on corpse,
And the javelins were so hurled that all lost their senses.

XXIV.

Fury raged in the field beyond compute,
When the powerful Malkân drew his sword:
Drawing his naked sword he went forward,
And all the army fled, and it was difficult to live.
Ten thousand men slain fell in the field,
As lightning is hidden by the clouds.

XXV.

(Kop Bachhrâj) now seized a javelin and went forward,
And hurled a terrible blow at Malkân's face.
Seeing death in front of him,—
—For there was no such warrior as he* in the field,—
He looked all round, with his naked sword (drawn),
And found no comrade by him.

XXVI.

Malkân took a javelin and slew Kop Bachhrâj.
He won the field, as the army fled, and his work was done.
Then he again rushed forward,
And destroyed the whole camp of ten thousand men.
As many of the warriors as advanced forgot their places,
And seeing Malkân's army ran away.

XXVII.

Putting together twelve armies Pirthî Râj advanced,
And powerful warriors trembled on the advance of the battling hero.

---

* *i. e.*, as Kop Bachhrâj.

Cannons let loose their balls,
Like the powder* that is thrown about at the Holî (festival).
Then Pirthî Râj came up himself,
And slew Malkân and made a name for himself.

XXVIII.

Breaking open the gates they sacked Saraswâ.
Its warriors running hither and thither were slain on the field.
They took the money and the goods, the elephants and the horses.
Trouble and death came upon every household.
So Pirthî Râj won the victory,
And having beaten the enemy the army returned home.

Kishn Lâl and Shibkañwar† made this in the vulgar tongue,
Just as a fish in the sea goeth where it listeth.

---

* A red powder is thrown over each other by the revellers at this Indian Carnival.

† The bard and his wife.

No. XLII.

THE LEGEND OF HARÎ CHAND.

AS TOLD BY A CELEBRATED BARD FROM BAṚAUT IN THE MEṚAṬH DISTRICT.

[This is a modern version of the very old tale of Hariśchandra, which is related in part in the *Mahâbhârata* and *Aitareya Brâhmaṇa* and in detail in the *Mârkaṇḍeya Purâṇa*, on which last the modern versions are mainly founded. Like the tale of Nala and Damayantî, the tale of Hariśchandra is a very favorite one at the present day. In the Classics Hariśchandra's wife is Śaibyâ and his son Rohitâśva.]

[The story of the Classics is fairly well followed by the modern one so far as it goes, for it only carries us to the point where Hariśchandra and all his subjects go to heaven. While in heaven (according to the Classics) Nârada induced him to boast of his merits, whereon he was expelled, but while he was falling he repented and so his course to the earth was arrested with the result of his occupying a position in mid air, where his city can still be seen. This is alluded to in stanza LXVII. of the following legend and is still a favorite folktale in Northern India.]

[Biswâmitr or Viśvâmitra, who plays an important part in this story, was one of the Rishis and is a personage of great antiquity. He is related to have been a Kshatriya (soldier) who became a Brâhmaṇ (priest) by virtue of his austerities. He incurred the animosity of the Brâhmaṇ Vasishtha (Bisishṭh) and the struggle between this priest and his rival the soldier-priest is told in many a story. Viśvâmitra is an ever present personage in ancient heroic tales, and often plays, as here, a part intended to show the 'virtue' of complete submission by the laity to the priesthood.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Harî Chand.

I.

Satwâdî Harî Chand sî, satî jo Târâ nâr;
Sîlwant Rohtâs si; sat kâ âr na pâr.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Harî Chand.

I.

Virtuous was Harî Chand and virtuous was his wife Târâ;
Virtuous was his son Rohtâs, whose virtue had no bounds.

'Sat kâ âr na pâr!' kahtî parjâ sârî.
Bed aur kitâb paṛheṅ bedâchârî.
Pichhe se jag kare aise bhârî,
Indar ke lok gaî sobhâ sârî.

II.

Indar kahe, "Nârad, suno, mere larze prân.
Mirth lok ke bîch meṅ baṛhâ kaunsâ dân?
Kaunsâ woh dân badhâ? Kaunsâ râjâ?
Eh to ahwâl sunâ ham se tâjâ.
Matkaro âbîr; chale abhî jâo:
Sat ko bismâṛ karo; ulṭe âo."

III.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ.

"Râjâ, dutetâ nâ karo; dil kî na karo andesh.
Bidiyâ koî dhâran karûṅ, aur metûṅ terâ klesh.

'Their virtue hath no bounds,' said all their subjects.
Faithfully they read the Scriptures and the books.
At last (Harî Chand) performed so great a sacrifice,
That the fame of him reached to Indra's land.*

II.

Said Indra, "Listen, Nârad,† my heart trembles.
Who is it upon earth that gives so much in charity?
Who is it that gives in charity? What king is he?
Tell me of this new matter.
Make no delay, but go at once,
And come back after ruining such virtue."‡

III.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

"Râjâ (Indra), be not afraid and have no anxiety in thy heart.
I will fix on some plan and blot out thy fears.

---

* See Vol. II., p. 215.

† Nârada was the messenger of the gods. Here he is meant to be Viśvâmitra, *cf.* Vol. II., p. 222.

‡ The point is that Indra fears that the *virtue* of Harî Chand's austerity and good works will oust him from heaven.

Meṭ dûṅ klesh, dekh Har kî mâyâ.
Sat ko bismâr karûṅ, palṭûṅ ḳâyâ.
Jodhiâ Nagarî meṅ khet aisâ ḍârûṅ,
Râjâ kâ man ik pal meṅ mârûṅ."

IV.

Râjâ Indar.

"Hâthî, ghoṛâ, rath le, râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl!
Châhîye, le to Indarpad; hîrâ, lîje lâl!
Hîrâ aur lâl, ratan, muktâ lîje!
Itnâ ahsân ik mujh pe kîje;
Merî to lâj râkh, Paṇḍit Bhâî.
Merî to âj haul dil se âî."

I will blot out thy fears when thou seest the illusions of God.
I will ruin his virtue by transforming my body.*
I will create such a disturbance in Ajudhiâ City,
That I will destroy the Râjâ's credit in a moment."

IV.

Râjâ Indar.

'Take elephants and horses and chariots and kingdom and dignity and wealth and goods!
If thou wilt, then take my Indra's throne, take diamonds and rubies!
Take diamonds and rubies and gems in hoards!
Lay me under an obligation.
But preserve my honour, Friend Priest.
To-day is my heart anxious."

---

* By pretending to be some one else.

V.

Kar parnâm, bidâ hûâ Biswâmitr sujân:
Awadhpurî ke bâgh meṅ rok lîâ maidân.
Rokâ maidân; ik mâyâ dhârî.
Phûlan ke bel phâṛ nîche dâṛî.
Ghanchâ* bismâr kîâ jitnâ sârâ:
Mâlî kâ mân gîâ nahche mârâ.

VI.

Mâlî.

"Jânwar to balwân hai; kiyâ bâgh bismâr.
Lâkh lâkh kâ peḍ thâ, lagî nek nahîṅ bâr.
Ghanchâ* bismâr karâ, mewâ phâṛî.
Meṭî sab rît-bhânt, jitnî sârî."
Mâlî to hâth male, peṭî chhâtî:
"Merî yeh sâk gaî, ab nahîṅ âtî!"

V.

Bowing and taking his leave the wily Biswâmitr
Blocked the park in the gardens of Awadhpurî.†
He blocked the park, putting on a disguise.
He pulled down the flowering creepers and threw them aside.
He destroyed the whole garden.
And the gardeners could not resist him.

VI.

Gardener.‡

"A mighty beast hath destroyed the garden.
In a moment of time (he hath destroyed) myriads of trees.
He hath destroyed the gardens and pulled down the fruits:
And hath blotted out all the orderly (ways)."
The gardener wrung his hands and beat his breast: (saying),
"My honour hath fled and will not return!"

---

* For *baghîchâ*. † *i.e.*, Ajudhiâ in Awadh (Oudh). ‡ To his wife.

VII.

Mâlan.

"Jânwar ko mat chheṛîye, mere kanth sujân.
Âg lago ïs bâgh meṅ, tujhe na detî jân.
Jânwar ke pás nahîṅ jâne detî.
Chhoṛo rozgâr, karo khâo kheti.
Jânwar to zor-shor aisâ kartâ.
Bin âî maut mare kaise, bhartâ!"

VIII.

Mâlî.

"Jas jîwan, âp jas maran; kal meṅ upje do.
Kyâ Lankpat le gîâ? Aur kyâ Karan giyâ kho?

VII.

Gardener's Wife.

"Incense not the beast, my wise husband.
If the garden be on fire I will not let thee go.
I will not let thee go near the beast.
Give up thy profession and take to farming.
The beast is making a great noise.
Do not thou die an untimely death, my husband!"

VIII.

Gardener.

"Good it is to live and evil it is to die: these two things are born into the world.
What took the Lord of Lanka away? What lost Karṇa,*

---

* Allusions here to the story in the *Râmâyana* in which Râvana, lord of Lanka, abducted Sîtâ, wife of Râma Chandra, for which act he was eventually slain. And to the story in the *Mahâbhârata* in which Draupadî at her *swayaṁvara* would not allow Karṇa, then king of Anga (Bengal), to compete for her hand on the ground of his being a bastard He was half brother to the Pâṇḍavas.

Bed aur kitâb bharen un kî sâkhi.
Duniyâ ke bîch nâm rahtâ bâkî.
Râjâ ki rît chalan tû na jâne.
Jhûtâ takrâr kaun kare? Sat ko mâno?"

IX.

Mâlan.

"Jânwar ko mat chheṛîye, ai mere bhartâr.
Ṭûṭî nâo samundar ko kis gun utaregî pâr?
Jânwar yeh nahîn: koî honî âî.
Râjâ ke sâth ân bâjî lâî.
Dharke bakrâl rûp bâgh men âyâ.
Dekhke chalitr merî kâmpî kâyâ."

X.

Mâlî.

"Chhoḍâ to kuchh hai nahîn, kiyâ bâgh pâmâl
Us Râjâ ko jâke kahnâ paṛâ ahwâl.

The Scriptures and the books tell their story.
A good name lives on in the world.
Thou dost not know the ways of kings.
Why lead me astray? Let me remember my duty!"

IX.

Gardener's Wife.

"Incense not the beast, O my husband.
How shalt thou cross the ocean in a broken boat?
This is no beast, but some frightful horror.
It will play some trick on the Râjâ.
Assuming a horrible shape it hath come into the garden.
Seeing the trick my body trembles."

X.

Gardener.

"Nothing is left, but the whole garden is destroyed.
I will go and tell the Râjâ all about the matter.

Kahnâ hai ahwâl, khiyâl guzrâ sârâ,
Be-wâris mâl giyâ jitnâ niyârâ.
Jânwar to kûd kûd ûpar âve,
Dahle sab bhawan, nahîn rastâ pâve."

XI.

Mâlan.

"Ugme, soî, utme, janne so mar jâe.
Chhunno soî gir paṛe, phûle so kamlâe.
Pand ko bichâr, bâgh lâve mâlî,
Kartâ gulzâr jagah nahîn khâlî.
Birwe bûṇṭon ko kare niyârâ niyârâ,
Sînche sab peḍ; rahe sab se piyârâ."

XII.

Mâlî bâghân se chalâ Râj-sabhâ men jâe,
Jo hawâl* hûâ bâgh men, dînâ sabhî sunâe:

I am determined to tell all that has happened.
All the fruit has become useless.
The beast keeps leaping about.
And all my body trembles and I know of no way (of escape)."

XI.

Gardener's Wife.

"What appears disappears, what is born dies.
What is picked up falls again, what blossoms fades.
Selecting his (seedlings) the gardener makes his garden,
Beautifying every place and leaving nothing empty.
He separates seedling from seedling in order.
He waters all the trees and takes care of them."†

XII.

The gardener went to the Royal Court,
And told all that had happened in the garden: (saying),

---

* For *ahwâl*.

† This speech is a mere string of platitudes in rhyme thrown in for effect.

"Kînâ bismâr bâgh jitnâ sârâ.
Gendâ, gulzâr, kâṭ-kâṭ-ke ḍârâ.
Chhoṛî nâ ik kalî sâbit ḍole;
Aisâ ahmân hûâ, bal ko tole."

XIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Terî akal kahâṅ gaî, re Mâlî mat-hîn?
Parbat ûpar, bâware, kaise baiṭhe mîn?
Jal bin to mîn kahîṅ ḍole.
Rît ko pahchân, jhûṭ mat nâ bole.
Parde kî bât rahî pargat khole.
Tû to be-hosh yûṅhîṅ martâ ḍole."

XIV.

Mâlî.

"Râjâ, merî bât kâ mâno tum aitbâr.
Bâkî to chhoṛî nahîṅ, karâ bâgh mismâr.

"(The beast) hath destroyed the whole garden.
It hath cut down the marigolds and the flowers.
In its wanderings it hath spared not a bud;
And is now quite mad and wild in its strength."

XIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Where are thy senses, thou foolish Gardener?
How shall a fish sit on the mountain top, thou fool?
A fish cannot wander except in water.
Think it out and tell no lies.*
Thou art divulging some secret thing.
Thou art foolish and art wandering at random."

XIV

Gardener.

"Râjâ, believe my words.
It hath left nothing, but destroyed the garden.

* The Gardener seems to have described 'the beast' as a fish to the Râjâ and hence this speech.

Aisî bismâr karî ḍâlî ḍâlî.
Dekhke ujâṛ pâs âyâ Mâlî.
Lajjâ ko râkh mere, Chhatardhârî.
Bândho hathiyâr, karo jaldî tayyârî."

XV.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Bikaṭ bândh, Jodhâ, chaṛho, karo bâgh meṅ jaug.
Jânwar to balwân hai, bigaṛ gîâ hai rang.
Bâghoṅ ke âs pâs jaldi jânâ;
Chhatrî kâ dharm sîs bândho bânâ.
Sanmukh se aur nahîṅ haṭke ânâ;
Karke ashnân, pher khâo khâṇâ."

XVI.

Mâlî.

"Sabhâ-dhyân, ṭhaḍe raho, yeh jânwar balwân.
Yeh to bas kâ hai, nahîṅ aisâ mâre mân.

It hath destroyed it branch by brancn.
I, the Gardener, have seen it and come here.
Preserve my honour, O King.
Fasten on thy arms and come quickly."

XV.

*Râjâ Harî Chand.**

"Go together, O Warriors, and fight in the garden
The beast is very strong and affairs are bad.
Go round the garden
And fasten on your heads the turbans of (true) soldiers.
Turn not your faces back (from the beast),
Then bathe and eat your food.''†

XVI.

Gardener.

"O Lord of the assembly, wait awhile, the beast is strong.
It is beyond control and not thus to be stayed.

---

* To his men. † Idiom: do your work quickly.

Râjâ, Mahârâj, dekh ûpar âyâ.
Pal pal meṅ badle rang, palṭî kâyâ,
Terâ to hukm nahiṅ jâtâ pherâ;
Râjâ, raho alag, mân kahnâ merâ."

XVII.

Râjâ to mânâ nahîṅ, pahile kînâ wâr.
Jânwar âyâ kûdke, sont lîe talwâr.
Sontî talwâr ik us kî mârî.
Lie sambhâl ghâo âyâ kârî.
Râjâ lalkâr dîe. "Us ko mâro!
Mat karo abîr, hâth ûpar ḍâro!"

XVIII.

Jânwar ne dhâwâ kiyâ aur mâre das bîs.
Bhujâ phâṛ phenke, tabhî aur uṛâ de sîs.
Sûwar kâ rûp dharâ; ûpar âyâ.
Jânwar ne palaṭ lîe apnî kâyâ;

When it sees a Râjâ, my Lord, it will come upon thee.
It changes its colour and body every moment.
I cannot disobey thy orders;
(But) Râjâ, keep aloof and hearken to my words."

XVII.

The Râjâ would not listen and made his first attack.
The beast leapt at him and he drew his sword.
Drawing his sword he struck it once.
Receiving the blow it was wounded.
The Râjâ called out: "Kill it!
Make no delay and capture it!"

XVIII.

The beast charged and killed some twenty men.
It tore off their arms and hurled about their heads.
In a boar's form it attacked them.
The beast then changed its form

Hâthî par wâr karâ, ghore mârâ.
Jânwar to tej khet chhoḍen sârâ.

XIX.

Harî Chand Râjâ kahe, badan gîâ ghabrâ:
"Leke tegh tarâsh dûṅ, jo kôî haṭke jâ.
Jis ke ûpar ko kûd jânwar jâve,
Us kî to âj gale phâṅsî âve!"
Nagarî men shor machâ aisâ bhârî:
'Râjâ kî lâj ik jânwar târî!'

XX.

Jânwar ne dhâwâ kiyâ; ûpar kînâ wâr:—
Jab Râjâ ke bâgh ko bahut kiyâ bismâr:—
Dînâ dâr ḍâr, pair sir par mârâ.
Pahilî hî bâr paran Râjâ hârâ.
Man meṅ to soch kare Chhatardhârî:—
'Kyâ karûṅ ilâj? Parî biptâ bhârî!'

And attacked the elephants and slew the horses.
All the swift animals (that were there) fled from the field.

XIX.

Râjâ Harî Chand cried out at this extremity:
"I will kill him with my sword that turneth back.
Over whom the beast shall leap and escape,
Shall be hanged this very day!"
And it was widely noised throughout the city:
'A beast hath ruined the Râjâ's honour!'

XX.

The beast attacked and leapt upon the Râjâ:—
It had greatly destroyed the Râjâ's garden:—
It put its paws on his head (and leapt over him).
At the very first the Râjâ went back on his word.
The king thought in his heart:—
'What remedy have I now? Great is my misfortune!'

XXI.

Mâlî.

"Râjâ, merî ḅât kâ karâ nahîṅ aitbâr!
Jatan banâo kyâ bane? Gîâ paran ko hâr!
Paran ko baḍar dîâ, hârî bâjî!
Âge, Mahârâj, rahe terî râjî.
Maiṅ ne jo bât kahî âge âî.
Tum ne, Mahârâj, daghâ kaise khâî!"

XXII.

Râjâ ko dosht hûî:—"Kîje kaun ilâj?
Bât gaî Darbâr kî sabhî bigârâ kâj!"
Ban ke bîch gîâ Râjâ bîrâ,
Sûraj pargash badan sundar hîrâ.
Mirg kâ bichâr kare Râjâ bole;
Brâhmaṇ se pûchh rahâ: "sat ko tole."

XXI.

Gardener.

"Râjâ, thou wouldst not believe in my words!
What canst thou do now? Thy oath is broken!
Thou hast broken thy oath and lost the game!
For the rest, my Lord, it is thy pleasure.
What I said hath come to pass.
How much wrong hast thou done, my Lord!"

XXII.

The Râjâ was frightened (and said):—"What shall I do?
The oath given in Court hath been all broken!"
The noble Râjâ went into the forest,
His fair body shining as the sun and like a diamond.
Thinking of the deer the Râjâ spake
And asked the Brâhman to tell him the truth.*

---

* 'The beast' has now become 'a deer,' and in that form speaks as the Brâhmaṇ Viśvâmitra to the Râjâ.

XXXI.

Ban meṅ se chal paṛe, Jodhiâpur meṅ âe.
Woh Râjâ Harî Chand ke baiṭhâ âsan lâe;
Âsan to lâ-dîâ Bipr piyâre.
Râjâ ke mân ik pal meṅ mâre:
"Lâyâ taiṅ bâgh khilî ḍâlî ḍâlî.
Dachnâ bin dân chalâ sagrâ khâlî."

XXXII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Sun, Rânî Târâwatî, dân dîâ sarb ans.
Dachnâ meṅ tînoṅ bike, na râkh lîâ kuchh ans.
Chhatrî kâ ans râkh mâiṅ ne nahîṅ lînâ.
Marnâ bar-hakk, nahîṅ sat ko dînâ.
Rânî, dhar dhîr, karam kâran niyârâ.
Bidhnâ kî dât nahîṅ meṭanhârâ."

XXXI.

They left the forest and came to Ajudhiâ City.
Râjâ Harî Chand took his seat there,
So also did the friendly Brâhman.
In one moment he ruined the Râjâ's honour (and said):
"Thou hast planted a garden (of virtue) and every branch is blossoming,
But without alms it is all useless."

XXXII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Hear, Rânî Târâwatî, I have given away every part of me in alms.
We three must be sold for alms, for I have kept back no part.
I have kept back no part of the Chhatrî.*
It is better to die than to give up virtue.
Rânî, have patience, fate cannot be avoided.
The lines of fate cannot be blotted out."

---

* *i.e.*, of himself as a Kshatriya or Chhatrî. The 'parts' of himself were his own body and those of his wife and son.

XXXIII.

Beṭâ lînâ sang meṅ, aur Rânî lînî sâth,
Brâhmaṇ ko kahne lage: "suno hamâri bât.
Meri sun bât, chalo, Paṇḍit gyânî.
Lîjo kahîn dâm,' kahe tum se Rânî.
Châhe jahân bîch dâm apne lîje.
Itnâ, Mahârâj, karam mujh pe kîje."

XXXIV.

Paṇḍit lekar sang men gîâ Banâras Gâm.
Us Kâsî ke bîch men mângan lagâ dâm;
"Barde hain pâs tîn; lîjo, koî!
Sâth bhâr dam kahâ tum se soî.
Saudâ sastâ hai; âj koî lîjo!
Sâṭh bhar dâm mujhe dil se dîjo!"

XXXIII.

He took his son and his Queen with him
And said to the Brâhman: "hear my words.
Come, hear my words, my wise Priest.
'Get our price from somewhere,' saith the Queen to thee.
'Get thy price (somewhere) in the world.
Show me this favor, my Lord.'"

XXXIV.

The Priest took them with him and went to Banâras City.
And began to demand a price for them in Kâsî,* (saying):
"I have three slaves; buy them, somebody!
I demand sixty loads of gold from you!
The bargain is a cheap one, buy them to-day!
Gladly give me sixty loads of gold!"

---

* i.e., Banâras.

XXXV.

Bis bhâr randî ne dîe aur Rânî lînî mol;
Bâki to chhode nahîn; dîe tarâzû tol.
"Bis bhâr dâm, Bipr, mujh se bharnâ,
Is men takrâr koî nâhîn karnâ.
Mujh ko rasîd âp dil se dîjo;
Pîchhe Rânî ko sâth mere kîjo."

XXXVI.

Us raṇḍi ke hâth se Bipr lînî dâm.
Randî ko rukhsat kiyâ, sabhî kane subh kâm.
"Sabhî subh kâm kare Dâtâ mere.
Kartâ ke ank nahîn jâte phere."
Pichhe se Bipr ik bânî bole:
"Laṛkâ ik aur bike, dil kî khole."

XXXVII.

Baijnâth Seṭh.

"Laṛkâ mujh ko dîjo; suno, Bipr Mahârâj.
Mol karo, sachî kaho, Bipr, parmârath ke kâj.

XXXV.

A courtezan gave twenty loads and bought the Rânî,
And weighed out the price, leaving nothing.
(Said she): "I owe twenty loads, O Brâhman,
And will not quarrel over it.
Gladly give me a receipt for it,
And then give me over the Rânî."

XXXVI.

The Brâhmaṇ took the price from the courtezan.
He dismissed the courtezan and obtained all his desire.
(Said he): "God hath fulfilled all my desire.
The will of God cannot be turned back."
Next said the Brâhman:
"I freely offer this lad for sale."

XXXVII.

Baijnâth, the Merchant.

"Give me the boy, hear me, my Lord Brâhmaṇ.
Fix the price and say truly, Brâhmaṇ, for pity's sake.

Satkî ik bât kaho, Bipr bhâî.
Sat kî mirjâd Bed châroṅ gâî."
"Eh laṛkâ tujhe dîâ bîs bhâr, Mahârâjâ.
Abhî dîjo tolke, tujhe sunâûṅ kâjâ."

XXXVIII.

Baijnâth Seṭh.

"Laṛkâ mujh ko dîjo, suno, Bipr Mahârâj,
Abhî dîjo tolke, tujhe sunâûṅ âj."
"Tujh ko maiṅ âj kahî sachî bânî.
Bîs bhâr bîch dîe Târâ Rânî.
Saudâ sastâ hai, is se hanske lîjo.
Is kâ kuchh bhed kahîṅ mat nâ dîjo."

XXXIX

Bîs bhâr swarran dîe; laṛkâ lînâ sang.
Saump dîe sab lachhmî, nirmal kînî ang.

Say one true price, friend Brâhman.
The four *Vedas* have sung the praises of truth."
"I give thee this boy, my Lord, for twenty loads.
Weigh it out at once, I tell thee."

XXXVIII.

Baijnâth, the Merchant.

"Give me the boy, hear, my Lord Brâhman.
I will weigh it out now, to-day I tell thee."
"I have told thee truth to-day.
I have sold the Rânî Târâ for twenty loads.
It is a cheap bargain, take him from me.
Let there be no secrets in this."

XXXIX.

He gave the twenty loads of gold and took the boy with him.
He handed him over all his money and purified his body.*

---

* Idiom: had a son. This would argue that he had been previously childless.

XXIII.

Biswâmitr Brâhman.

" Mirgâ to dekhâ nahîn; sun, Râjâ parbin;
Ik arzî merî suno, kahtâ hûn parâdhîn.
Ajodhâ ko âj lagî merî tayyârî;
Râjâ Harî Chand sunâ satâdhârî.
Izzat kî kâj mahâ biptâ bhare:—
Kauḍî nahîn pâs, byâl kaise kare?"

XXIV.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

" Ajodhâ kâ rahnâ gîâ aisâ atkâ kâm:
Phansâ paran ke bîch men. Merâ Dâtâ Râm!
Atkâ hai kâm, paran kînâ bhârî;
Mîṭhâ jal âj lage mujh ko khârî!
Ab to kuchh dân dîâ nâhîn jâtâ,
Bipr, main sach kahûn tum se bâtâñ."

XXIII

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

" I have seen no deer;* hear, my wise Râjâ;
Hear a prayer of mine which I bring respectfully.
I go to Ajuḍhiâ to-day,
For I have heard that Râjâ Harî Chand is full of virtue.
A great misfortune hath befallen my honour:—
I have no money, so how can I perform the marriage?"†

XXIV

Râjâ Harî Chand.

" I am prevented from staying in Ajudhiâ,
As my oath has been broken. God is my Redeemer!
My difficulty is that I made a great oath,
And to-day sweet water tastes bitter to me!
I can give thee no alms now,
O Brâhmaṇ, and I tell thee truth."

---

* i.e., "the beast"—the poet is confused here.
† Of my two daughters: see further on in stanza XXV.

XXV.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ.

"Satwâdî Râjâ sunâ mulkon men sarnâm.
Kanîyân donon biyâh de, nâ tû de kuchh dâm.
Kanîyân bar jog bhaî merî, Râjâ,
Aṭkâ hai kâj, bachan sunîyo tâjâ.
Gangâ ashnân karo, Chhatardhârî;
Kar le kuchh nâm, âj terî bârî!"

XXVI.

Ban men ghoṛâ bândhke, karan lagâ ashnân.
Hâth jor thâdâ kharâ: "Bipr, lîjo dân.
Mângo, Mahârâj, jaise ichhâ tere.
Hâthî, gajbâj, mâng kane mere.
Châhîye so mâl, mulk ham se lîje.
Itnâ ahsân ik mujh par kîje."

XXV.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

"I have heard thy great name, Râjâ, throughout the land as virtuous.
Let me marry my two daughters and never mind the alms.
My daughters are ripe for marriage, Râjâ,
I am in difficulties and my tale is new.
Bathe in the Ganges,* O King;
To-day is thy opportunity for gaining a name!"

XXVI.

Fastening up his horse in the forest he prepared to bathe.†
He stood with his joined hands and said: "Brâhmaṇ, take thy dues.
Ask, my Lord, according to thy desire.
Ask elephants and hawks of me.
If thou desirest goods, take my country.
Lay me under this obligation."

---

* Idiom: perform a good work; in this case by helping to marry off the Brâhman's daughters.

† *i.e.*, to do the good work the Brâhmaṇ demanded of him.

XXVII.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ.

" Sâṭh bhâr swarraṇ mujhe, Harî Chand, kar dân.
Nîche ko mat dekhîye, kar Gangâ ashnân.
Kar Gangâ ashnân paran dhâran kîje;
Swarran ke sâth bhâr mujh ko dîje.
Duniyâ ke bîch baje terâ bâjâ;
Tab to ânand suphal bolûn, Râjâ."

XXVIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

" Châlîs bhâr meṅ lîjîye is guṇṭhî* kâ mol;
Bîs bhâr men basat le: dîne tum se khol.
Main ne sab khol dîe jitnî sârî.
Âge, Mahârâj, rahî manshâ thârî.
Sâth bhâr dân dîe main ne sâre.
Ab to ghar baith, mere Brâhman piyâre."

XXVII.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhman.

"Give me dues of sixty loads of gold, Harî Chand.
Look not down, but bathe in the Ganges.†
Bathe in the Ganges and take an oath,
To give me sixty loads of gold.
Thy glory shall be noised throughout the world,
And I will call thee happy and blessed, Râjâ."

XXVIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Take this ring for forty loads of gold,
And my property for twenty loads: and I have given all.
I have given all I have.
For the rest, my lord, thy desire remains.
I have given the whole sixty loads in alms.
Go to thy house now, my dear Brâhmaṇ."

---

* For *anguṭhî.* † Idiom: do it quickly.

XXIX.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ

"Râjâ, tû saṛb ans de dachnâ dekar piyâr
Yeh prabhe ke same hai, kar beṛe ko pâr
Beṛâ kar pâr, mere Râjâ gyânî.
Satiyâ kâ kambh sunî terî Rânî.
Dachnâ de aur bane pûran âsâ;
Terâ Baikuṇṭh dhâm hovegâ bâsâ."

XXX.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Ik Rânî Târâwatî, ik beṭâ Kaṅwar Rohtâs:
Ik Râjâ Harî Chand hai khaṛâ tumhâre pâs.
Hâzir main pâs khaṛâ, lîje arjî:
Kah de, Mahârâj, kaisî terî marjî?
Jodhiâ meṅ châl, aur lîje bîrâ.
Mat karo abîr, karo man meṅ dhîrâ."

XXIX.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

"Râjâ, give me every part of my dues with gladness.
This is the opportunity for thee to take thy boat over,*
To take thy boat over, my wise Râjâ.
I have heard that thy Queen is a pillar of virtue.
Grant me my fees and fulfil my hope,
That thou mayest dwell in Heaven for thy home."

XXX.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"I have a Queen Târâwatî and a son Prince Rohtâs,
And I Râjâ Harî Chand stand before thee.
I stand before thee, hear my prayer:
Tell me, my Lord, what is thy desire?
Come to Ajudhiâ and take thy dues.
Make no delay and have patience in thy heart."

---

* To obtain salvation.

XLVII.

Rânî Târâ.

"Râjâ. mujh ko bhî biptâ parî randî ke darbâr.
Bolan kâ tûtâ hûâ, ron zâr-bazâr.
Kartâ kî dât nahîn jâte phere.
Âge takdîr rahe, kanthâ mere.
Randî ne zor zulam mujh par kînâ.
Peshâ karne ko kahî, mushkil jînâ!"

XLVIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Rânî gharâ uthwâ de, kahtâ hove âdhîn.
Rât dinân tarphûn, parâ jaise jal bin mîn.
Rânî, har wakt sabar kaise âve?
Dekhûn chau taraf, nahîn rastâ pâve.
Biptâ ke kâj pare, seven Kânsî.
Apnâ to maran, jagat kartâ hânsî!"

XLVII.

Rânî Târâ.

"Râjâ, great is my trouble at the courtezan's house.
I cannot speak and weep incessantly.
The will of God cannot be turned back.
Fate is before us, my husband.
Great is the tyranny of the courtezan upon me.
She tells me be a courtezan and hard it is to live!"

XLVIII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Rânî, help me with the pitcher, I ask thee humbly.
Restless am I day and night, as a fish out of water.
Rânî, how can patience be ever with us?
Looking all around I see no way (of release).
To overcome my trouble I dwell at Kâsî.
I am dying and yet the world jeers!"

XLIX.

Rânî Târâ.

"Chhâtî tak jal men baṛo, aur ghaṛâ lîje ṭhâe
Sat Nâm ke ṭek hai, ab tû ghar ko jâe."
Ghaṛe ko to ṭhâ lîâ, bhangî ke âve:
Baniyâ se pher ser sattû lâve.
Jab to khâne ko lagâ Bipr âyâ;
Sâbit lîâ mâng; nahîn khâne pâyâ.

L.

Gangâ ke ûpar kharî, Rânî dhârî dhîr.
Soch kare man men kharî, nain se â gîâ nîr.
Nainon se nîr hûâ us ke jâre:
"Lâjjâ kî bât mare sat ke mâre.
Duniyâ men âj nahîn merâ koî."
Biptâ ko yâd kar Rânî roî.

XLIX.

Rânî Târâ.

"Go breast deep into the water and lift up the pitcher.
Trust in the True Name (God) and go to thy home."
He lifted up the pitcher and went to the scavenger's,
And then got his *ser* of coarse flour from the tradesman.
When he began to eat the Brâhmaṇ came
And demanded the whole of it, so that he had nothing to eat.

L.

Standing by the Ganges the Queen had patience.
Standing there thinking tears fell from her eyes.
Tears fell from her eyes: (said she):
"It is shameful that I suffer thus for virtue's sake.
I have no friend in the world to-day."
Thinking of her misery the Queen wept.

LI.

Rânî man men jhurî thî, gîâ wahân seth:
"Tû gharâ kaisî bharî? Kahân lagî karam ke heth?"
Betî kâ bachan kahâ: "Mukh se bolo,
Apnâ to bhed kaho, sat ko tolo.
Tujh ko chhutwâke jabhî khânâ khâûn;
Ab to main nâhîn palat ghar ko jâûn."

LII

Pânî bhar Rânî chalî randî ke ghar jâe.
Pîchhe âe sethjî aur kahan lage samjhâe.
Kahte samjhâe: "Suno, randî piyârî,
Rânî kâ mol kaho khâtir mahârî.
Bîs bhâr swarran ke mujh se lîje,
Rânî ko âp mujhe dil se dîje."

LI.

While the Queen was grieving a merchant* went there,
(And said): "Why art filling pitchers (with water)?
How hast thou come to misfortune?"
Calling her daughter (he said): "Tell me,
Tell me the truth about thy secret.
I will not eat till I have released thee,
Nor will I return home (till then)."

LII.

The Queen got the water and went to the courtezan.
The merchant followed her and spake.
Said he: "Hear, friend courtezan,
Tell me the price of the Queen.
Take twenty loads of gold from me,
And graciously give me the Queen."

* *i.e.* Baijnâth, who had bought her son.

LIII.

Gangâ Raṇḍî.

" Bîs bhâr swarran dîâ, suno, seṭh gunwân.
Rânî ham se lîjo, tujhe nahîṅ dûṅ jân.
Rânî ko sâth karûṅ, kuchh na lenî.
Tujh ko jawâb nahîṅ ulṭâ denî.
Yeh to, Mahârâj, kare âge tere.
Mat karo aubîr, le jâ apne-ḍere."

LIV.

Rânî lînî seṭh ne, aur beṭe se dîe milâî.
Marne se to bach gaî, aur kînî Râm sahâî.
Beṭe ke pâs gaî Târâ Rânî,
Jab to yeh bât gaî jag meṅ jânî.
Mâtâ aur putr mile, bâtâṅ kholî.
Ânkhoṅ se nîr chalâ, deke kolî.

LIII.

Gangâ, the Courtezan.

"I paid twenty loads of gold for her, hear, my wise merchant.
Take the Queen from me, I will not let thee go back.*
I give the Queen and take nothing (for her).
I will make thee no refusal.
Here she is, my Lord, I offer her to thee.
Make no delay and take her to thy home."

LIV.

The merchant took the Queen and brought her to her son.
She was saved from death, for God helped her.
Rânî Târâ went to her son,
And all the world knew of it
Mother and son met and told (each other) their stories
Tears fell from their eyes, as they embraced.

* On thy bargain.

Nirmal sab ang banî, Har kî mâyâ.
Seṭh ko jawâhir, lâl, kundan pâyâ:
Bhogî sukh chain, drab mâyâdhârî:
Biptâ sab dûr gaî jitnî sârî.

XL.

Kalwâ Chaṇḍâl.

"Mol kaho Hari Chand kâ, lijo ham se mâl.
Châhe soî lîjîye, tujhe sunâyâ hâl.
Tujh ko maiṅ hâl kahâ sachî bânî.
Kahânî kî jog nahîṅ, so nahîṅ kahânî.
Kah denâ mol tol iko bârî:
Rît rît bât karo jitnî sârî."

XLI.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ.

"Eh Râjâ satwant hai, sat kî bole bât.
Beṭâ bikâ bazâr meṅ got ginâ nahîṅ nâṭ.

By the wondrous (power) of God his body was purified.
The merchant obtained jewels and rubies and gold,
He dwelt in comfort and became very rich,
And all trouble was absent from him.*

XL.

Kalwâ, the Scavenger.†

"Fix a price for Harî Chand and take it from me.
I say truth, take what thou wilt.
It is truth that I have told thee.
One should not say that which is unworthy.
Tell me the price once for all,
Speaking proper words."

XLI.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

"This Râjâ is virtuous and speaketh truth.
His son was sold in the market without noting caste or clan.

---

* *i.e.*, his purchase prospered him. † To Viśvâmitra.

Sat ke partâp tajî sagrî mâyâ.
Śat ke partâp bikan Kâsî meṅ âyâ.
Bîs bhâr swarran ke mujhe abhî denâ:
Râjâ Harî Chand pâs apne lenâ."

XLII.

Swarran dînâ tolke, bîs bhâr kiyâ mol;
Sâth lîâ Mahârâj ko, karke pûrâ tol.
Bîs bhâr dâm dîe, baje bâjâ.
Marghat ke râkh dîâ chaukî men Râjâ.
Baniye se roz ser sattû letâ,
Râjâ Hari Chand nahîn sat ko detâ.

XLIII.

Gangâ Raṇḍî.

"Bîs bhâr main ne dîe, Rânî, tere mol.
Peshâ karnâ paṛegâ; dînâ tum se khol.

For virtue's glory he gave up all his wealth.
For virtue's glory he hath come to be sold in Kâśî.
Give me twenty loads of gold now,
And take Râjâ Harî Chand with thee."

XLII.

He weighed out the twenty loads of gold for price,
And took the Râjâ with him, after paying the full price.
He paid the twenty loads and beat the drum (of his glory)
He placed the Râjâ as guardian over the burning-place.*
Daily he procured a *ser*† of coarse flour from the trader.‡
Still Harî Chand gave not up his virtue.

XLIII.

Gangâ, the Courtezan.§

"I bought thee, Rânî, for twenty loads.
I tell thee that thou wilt have to be a courtezan.

---

* Where his duties would be to see that the fees for burning the dead were properly collected

† 2 *lbs.* ‡ As food for Harî Chand. § To her slave the Rânî Târâ.

Tum se maiṅ khol dîe dil kî Rânî.
Gangâ se nîr bharo merâ pânî.
Mat kare andesh, âp khânâ khâo,
Gangâ ashnân karo, abhî jâo."

XLIV.

Ik ausar pâ chalî Rânî dil meṅ Gangâjî ke nahâne ko.
Tap tej baṛhâ aur sîl chaṛhâ, lagî mukat silâ pe jâne ko.
Paṭ khol dîe detâ tajke, kuchh gham na rahî sarmâne kî.
Râjâ ke soch kare Rânî; 'tajvîj kare kyâ khâne kî?'
[Kishn Lâl Shib Kanwar], sang Harî Chand nazar paṛâ Rânî kî.
Atamrâm ko chîn lîâ, rahî bat nahîṅ samjhânî kî.*

I have told thee, Rânî, what is in my mind.
Get me water from the Ganges (daily).
Have no anxiety and eat thy food.
Go and bathe in the Ganges now."

XLIV.

Thus the Rânî had an opportunity to bathe in the Ganges.†
Her glory shone and her virtue increased towards attaining salvation.
She took off her veil and felt no shame.
The Rânî left the water and began to think how the Râjâ was obtaining his food.
[Say Kishn Lâl and Shibkaṅwar‡] her glance fell on Harî Chand.
Her soul went out of her beyond telling.

---

* This verse is in a metre peculiar to itself, as though it came from another song.

† And so obtain salvation.

‡ The authors of the poem: see below at the end of it.

XLV.

Rânî Târâ.

"Râjâ, apne chit kî bhûl kho mat ko.
Jab lag bât na bhâkhe, tab lag kâraj ho.
Râjâ, maiṅ araz karî tum se soî.
Tâjub kî bât: kahâṅ kâyâ khoî?
Sûkh gîâ badan, hûî pinjar kâyâ.
Kaise tû soch kare? Kyûṅ na khâyâ?"

XLVI.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Rânî, Bipr wahî hai; sâbit mânge dân.
Lâj gaî, to jân de; sat nahîṅ denâ jân.
Sat ko na jân dîâ, merî piyârî.
Sat kî partâp hûî ham se niyârî.
Sat ko hî kâj gîâ beṭâ ham se.
Sat kâ sat sang kahâ maiṅ ne tum se."

XLV.

Rânî Târâ.

"Râjâ, tell not the secret of thy heart.
As long as the secret is not out, thou wilt prosper.
Râjâ, I told thee this before.
Wondrous it is whither thy body hath fled.*
Dried up is this thy bony body.
Why art so anxious? Why dost not eat?"

XLVI.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Rânî, it is the Brâhmaṇ's (fault) that demanded his full dues.
If thy honor go, let it go, but let not thy virtue go.
I let not my virtue go, my love.
For the glory of virtue thou art parted from me.
For the sake of virtue my son hath left me.
It is only of virtue that I speak to thee."

* That thou art so thin.

LV.

Rânî Târa.

Beṭâ, jâo bâgh meṅ, phûloṅ kî dekh bahâr:
Un ko le jâo sâth meṅ jitne tere yâr.
Larkon ko sâth leke bâghoṅ meṅ jâo;
Gajre phûloṅ ke gûnd ulṭe âo.
Ḍaliyâ phûloṅ kî ik dil se bharîye;
Aunâ shitâb, der mat na karîye."

LVI.

Gale bâṅh ḍâlke piyârâ, woh bâghoṅ meṅ dhâyâ;
Baghbânoṅ se yûṅ bolâ, "barg lene ko maiṅ âyâ."
Dharâ jab dast phûloṅ pe, nikalke nâg ne khâyâ.
*Nashe men ho gîâ ghâfil, jatan koî pesh nahiṅ âyâ.
Paṛâ tab gardiyâṅ khâke, zard nîlî hûî kâyâ:
"Merî mâtâ se kahnâ, mujhe sîne se nahîṅ layâ."

LV.

Rânî Târâ.

"Go, my son, into the garden and see the beautiful
flowers,
And take all thy companions with thee.
Go into the garden with the boys,
And come back with garlands of flowers.
Fill thy basket with flowers happily,
and come back quickly, and make no delay."

LVI

With arms round (each other's) necks they went into the
garden,
And (the prince) said to the gardeners: "I am come
for flowers."
As he put his hand to the flowers a snake came out and
bit him.
He became insensible and there was no help for him.
He fell backwards and his body became pale and blue:
(Said he) "Tell my mother that she hath not pressed
me to her breast."

LVII.

Rájkañwar Rohtâs.

" Merâ piyârâ hai jo koî, mero bedan kaho soî.
Nahîṅ jîne kâ maiṅ, sâkî ; nahîṅ rah gîâ dam koî,
Burd kar de mujhe âke, merâ dil milno ko châhâ.
Milâ hai gul se gul, jâke daskar woh sâmp ne âke mârâ."
Brâhmaṇ palatke kâyâ sunâ mâtâ se yûṅ bole :
" Roḥtâs kî nayâ paṛî manjdhâr meṅ ḍole."

LVIII.

Beṭe kâ marnâ sunâ Rânî kiyâ andes.
Bâl bakherî mahil meṅ, aur Jogin kâ kiyâ bhes.
Jogîn kâ bhes bharâ, tajâ sab kâ nâtâ.
Aisâ to dukh sahâ nâhîṅ jâtâ.
Beṭe ke pâs gaî, chhâtî se lâyâ.
Umar thî nadân, nahîṅ bilsâ khâyâ.

LVII.

Prince Rohtâs.

" Let him who is my friend go and tell her of my misfortune.
I shall not live now, my friends ; no breath is left me.
Let her come and perform my obsequies, for my heart would meet her.
Flower met flower and a snake slew him."
The Brâhmaṇ changed his form and spake to his mother
" The boat of thy Rohtâs is wandering in mid-stream "*

LVIII.

The Queen was sorrow-stricken on hearing of her son's death.
She dishevelled her locks in the palace and put on the garb of a *Jogin.*†
Putting on a *Jogin's* garb she deserted her kindred.
She could not bear such a sorrow as this.
She went to her son and took him to her breast.
Young was he and had (as yet) known not enjoyment.

---

* Figurative for " he is dying."   † Female ascetic

LIX.

Râjkañwar Rohtâs.

"Ai mâtâ Târâwatî, sachî karke jân.
Pitâ milan se rah gîâ, mere nikas prân.
Marne kî nâhîñ rahî mujh ko sansâ.
Duniyâ se âj chali merî hansâ."
Chhuṭ gaî prâñ, kharî pîṭî chhâtî.
"Beṭâ koî nâhîñ rahâ merâ sâthî!"

LX.

Rânî le marghaṭ gaî, aur chatâ lagâî ân.
Marne kî tayyârî karî, apnî khougî prân.
Tajî thî prân, jabhî Râjâ âyâ.
"Lenâ nâhîñ hukm:—ḍâgh kaisî lâyâ?
Pâñch ṭake swarran ke mujh ko dîje.
Pîchhe laṛke ko phûnk marghaṭ dîje."

LIX.

Prince Rohtâs.

"O Mother Târâwatî, know the truth.
I have not met my father, and my life goes.
But I have no fear of death.
And to-day my soul will leave the world."
His life departed and she stood and beat her breast,
(Saying): "I have no son with me now!"

LX.

The Queen took him to the burning-place and raised a pyre.
prepared to die by destroying her own life.*
As she was about to give up her life Râjâ (Harî Chand) came up (and said):
"Thou art forbidden to do this:†—what disgrace art thou bringing upon me?
Give me five pieces of gold,
And then thou canst burn the boy in the burning-place."

---

* This is a very curious incident: the Queen is about to commit *sati* for her *son* instead of her *husband*.
† *i.e.* perform the obsequies without paying a fee.

LXI.

Rânî Târâ.

"Pânch ṭake parbat hûe, kauḍî nahîṅ pâs.
Beṭâ *terâ* mar giâ; sun merî ardâs.
Yeh to ardâs suno, kanthâ mere.
Kaisî anrît hûi dil meṅ tere?
Pânch ṭakâ, bol, âp kis se lîtâ?
Mujh ko beṭe ko kyûṅ na phûnkan detâ?"

LXII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"Us Kalwâ ke hukam ko kaise karûṅ adûl?
Jînâ to bhârî hûâ, lenâ mujhe mahsûl.
Us ko jawâb, kaho, kaise dîje?
Bipr anrît kare haṅske lîje.
Mujh ko to pânch ṭakâ denâ châhîye.
Is kâ jawâb mujhe, Rânî, deîye."

LXI.

Rânî Târâ.

"Five pieces (of gold) are a mountain to me, I have not a mite.
It is *thy* son that is dead; hear my prayer.
Hear this my prayer, my husband.
What unlawful thing is in thy heart?
Of whom art thou demanding the five pieces?
Why wilt not let me burn thy son?"

LXII.

Râjâ Harî Chand.

"How can I disobey the orders of Kalwâ?
It is hard to live, but I must take the fees·
Or how should I answer him?
It is the Brâhmaṇ that gladly doeth unlawful Things
Thou must give me the five pieces.
Answer me this, Rânî."

LXIII.

Sir kâ chîr utârke us ko denâ hâth.
Âg dîe jab chatâ meṅ, jalue baiṭhî sâth.
Chatâ lie dekh, jabhî Bipr âyâ ;
Rânî nangî hûî dekhî kâyâ.
Rânî sarmâke satî andar âî ;
Bipr lâsh kâḍh âgî lagâî.

LXIV.

Biswâmitr Brâhmaṇ.

"Ḍâkin âî satî meṅ, sunîyo, Kalwâ, bât.
Âdamkhorî ho rahî, karan lagî utpât.
Baijnâth Seṭh kâ woh laṛkâ khâyâ."
Râjâ ke pâs jabhî Kalwâ âyâ.
"Leke shamsher abhî jaldî jâo ;
Ḍâkin ko mâr abhî hâzir âo."

LXIII.

She took off her veil and gave it into his hand.*
Then she lighted the pyre and prepared to sit beside (the body).†
When he saw the pyre the Brâhmaṇ came up
And saw the Queen's naked body.‡
The Queen ashamed went into the *satî's* hut
And the Brâhmaṇ took off the corpse and set fire (to the pyre).

LXIV.

Biswâmitr, the Brâhmaṇ.

"A witch hath gone into the *satî's* hut, hear, O Kalwâ.
Cannibal she is and is making a disturbance.
She has eaten up the son of Baijnâth, the merchant."
Then Kalwâ went to the Râjâ, (and said) :
"Take thy sword and go quickly,
Kill the witch and return."

---

* In lieu of the fee.
† *i.e.*, to commit *satî* : see above stanza LX.
‡ By 'naked' understand 'unveiled.'

LXV.

Hari Chand talwâr sont dhâyâ nangî:
"Aisâ kiyâ zulam merî chaukî changî!"
Satî se nikâî lîe apnî Rânî,
Jab to Harî Chand ik bolâ bânî:
"Laṛke uṭhâo, suno, âdamkhânî;
Marnâ kâ wakt pâs, baiṭho, Rânî!"

LXVI.

Hâth joṛ Rânî kharî; "Ai mere Kartâr,
Aisâ teghâ mâriye, tînoṅ ke ho jâ pâr!"
Râjâ shamsher sont ûpar âyâ;
Rânî kî ik bâr kâmpî kâyâ.
Râjâ shamsher sont mâran lâge,
Jab to âsmân zamîn kâmpan lâge.

LXVII.

Dâtâ ne ṭîr sunî us kî bhârî!
Aisâ Mahârâj kare pûran sârî!

LXV.

Harî Chand drew his naked sword and went up (to the Rânî).
(And said): "Such is the disturbance thou createst, while I keep strict watch!"
He drew his Queen out of the *satî's* hut,
And then spake Harî Chand:
"Take up the boy, hear, thou cannibal;
Thy death is near, sit here, Rânî."

LXVI.

The Rânî stood with joined hands (and said): "O my God,
So strike thy sword that it go through all three of us!"
The Râjâ drew his sword and came up,
And the Rânî all at once began to tremble.
When the Râjâ with his drawn sword prepared to strike,
The heavens and the earth began to quake.

LXVII.

God heard the loud cries (of the Rânî)!
Thus the Râjâ fulfilled all (his trials)!

Dâtâ ne darshan dîâ sat ke kâran:
Jab to Mahârâj pâr âve târan!
Nagarî pâr ân karî jitnî sârî.
Râjâ Harî Chand, âj terî bârî!

LXVIII.

Nagarî chalî, Gangâ chalî, Kalwâ bhangî, sâth.
"Mere to kul sab taroṅ, suno hamârî bât!"
Dekhke ahwâl sabhî Bipr dhâyâ.
"Lâkhoṅ, Mahârâj, rache maiṅ ne mâyâ.
Râjâ ne sat mujhe nâhîṅ dîâ.
Tâjub kî bât merâ larze hîâ."

LXIX.

Bipr ne jitnî kahî sunî Indar man lâe.
"Râjâ ne tâjub kîâ, ab kuchh kahe na jâe.

God appeared to him through his virtue,
And the Râjâ came to salvation!
His whole city also was saved.*
O Râjâ Harî Chand, this day was thy opportunity

LXVIII.

The city and Gangâ (the Courtezan) and Kalwâ were (saved) with him.
(Prayed he): "Save my whole family, hear my prayer!"
Seeing all this the Brâhman came (and said):
"Thousands of plans have I tried, my Lord (Indra),
But the Râjâ would not give up his virtue to me,
Wondrous it is and my heart trembles."

LXIX.

Indra listened attentively to all that the Brâhman had said.
(Said the Brâhman): "Wondrous things hath the Râjâ done that are beyond telling.

---

* Allusion to another portion of the legend of Harî Chand: see preliminary note.

Râjâ ne jît lîâ mujh ko, piyârâ.
Chhoḍâ sab râj, nahîṅ sat ko hârâ.
Mâyâ aur mâl taje jitne sâre.
Apne sab chhoṛ dìe dil ke piyâre."

LXX.

Rânî apne sût ko linâ god uṭhâe.
Laṛkâ to jîwat milâ; kinî Râm sahâe.
Jodhiâ ke bîch phir Râjâ âyâ;
Jitnâ sab râj, wahî pâyâ.
Rânî mandar ke bîch âsan lâve;
Mâyâ ke bhog kare khele khâve.

Kishn Lâl Shibkaṅwar ne bâni kahî apâr.
Râjâ Rânî ral mile, sat ka kiyâ adhâr.

The Râjâ hath beaten me, my friend.
He left his whole kingdom, but gave not up his virtue.
He gave up all his money and food,
And he gave up all that were dear to his heart."

LXX.

The Rânî took her son* into her lap.
Through the mercy of God she found him (still) living.
The Râjâ went again to Ajudhiâ,
And obtained again all his kingdom.
The Queen went into the palace
And enjoyed all wealth and luxuries.

Kishn Lâl and Shibkaṅwar† made this great story.
The Râjâ and Rânî met again and lived on virtuously.

---

* Restored to life in the interim!
† The authors: see Vol. III., p 52.

No. XLIII.

THE LEGEND OF SHAMS TABREZ,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[This story in a garbled way relates the usual legend of this celebrated Sûfî saint. It is to be observed that the scene of the story of his being flayed alive and wandering about after that operation is placed in Multân, where there is a tomb or shrine to a namesake: as also is that of the story of the sun broiling a fish (should be an ox) for him. The heat, so very observable at Multân, is here attributed to the action of Shams Tabrez on this last occasion. Properly speaking, however, the story should be referred to Qunia, or Iconium, in Asia Minor, where the saint really lived and died. It is noticed at pp. 404 and 573 of Vol. II. of this work.]

[Maulânâ Shamsu'ddîn Muhammad Tabrezî, *i.e.*, of Tabrez, was the Sûfî tutor of the Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddîn Maulvî Rûmî, who dedicated a work to him under the title of the *Dîwân-i-Shams Tabrezî*. In disputes between the opposition parties of Sûfîs led by Shams Tabrezî and 'Alâu'ddîn Maḥmûd, the son of the Maulvî Rûmî, Shams Tabrezî was killed by being thrown down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D.]

[There is in Multân an important Shî'a family, who call themselves descendants of a saint of Multân named Shams Tabrez, to whom in 1787 A.D. Mîr 'Alî, one of the family, raised a large tomb. This has, as the astute founder probably conjectured, caused the local Shams Tabrez to be confounded with his great namesake to the profit of the shrine and its owners.]

TEXT.

Zikar Karâmât Shams Tabrez Sâḥib.

Maulâ dî razâ dâ dam jo mâre,
Allah oh de bigare kam sañwâre.
Faizoṅ se jahâṅ jin kî labrez,
Hai, yâro, oh pîr Shams Tabrez.
Multân meṅ buzurg johre mashhûr;
Un meṅ hai bayân in kâ mazkûr.
Multân meṅ sâ ik Nawâb hoiâ;
Iklotâ pisar thâ oh dâ moiâ.
Nawâb ghamîṅ jo oh ne pâiâ,

Hukm apne se murdâ nûṅ jilâiâ.
Eh kahâ, ko '*Mere* hukm se zindâ ho.'
Kyûṅ na kahâ, ke '*Khudâ ke* hukm se zindâ ho?'
Ulmâ ne karî, 'eh nuktagîrî
Haigî eh khilâf sharâ pîrî.'
Tâzîr dâ hukm eh pukârâ:
'Eh dâ chamrâ târo sârâ!'
Jallâd na kar sakâ jo tâmîl,
Tab pîr eh bolâ karke tâjîl:
'Main chamrâ utâr dêwâṅ tainûṅ.
Taklîf na, yâr, hove tainûṅ!'
Ik chutkî se post-i-tan utârâ:
Allah nûṅ yâd kar sidhârâ.
Jad bhûkh ne bahut kuchh sitâiâ,
Machhî kuchh kahîṅ se lâiâ;
Bhunnan nûṅ jo us de hoiâ tayyâr
Nafrat se haṭâ diâ ahl-i-bâzâr.
Sûrij nûṅ pukârâ hoke lâchâr:
'Ham-nâm dî lâj rakh de, tû yâr.'
Kahinde haiṅ, ke nîche nayâr âiâ,
Aur pîr dî machhî nûṅ bhunâiâ.
Multân dî garmî dî shikâyat
Mashhûr hai: pîr dî karâmat!
Multân men Âm-khâs de kol
Firozî rozâ un kâ sâ ḍhol.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of the Miracles of Shams Tabrez.

Who awaits the will of God,
God will perform his frustrated desire.
The lavisher of his gifts on the world,
My friends, is the saint Shams Tabrez.
In Multân the saints are famous;*
Among them (even) his story is renowned.
There was a Nawâb in Multân,
Whose only son died;

* Multân is a veritable City of the Saints.

When (the saint) discovered the Nawâb's sorrow,
By his own command he raised the dead to life.
Thus said he, 'By *my* order be alive.'
Why did he not say, 'By *God's* order be alive?
Said the doctors, 'such conduct
Is against the law of the saints.'
The order of the law was thus proclaimed:*
'Take off all his skin!'
The executioner could not do it,
And the saint said at once:
'I will take off my skin and give it thee.
Be not troubled, my friend!'
(He gave) the skin of his body a pinch and took it off,
And trusting in God he went his way.
When he became very hungry
He procured a fish from somewhere;
And prepared to broil it,
But the people of the *bâzâr* turned him away with disgust.
Then he called out to the sun in his trouble:
'Preserve the honor of thy namesake,† friend.'
They say that (the sun) came down
And broiled the saint's fish.
Complaints of the heat of Multân
Are loud, (and it is due to) the saint's miracle!
Near the Public Hall‡ in Multân
Is the dome of the (saint's) blue-enamelled tomb.

---

* *Ta'zir* is properly in Muhammadan law a punishment ordained by God, but left to the discretion of the judge.

† A play here on the name Shams Tabrezî, which means the Sun of Tabrez.

‡ Built by Dîwân Sâwan Mall, Governor of Multân, under the Sikhs, from 1829 to 1844 A.D.

No. XLIV.

THE LEGEND OF SHÂH QUMÊS,

FROM ACCOUNTS PROCURED IN SÂDHAURÂ TOWN AND IN THE KOTÂHÂ HILLS, BOTH IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This legend is about a local saint of much celebrity in the Ambâlâ District, whose shrine is at Sâdhaurâ and who is said to be a descendant of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, (flourished in Baghdâd between 1078 and 1166 A.D.) through a son 'Abdu'r-Razzâq, apparently not otherwise known to history. For an account of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî see p. 153, Vol. II.]

[The legends make out, according to a genealogy, that the birth of Shâh Qumês occurred about 1425 A.D., and that his arrival at Sâdhaurâ for the first time took place in 1451 A.D. But in another place they make out that Alâu'ddin Hussain Shâh of Bengal, who reigned 1493—1524 A.D., offered his daughter in marriage to Sayyid Shâh Tâju'ddin, the saint's grandfather, and that this marriage was accepted for Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-Hayât, his father. His mother was apparently according to the legend this Bengal princess. His brothers are connected with the wars of Nasib Shâh *alias* Nusrat Shâh of Bengal, the son and successor of Alâu'ddin Hussain Shâh, who reigned 1524—1538; and the legends say that the saint himself married this king's daughter. Another part of the story connects him with the wars of the Emperor Humâyûn in recovering the Panjâb from Sikandar Shâh Sûr in 1555 A.D., and says, too, that his brother-in-law, Sayyid 'Abdu'llah, lost his life in the expedition against Burhâupûr in 1562. It also distinctly connects the saint himself with the Emperor Akbar, who did not commence his reign till 1556. This chronology, though an impossible one, makes it pretty clear that Shâh Qumês most probably flourished in the 15th century A. D.]

[The story of the saint's and his father's royal marriages in Bengal, though not impossible, see Vol. II., p. 116, is not, so far as I can ascertain, supported by history, nor can I find out if there is any real reason for saying that his cult extends to Bihâr and Gorakhpûr, as stated in the legends.]

[The language of the stories as given to me being current Urdû I have not recorded the originals.]

I.

The Saint of Sâdhaurâ.

His name is Shâh Qumês and he was a follower of Shekh 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, who adopted him as his son; but some say that he was the legitimate and not the adopted son of

'Abdu'l-Qâdir.* Three large fairs are yearly held in honour of Shâh Qumês at Lodiânâ and Sâdhaurâ and in Bihâr. He was buried at Sâdhaurâ and performed his devotions at the other places, hence the fairs. They usually take place in March.

II.

The Legend of Shâh Qumês according to Pîr Muhammad of Lâhor.

I am a follower of Shâh Qumês, whose pedigree is as follows:—Shâh Qumês, son of Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-Ḥayât, son of Sayyid Shâh Tâju'ddîn, son of Sayyid Shâh Bahâu'ddin, son of Sayyid Shâh Jalâlu'ddîn, son of Sayyid Shâh Dâûd, son of Sayyid 'Alî Nasîr, son of Sayyid Shâh, son of Sayyid Salâḥû'unasar, son of Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'r-Razzâq, son of Sayyid Shâh Muhayyu'ddîn 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî.†

One day Sayyid Shâh Tâju'ddin was sleeping in the Mausoleum‡ of Sayyid Shâh Muhayyu'ddîn 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî on the night of the 7th of Ramazân, when he saw the great saint in a dream, who told him to go to Bengal and convert to his sect Sayyid Ḥussain Shâh, the king thereof. Then he awoke. He soon fell asleep again and had another dream and was again told to travel to Hindûstân. He accordingly set out and in due time reached Bengal, where he began to work miracles, being especially successful in obtaining many followers at Gorakhpûr. The king heard of these and became his follower. After a while the king sent his minister to the saint asking him to accept his daughter in marriage, saying he had made a vow to give her to him. The saint, however, wanted the girl to be married to his son Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-Ḥayât, then resident in Baghdâd, and in the end they were married in due form.

Soon afterwards Sayyid Shâh Tâju'ddîn left for Baghdâd and put up at Bannûr§ on the way, staying in a *masjid*, outside

* This would make him out to have existed 300 years at least before the rest of the legend does.

† This genealogy makes out the birth of Shâh Qumês to have been about 1425 A.D. which corresponds fairly with the rest of the tale.

‡ *i.e.*, in Baghdâd, see below.

§ In the Paṭiâlâ State.

which he tied up his horse. Next day when the people came to say their prayers they objected to the horse being there, as his urine and *excreta* would defile the *masjid*. The saint, however, said that that would never happen, and though it commenced raining and continued to do so for forty days, during which the horse was never moved, he had no calls of nature! The saint worked many other miracles besides this and many people followed him, but he would not have them for disciples and said he would send his grandson Sayyid Shâh Qumês to them, whom they could follow. He then went away.

Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-Hayât had three sons, *viz.*, Shâh Qumês, Sayyid Shâh Muḥammad Zâkirî and Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-'Azîz. One day Muḥammad Zâkirî was playing with some boys, who were riding wooden horses, and as he had not one he got on to a wall and made it run about with him. This made his father very angry and he cursed him to die an untimely death, which duly came to pass. Sayyid Shâh 'Abdu'l-'Azîz suffered martyrdom when his mother's brother, Nasîb Shâh, was fighting to extend his dominions.

Shâh Qumês devoted himself to the service of God and was married to the daughter of Nasîb Shâh, but he would not have connection with her. One day while he was praying she came and stood before him and he told her to sit down, but she would not do so, though he repeated the command more than once. At last he cursed her to sink into the earth, which she did at once and was seen no more. When Nasîb Shâh heard of this event he went to the saint and said that his first daughter had met her fate and wanted him to marry another. This made the saint angry and he left for Sâdhauṛâ, where he dwelt in the service of God for forty years. He then went on a pilgrimage to Makkâ, after which he dwelt at Baghdâd with his grandfather, who gave him an ewer of water and told him to go away with it and to dwell at that place, where all the water was found to be expended. He accordingly started and found that the ewer was quite dry at Sâdhauṛâ, so he took up his abode there under a dried up tree. This immediately became green and under it he lived. This was in

A.H. 858 (or A.D. 1454.)* Near the tree he prayed that a well might come into existence, and when it did so miraculously, he used the water for drinking and for his ablutions. These miracles made him famous and the chief Qâzî† of the place became his follower along with many other residents. Soon after this the saint went to Pirpûr, which is close by, and there married the daughter of Shekh 'Abdu'l-'Azîz,‡ and then returned to Sâdhaurâ.

At this time (1555 A.D.) the Emperor Humâyûn was making his conquests and among other doings he made prisoners of many of the saint's followers at Sarhind,§ so he went to Humâyûn at Shâhâbâd ‖ and asked him to release them. As the Emperor had heard of the saint's miraculous power he came with his Minister Bairâm Khân¶ and paid his respects to him, and he in his turn prayed that the Emperor might succeed in obtaining the throne of Dehlî. In reward for this the Emperor and his Minister made a vow, that if they should succeed in winning Dehlî, no follower of Shâh Qumês should be again molested, and that the revenues of Sâdhaurâ should be remitted to the saint for the entertainment of *faqîrs*. The Emperor then marched on and conquered Dehlî, and not long afterwards was called away from this world and was succeeded by Jalâlu'ddîn Muḥammad Akbar, (in January 1556).

About this time a child was born to Shâh Qumês, who would not suck in the day time; and it was the daily custom

* This was probably *before* his adventures in Bengal.

† The Muhammadans of Sâdhaurâ say that in the time of Shahâbu'ddîn Ghorî (1174–1206 A.D.) four sects of Sayyids got possession of the town and divided it into four wards (*mahallas*) and that these were called after them Qâzî, Wastî, Abû-ḥalîm, and Siânia. To this a fifth was afterwards added called Pîrzâdâ, where the descendants of Sayyid Shâh Qumês congregated. Curiously enough their story is that Shâh Qumês came to Sâdhaurâ in 1008 A.H. or 1599 A.D. The 'chief Qâzî' of the text means the leader of the Qâzî *mahalla* of Sâdhaurâ. The Sikhs in their irruptions about 1760 A.D. dispossessed the Sayyids of nearly all their lands and possessions.

‡ A local personage merely.

§ This battle was fought 22nd June 1555.

‖ In the Ambâlâ District.

¶ This is the Bairâm Khân, Khân Khânân, who was the great general of Humâyûn and Akbar.

of the saint to visit the graves of those who had suffered martyrdom.* Sayyid 'Abdu'llah,† the saint's brother-in-law, took service under the Emperor Akbar and went to the Dakhan on an expedition. In a battle at Burhânpûr‡ Sayyid 'Adu'llah was captured by the enemy, but called on Shâh Qumês for help, who *immediately* appeared and released him. On another occasion when a barber was shaving the saint he observed that the saint's dress was soaking wet and asked him why. He replied that the ship of a follower named Hâtim Beg had been sunk in the sea and that he had just been to fetch it up and had got wet. He told the barber never to mention this or he would go mad. After a while Hâtim Beg returned from his journey and thanked the saint for his help in the barber's presence. Whereon the barber forgetting the saint's injunction said, "Yes, the holy father told me all about it," and went on to relate the story. As soon as he had finished he went raving mad and to this day his descendants are still born mad! Once a follower named Sayyid 'Alî presented the saint with a philosopher's stone, which the saint at once threw into a river. When asked why he had done so by Sayyid 'Alî and why he had not valued what had been procured with so much trouble, the saint said, "go to the opposite bank and you will find it." His follower did so and found there many such stones.

Akbar once sent for Shâh Qumês to test his miraculous power and the saint accordingly went to Dehlî. When he arrived the Emperor observed a lion in each of the saint's sleeves and became so frightened that he sent him back at once to Sâdhaurâ. Soon after this Shâh Qumês left for Bihâr, where he died. When he was dying he requested his disciples to bury him at Sâdhaurâ, which they did.

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* Apparently in Humâyûn's wars.

† Son of the 'Abdu'l-'Azîz, whose daughter Shâh Qumês married.

‡ Burhânpûr was taken by storm for Akbar in 1562

XLV.

SARWAR AND NIR.

AS TOLD BY A CELEBRATED BARD FROM BARAUT IN THE MERAṬH DISTRICT.

[I have been unable to find out who the heroes of this legend were in real life. Râjâ Ambâ of Pûṇâ and Satârâ, with his wife Amlî or Ambalî and his sons Sarwar and Nîr, after various mishaps, end life happily in Ujjayiṇi, of which place Ambâ finally becomes Râjâ. Such is the legend and in all probability Ambâ is a Râjpût hero and not a Marâṭhâ as the legend would show him to be.]

[The heroes of some of the legends are very difficult to unearth from their historical hiding places, and it is possible that Ambâ may yet be tracked down. When I gave the Story of Râjâ Ḍhol, legendarily the son of Nala, I had not traced him out: see Vol. II., p. 276ff. Now, however, I find him duly recorded in Tod's *Râjasthân*, Original Ed., Vol. II., p. 302ff, as a very prominent Râjpût hero and founder of the Kachhwâhâ State of Amber or Dhundhâr. Tod puts his date from local information at 967 A.D. and calls him a descendant,—33rd in the line—of Nala. He records a form of his famous love-tale with Mâronî, daughter of the Râjâ of Ajmer. Ḍhol and Mârwan in Tod are known as Ḍholâ Râî and Mâronî.]

[Râjâ Ambâ is a well known name in the Panjâb and connected with the Rasâlû legends, having been one of his opponents, and as such had possessions, according to the legends, at Ambakâpî in the Lahore District and at Mâṇikyâlâ in the Râwal Piṇḍî District. He is also credited with being the founder of Ambâlâ. There is a well known verse quoted by Cunningham in his *Ancient Geography of India* and in his *Archæological Survey of India* which runs thus—

Ambâ Kapâ paî larâî;
Kâlpî bahin chhuṛâwan âî.

This Cunningham has rendered with fair accuracy by

When strife arose 'twixt Amb and Kap,
Their sister Kâlpî made it up.

But whether this Râjâ Ambâ has any connection with the Râjâ Ambâ of the tale now given I cannot say.]

TEXT.

Qissa Sarwar Nîr.

I.

Ik Ambâ, ik Amlî, ik Sarwar, ik Nîr.
Pûne kâ Râjâ hûâ; wahâṅ âyâ ik fakîr.
Ang pe bhabût, mukh se nâdh bajâve.
Âyâ bâgh meṅ; baiṭh 'âlakh' jagâve.
Bistar dîâ lâe, dhare dhîraj man meṅ.
Gall bich parî sîlî; soch kînî man meṅ.

II.

Mâlan ne dekhâ; us se aur kînî ardâs:
"Apne man se jo kah, lâûṅ tere pâs.
Bhojan chhattîs tujhe khâne ko lâûṅ.
Kar dûṅ terî khabar Râjâ pe jâûṅ.
Rânî se bayân kahûṅ, Phakar, terâ.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr; mân kahnâ merâ."

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Sarwar and Nîr.

I.

There were Ambâ and Amlî and Sarwar and Nîr.
(Ambâ) was Râjâ of Pûnâ, where came a *faqîr*.
With ashes on his body he sounded his conch.
He came into (Ambâ's) garden and called out '*âlakh*.'*
He brought out his bed and began to meditate in his mind.
His (*faqîr's*) necklace was round his neck as he meditated in his mind.

II.

The Gardener's wife saw him and said:
"I will bring thee thy heart's desire.
I will bring thee the thirty-six kinds of food.†
I will go to the Râjâ (Ambâ) and tell him about thee.
I will tell the Rânî about thee, Faqîr.
Be careful and mark my words."

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* See Vol. I., p. 32.

† *i.e.*, a complete "dinner" from the Native point of view.

III.

Faqîr.

"Mâl mulk kî gham nahîn aur nahîn râj se kâm.
Rât basen, din uṭh chalen; aur baso tumhârâ gâm!
Bastî âbâd raho, Mâlan, terî.
Dhûnî pânî men rahe ichhâ merî.
Râjâ se jâke khabar jaldî karîye.
Ho gîâ diyâl, kahâ merâ karîye."

IV.

Bâghon se mâlan chalî aur ghatâ rahe ghan chhâe
"Râjâ, tere bâghon men jogi utarâ âe.
Khânâ nahîn khâe, nahîn pânî pîve.
Râjâ, kis taur, kaho jogî jîve?
Rânî, tû chal, abhî darshan karnâ.
Jogî kâ ik khauf nahîn karnâ."

III.

Faqîr.

"I grieve not for wealth and lands and have no wish for rule.
I stay the night and go on in the day; and happy be thy town!
Full be thy town, O Gardener's wife.
All I want is fire and water.
Go to the Râjâ and tell him quickly (of me).
Be kind and do as I tell you."

IV.

The Gardener's wife left the garden and clouds gathered in the sky.
(Said she): "Râjâ, a *jogî* hath come into thy garden.
He eats not food and drinks not water.
Râjâ, say, how can the *jogî* live?
Rânî, go at once and visit him.
There is nothing to fear in the *jogî*."

V.

Râjâ Rânî bhare hîrâ, lâl, jawâhir.
Khân-pân manjan lîe aur kho lâe bhaṇḍâr.
Khole bhaṇḍâr, lîe bhojan sâre.
Duniyâ ke aur paṛe wahâṅ se lâre:
Râjâ Rânî to bâgh bîch meṅ âveṅ;
Bhojan ke thâl us ke âge lâveṅ.

VI.

Ânand ho bhojan lîe, duniyâ nâdh bajâe.
"Jo mângûṅ, so lûṅgâ, kahtâ tumheṅ sunâe.
Man kî ichhâ se mujhe bhojan dînâ;
Jab to, Mahârâj, sukhan ham se lînâ.
Sab kâ sawâl merâ tum se kahnâ,
Is gun, Mahârâj, terâ bâgh meṅ rahnâ."

V.

The Râjâ and the Rânî collected diamonds, rubies and jewels.
They took food and good things, opening out their stores.
They opened up all their stores of food.
Many others of the world collected there (as well),
As the Râjâ and Rânî went into the garden,
Taking the platters of food to (the *faqîr*).

VI.

He took the food gladly and sounded his conch (saying):
"I will take (from thee) what I desire, I tell thee.
Thou hast brought me food with a sincere heart,
And, Râjâ, I will tell thee something.
I will tell thee all the desire
I had, Râjâ, in coming to thy garden."

VII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Phakar, tum dil kî jo jo apnî bât,
Jo mânge so tujhe dûṅ aur bahuterî bât.
Âdar se baiṭh, abhî khânâ khâo.
Apnâ lo sukhan, pîchhe jâo.
Jo jo, Mahârâj, tere dil pe âî,
Maiṅ ne bhî ik bât dil kî pâî."

VIII.

Faqîr.

"Râjâ, tû sarb ans de, ke sat jâo hâr!
Yo beṛâ maujdhâr meṅ, karnâ is ko pâr.
Is ko jo pâr karo sobhâ terî.
Hovegâ nâm; mân kahnî merî.
Koî nahîṅ pâs; merî jân akelî.
Dîjo sat bhâo; terâ Dâtâ belî!"

VII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"O Faqîr, whatever is in thy heart,
As thou askest so I will give thee and much besides.
Sit at thy ease and eat thy food.
Fulfil thy desire and then go (hence).
Of what hath come into thy heart, Mahârâj,*
I would find out but one matter."

VIII.

Faqîr.

"Râjâ, give me every part of thee or lose thy virtue!
My boat is in mid-stream, take it across.
If thou take it across thine will be the reward.
Thou wilt obtain a (good) name; hearken to my say.
I have no friend and live alone.
Give me freely and God will be thy helper!"

* Form of address used towards *faqîrs*.

IX.

Râjâ Rânî bâgh meṅ donoṅ kareṅ bichâr.
"Ke, Râjâ, sarb ans do, ke sat jâo hâr.
Sat ko mat hâr, mere kanthâ gyânî :
Denâ is wakt, tujhe kahtî Rânî.
Mat karo aver is se, abhî denâ :
Phakar kâ sukhan ik dil kar lenâ."

X.

Ṭab Râjâ sarb ans diyâ us phakar ko dân :—
"Sat kî bândî Lachhmî ; phir milegâ ân."—
Râjâ ne dân diyâ, jogî lînâ.
Jitnâ sarb ans, râj sârâ dînâ.
Sarwar aur Nîr râkh dil se lâe ;
Rânî ko râkh lîâ ; bachan jogî se pâe.

IX.

The Râjâ and Rânî pondered (the matter) together in the garden.
(Said she) ; ' Either thou must give every portion, Râjâ, or lose thy virtue.
Lose not thy virtue, my wise husband :
Give at once, saith thy Queen.
Make no delay in this, but give at once :
Fulfil the *faqîr's* desire with all thy heart."

X.

Then the Râjâ gave every portion as alms to the *faqîr* :—
(Saying) : " Lachhmî* is the slave of virtue and I shall meet her again."—
The Râjâ gave the alms, which the *jogî* took.
The Râjâ gave up every portion.
Sarwar and Nîr, his beloved, he kept,
And he kept the Rânî, and received the blessings of the *faqîr*.

---

* *i.e.*, wealth personified.

XI.

Râjâ Rânî chal paṛe, lîâ god meṅ Nîr.
Sarwar Râjâ ne lîâ ; ṭuk ik bâṅdhî dhîr.
Râj pâṭ tiyâg diyâ, mâyâ tiyâgî :
Sat kî shamsher lîe Rânî bhâgî !
Us ban ko chhoṛ aur ban meṅ âe :
Jo kuchh thâ kand-mûl ban meṅ khâe.

XII.

Râjâ Amlî.

"Râjâ, angiyâ lîjîye, becho sar bâzâr :
Angiyâ us ko dîjîye, jo ke ho sâhûkâr.
Angiyâ kâ mol âp dil se kahnâ :
Jo deve dâm, sohî mahârâ lahnâ.
Beṭe ko bhûk lagî, khânâ khilâo.
Jaldî, Mahârâj, abhî bechke lâo."

XI.

The Râjâ and Rânî went away with Nîr in her lap.
The Râjâ took Sarwar and had patience in his heart.
He gave up rule and honour and wealth,
And the happy Rânî gained the sword of virtue !
They left their own forest and came to another,
And lived on the fruits and roots of the forest.

XII.

Rânî Amlî.

"Râjâ, take my bodice and sell it in the *bâzâr*,
Giving the bodice to some merchant.
Fix the price of the bodice in thy heart,
And he that giveth the price is our benefactor.
Thy children are hungry, give them to eat.
Go quickly, Râjâ, sell it and bring (the food)."

XIII.

Angiyâ le Râjâ chalâ, aur karî nek nahîṅ wâr.
Âge us ko mil gîâ Kundan Sâhûkâr.
Kundan ko jâke us ne angiyâ dikhâî:
"Bechne kî mauj mere dil par âî.
Angiyâ kâ mol kahûṅ, is ko lenâ.
Apne râkh pâs, dâṁ mujh ko denâ!"

XIV.

Râjâ ko biṭhlâ lîâ aur pûchhan lâgâ bât:
"Rânî chhoṛî tû Kahâṅ? Kyûṅ nahîṅ lâyâ sâth?
Lâyâ na sâth; terî akal mârî!
Kaise taiṅ âj karî dil se niyârî?
Dhoke meṅ âke kahîṅ mârâ jâve:
Rânî kâ khoj phir nahîṅ pâve!"

XIII.

The Râjâ took the bodice and made no delay.
Presently he met Kundan the Merchant.
He showed the bodice to Kundan, (and said):
"I have a mind to sell this.
I will tell thee the price of the bodice and thou shouldst buy it.
Keep it and give me the price!"

XIV.

He made the Râjâ sit down and asked him:
"Where hast left thy Rânî? Why didst thou not bring her with thee?
Thou hast not brought her with thee and hast lost thy senses!
Why hast thou separated thy heart from her to-day?
Thou art fallen into a snare and wilt suffer,
When thou shalt find no trace of thy Rânî!"

XV.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Rânî baiṭhî baṛ tale, ik Sarwar, ik Nîr.
Mol karo, angiyâ dharo, suno, hamâre bîr.
Das hazâr dâm us ke mujh ko denâ:
Pîchhe se âp merî angiyâ lenâ.
Saudâ sastâ hai, âp mujh se lîje.
Mat kare andesh, dâm mujh ko dîje."

XVI.

Us se biṭhâyâ dûkân par apne ghar ko jâe.
Jaldî jâkar shahar meṅ ḍolâ lîâ khichâe:
Ḍolâ khichwâke pâs Rânî ke âyâ.
Angiyâ dikhlâ dîe: "chalo, tujh ko bulâyâ."
Ḍole biṭhlâ lîe, Rânî piyârî:
Laṛke lîe âp karâ ḍolâ jârî.

XV.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"The Rânî was under the banyan tree with Sarwar and
Nîr.
Buy the bodice and listen, my friend.
Thou must pay me 10,000 (rupees) for it,
And then take my bodice.
It is a cheap bargain, so take it from me.
Have no fears and give me the price."

XVI.

(Kundan) sat (the Râjâ) in the shop and went homewards.
Going quickly into the city he got a litter,
And took the litter to the Rânî.
He showed her the bodice (and said): "(Thy husband)
calls thee, come."
He sat the lovely Rânî in the litter,
And taking the boys (aside) started off the litter.

XVII.

Laṛkon ko chhoṛke âyâ Sâhûkâr;
Jâke apne mandir meṅ Rânî dîe utâr.
Rânî ko utâr pâs Râjâ ke âyâ:
"Angiyâ kâ mol nahîṅ ghar pe pâyâ.
Angiyâ ko leke yehâṅ se ghar ko jânâ.
Becho kahîṅ aur; jâo khâo khânâ."

XVIII.

Angiyâ le Ambâ chalâ, laṛkoṅ âyâ pâs:
"Ammâṅ thârî kit gaî? Suniye ardâs!
Ammâṅ kâ bhed abhî ham se kahîye.
Ammâṅ bin, tum kaho, kaise rahîye?
Sachî bât batlâo, Beṭâ, mujh ko.
Dil meṅ mat râkho, kahâ maiṅ ne tum ko."

XVII.

He left the boys there and the Merchant returned,
And going to his house put the Rânî down.
Putting down the Rânî he went to the Râjâ (and said:)
"I could not find the price of thy bodice in my house.
Take away home thy bodice.
Sell it somewhere else and live on the proceeds."

XVIII.

Ambâ took the bodice and came to the boys (and said:)
"Whither hath your mother gone? Hear my words!
Tell me now all about your mother.
Say, how shall we live without your mother?
My sons, tell me the truth.
Keep back nothing in your hearts, I tell you."

XIX.

Sarwar Nîr.

"Dolâ âyâ shahar se ammâṅ liê biṭhâe.
Ham ko to dhokâ dîâ, gîâ badan ghabarâe.
Ham to ghabrâ gae dil se, Pitâ.
Angiyâ dikhlâ dîe, aisâ kîtâ!
Mâtâ ko ân kahâ: 'tujh ko bulâyâ.'
Dole biṭhlâke le gîâ, pher na âyâ."

XX.

Sun laṛkoṅ kî bât ko man meṅ karâ andesh;
"Biptâ kis se sunâîye? Ân ṭake pardes!
Bhûk piyâs tan meṅ, nahîṅ khânâ khâyâ!
Kartâ ne dât likhâ, soî pâyâ.
Beṭâ, nahîṅ âj koî jag meṅ thârâ.
Kâran Bidhnâ ke nahîṅ meṭanhârâ."

XIX.

Sarwar and Nîr.

"A litter came from the city and our mother was seated in it.
We were deceived and are afraid.
We are afraid in our hearts, Father.
The bodice was shown her and thus was it done!
He said to our mother: '(thy husband) calls thee.'
He seated her in the litter and returned not again."

XX.

Hearing the boys' words he was grieved in his heart:
(And said): "To whom shall I tell my sorrow? I am in a strange land!
Hungry and thirsty I have eaten no food!
I have received according to the lines written by God.
My sons, you have no friend in the world to-day.
The will of Fate none can blot out."

XXI.

Sarwar.

"Mâtâ merî kit gaî? Mujhe batâo hâl!
Honî to hoke rahî, ân merî be-kâl.
Mâtâ se chalke, Pitâ, mujh ko milâo:
Pîchhe se phir âp khânâ khâo.
Dil pe kuchh aur lâgî mere sansâ!
Marne kâ taur chalî merî hansâ!"

XXII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Ammâṅ mâmâ ke gaî, suno, Sarwar Nîr.
Ammâṅ tumheṅ milâ dûṅ, jo ṭuk bândho dhîr.
Ammâṅ ke pâs tumheṅ leke jâûṅ.
Mat na ghabarâo, us se tum ko dikhâûṅ."
Kandhe pe biṭhâ lîe donoṅ bhâî:
Kâran Dâtâ kâ, nadî âge âî.

XXI.

Sarwar.

"Whither hath my mother gone? Tell me of her!
Fate hath come upon us and we suffer unduly.
Take me to my mother, Father,
Before thou take thy food.
More grief than ever is on my heart!
And my soul is like to die!"

XXII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Your mother has gone to her brother, hear me, Sarwar
and Nir.
I will take you to your mother, if you will have patience.
I will take you to your mother.
Be not afraid, I will show her to you."
He sat the two brothers on his shoulders,
And by the will of God he came to a river.

XXIII.

Soch kare Râjâ kharâ; "kis bidh târûṅ pâr?
Jo na detâ râj ko gîâ thâ paran ko hâr!"
Nîr to biṭhâ dîâ, Sarwar lînâ:
Baṛ gîâ nadî meṅ, gawan Râjâ kînâ.
Laṛke ko pâr biṭhâke ulṭâ âyâ:
Gâh ne garâs lîâ! Har kî mâyâ!

XXIV.

Chakwâ chakwî kî tarah, ut Sarwar, it Nîr!
Jo Bidhnâ ne likh dî, kyâ kare tadbîr?
Ho gîâ andesh baiṭhe rowan ban meṅ:
Mâtâ ko yâd kareṅ apne man meṅ:
"Ham se te bichaṛ gîâ mahârâ pitâ!
Jogî ne zulm baṛâ ham se kitâ!"

XXIII.

The Râjâ stood thinking: "how shall I cross over?
Had I not given up my kingdom I should have broken
my word."
He put down Nîr and took Sarwar:
He went into the water and the Râjâ used his strength.
He put down the boy and came back:
When an alligator seized him! It was the will of God!

XXIV.

Like *chakwâ* and *chakwî** Sarwar was on this side and
Nîr on that!
What remedy is there against the writing of Fate?
They sat down and wept in their sorrow in the forest,
Remembering their mother in their hearts, (and said):
"Our father too, is separated from us!
Great hath been the *faqîr's* cruelty to us!"

* See Vol. I., p. 125.

XXV.

Baṛî fajar dhobî uṭhâ denâ ghâṭ pahlâe.
Do laṛke rowat mile, us ne dekhâ âe.
Laṛkoṅ ko dekh dayâ dil pe âî:
Dhobî ne milâ dîe donoṅ bhâî.
Donoṅ ko leke apne ghar pe âyâ:
Mukhṛe dûâ dîe, khânâ khilâyâ.

XXVI.

Ik mandir meṅ rakh lîe donoṅ Sarwar Nîr:
Brâhmaṇ kari rasoîâṅ, piyâve ṭhaṇḍâ nîr.
Paṛhan ko biṭhâ die donoṅ bhâî:
Jo jo sab rît-bhânt un ko batâî.
Râj-dharam rît paṛhe jitnî sârî,
Aur sab kitâb paṛhe niyârî niyârî.

XXV.

In the early morning a washerman was up and spreading out his clothes.
He found two boys weeping and came to see.
He had pity on the boys in his heart.
And the washerman brought the two boys together.
He took them both to his house,
And washed their faces and gave them food.

XXVI.

He put Sarwar and Nîr into one house,
And a Brâhmaṇ cooked for them and gave them water.*
He taught both the brothers to read,
And taught them all the ways (of society).
He taught them all the ways of royalty,
And made them read all the books one by one.

---

* So that their caste might not be injured. A *dhobî* is of much lower caste than a Râjpût or Chhatrî.

XXVII.

Paṛhe jo bârâh baras, tak bidiyâ lie anek.
Jitne sab kânûn thî, unhoṅ ne lînî dekh.
Karne rozgâr chale donoṅ bhâî;
Chalkar Ujjain Nagar, un ko âi.
Râjâ se kahan lage biptâ sârî;
Chhoḍe gharbâr aur duniyâ-dârî.

XXVIII.

Ujjain kâ Râjâ.

"Kaun des ke gaḍhpatî? Patâ, kaho, kis des?
Mâtâ thârî kaun hai? Tum kînâ mailâ bhes!
Ham se bayân karo niyârâ niyârâ.
Sachî kaho bât, kyâ hai maksad thârâ?
Apnâ bayân sabhî ham se kahnâ.
Bândho hathiyâr, kushî dil se rahnâ."

XXVII.

They read for twelve years and became very learned.
They learnt all the rules (of the law).
The two brothers (then) started to obtain a living,
And went to Ujjain City.
They told the Râjâ all their sorrows,
How they had left their home and kingdom.

XXVIII.

The Râjâ of Ujjain.

"Of what country was (your father) lord? Tell me, of what land?
Who was your mother? You are in dirty clothing!
Tell me the story bit by bit.
Tell me the truth, what is your meaning?
Tell me all your story.
Put on the arms* and remain here at your ease."

---

* *i.e.*, as retainers of the Court.

XXIX.

Nîr.

"Ambalî to mâtâ mahârî, Ambâ pitâ bakhân:
Yo Sarwar, maiṅ Nîr hûṅ; sachî karke jân.
Ham to rozgâr kareṅ dil pe âe.
Dil se lo râkh, raheṅ donoṅ bhâî.
Gâh ne girâs lîâ bâbal merâ:
Ammâṅ par jâl ik ṭhag ne gherâ."

XXX.

Ujjain kâ Râjâ.

"Mahiloṅ kî chaukî karo, jahâṅ merâ ranwâs.
Khabardâr hoke raho, koî nahîṅ âve pâs."
Dîne hathiyâr aur wardî sârî.
Donoṅ ko râkh, hukm kînâ jârê:
"Deoṛhî ke pâs tumheṅ chaukas rahnâ:
Guzre jo hâl sabhî ham se kahnâ."

XXIX.

Nîr.

"Our mother was Ambalî and our father Ambâ:
This is Sarwar and I am Nîr: know this for truth.
We came here in hopes of a living.
Take us to thy heart and let the two brothers remain (here).
An alligator seized our father,
And a deceiver carried off our mother by guile."

XXX.

The Râjâ of Ujjain.

"Be ye guards over my female apartments.*
Be ye careful that no one approaches them"
He gave them arms and all the clothing (required).
He kept them both and gave them order
"Be ye guards over the entrance,
And tell me of all that happens."

---

* A responsible position in a Râjâ's palace.

XXXI.

Donoṅ bhâiyâ mahil ke kareṅ rât dinon rakhwâl.
Din soveṅ, naisâ same jâgeṅ bâram-bâr.
Bândheṅ talwâr, aur pahrâ deveṅ:
Bâki kuchh aur hukm us se leveṅ.
Râjâ ko bahut hûe dil ke piyâre.
Hâzir har wakt, nahîṅ hoveṅ niyâre.

XXXII.

Jhiṅwar âyâ nadî par, rok dîâ hai jâl.
Gáh phaṅsâ, woh ânke lîâ bâhir nikâl.
Peṭ ko jo châk karâ aur us kî kâyâ,
Us ke andar se Râjâ Ambâ pâyâ!
Râjâ ke pâs gîâ, us ko leke,
Donoṅ kar joṛ milâ âge leke.

XXXI.

The two brothers kept watch day and night.
In the day they slept and were up at times throughout the night.
They fastened on swords and kept watch,
And took other orders (from the Râjâ).
The Râjâ was very fond of them in his heart:
They were ever present and never away.

XXXII.

A fisherman came to the river and dammed it with his net.
An alligator was caught and he took it out.
When he cut open its body and stomach,
He found Râjâ Ambâ in it (alive)!
He took him to the Râjâ (of Ujjain),
And presented him with joined hands.

XXXIII.

Jab Râjâ ne dekhke âpe liâ biṭhâe,
To: "Bhâîyâ, kis taur se gîâ jal meṅ âe?
Aisi biptâ paṛî kyûnkar tujh pe?
Kis tarah yeh pakaṛ tujh ko lâyâ mujh pe?
Kahnâ bayân hâl niyârâ niyârâ,
Ban ke taiṅ bîch karâ kaise guzârâ?"

XXXIV.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Pûṇe kâ to janam aur Satârâ pâs.
Pun-dân bahute kare, sab kâran the râs.
Jogî ne mâng liâ mujhe aisâ,
Jitnâ sarb aṃs dîâ jaisâ taisâ!
Chhoṛâ sab râj, pâṭ, jitnî mâyâ:
Rânî ko sâth liâ ban meṅ âyâ."

XXXIII.

When the Râjâ saw (Râjâ Ambâ) he sat him down beside him,
(And said): "O brother, how camest thou to fall into the net?
How came such misfortune to fall upon thee?
How came he to catch thee and bring thee to me?
Tell me the story bit by bit.
How didst thou live in the forest?"

XXXIV.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"I was born in Pûṇâ near Satârâ.
I gave much in alms and was well-to-do.
A *faqîr* came and asked so much of me,
That I gave him every portion of what I had!
I gave up all my kingdom and all my wealth:
And taking my Rânî with me I went into the forest."

XXXV.

Râjâ Ujjain kâ.

"Rânî terî kit rahî? Guzrâ kaun hawâl*?
Tû kaise is men phausâ, ûn marâ be-kâl?
Bhâî aur band tajo tain ne sâre.
Ab main kis taur karûn, mere piyâre?
Man kî jo bât sabhî ham se kahnâ.
Biptâ hûi dûr, pâs mere rahnâ."

XXXVI.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Rânî bâhir bithâke main giâ Banâras Gâm.
Ik Sarwar, ik Nîr thâ,—yeh larkon kâ nâm.—
Angiyâ main pâs lîe bechan dhâyâ;
Kundan Sâhûkâr mere âge âyâ.
Angiyâ kâ mol kahâ main us se.
Sunke itnî, lîe us ne mujh se."

XXXV.

The Râjâ of Ujjain.

"Where hath thy Rânî dwelt? What hath happened to her?
How camest thou into such untimely trouble?
Thou hast left all thy brethren and friends.
What can I do for thee now, my friend?
Tell me all that is in thy heart.
Thy trouble is over, for thou canst dwell with me."

XXXVI.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"I sat my Rânî outside† and went into Banâras City.
Sarwar and Nir were with her,—these are the names of our boys.——
I went to sell her bodice,
And met Kundan the Merchant.
I asked him to buy the bodice,
And he took the bodice from me."

---

* For *ahwâl*. † *i.e.*, in the forest.

XXXVII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Us Rânî ko jâke angiyâ dî dikhâe.
Laṛke chhoṛe bâṛ tale; lâyâ us se biṭhâe.
Mandir meṅ biṭhâ mujhe angiyâ dînî.
Rânî ko râkh lîâ, aisî kînî!
Angiyâ ko leke maiṅ pâs laṛkoṅ ko âyâ;
Rânî kâ khoj kahîṅ mujh ko pâyâ."

XXXVIII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Leke laṛkoṅ ko nadî ûpar âyâ:
Gâh ne girâs lîe merî kâyâ.
Aisâ to pech paṛâ mujh pe bhârî:
Is gun se chhuṭ gaî merî nârî.
Châhe so âp karo khâtir mere:
Maiṅ ne sab bât tere âge gerê."

XXXVII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"He went to the Rânî and showed her the bodice.
He left the boys under the banyan tree and took her away (in a litter).
He took her to his home and gave me back the bodice:
Thus it was that he kept the Rânî!
I came back with the bodice to the boys,
And could find no trace of the Rânî."

XXXVIII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"I brought the boys to the river,
And an alligator seized my body.
So great was the heavy trouble upon me,
That I had lost my wife.
Do what thou canst for me;
I have told thee the whole story."

XXXIX.

Râjâ ne khâtir karî, dil se kînâ mel.
Us ko beṭâ kar lîâ: yeh Kudrat kâ khel!
Bîs baras bît gae us ko, bhâî:
Râjâ kî kâl gherî, sir pe âî.
Râjâ kâ maran hûâ, us ne gaddî pâî.
Râjâ ko aur same aise âe!

XL.

Rânî se kahne lagâ Kundan Sâhûkâr:
"Bahut dinâñ tum ko hûe, ab bâso gharbâr.
Bâso gharbâr; karo rahnâ-sahnâ.
Dil kâ turâ bayân sabhî ham se kahnâ.
Duniyâ kî rît-bhânt barto sârî:
Baso gharbâr; suno, merî piyârî!"

XXXIX.

The Râjâ (of Ujjain) had pity and loved him in his heart.
He adopted him as a son: such is the caprice of (God's) power!
Twenty years passed over them, my friends,*
When the Râjâ (of Ujjain) was encompassed by death.
The Râjâ (of Ujjain) died and (Râjâ Ambâ) obtained the throne.
Thus the times changed for Râjâ (Ambâ)!

XL.

Said Kundan the Merchant to Rânî (Amlî):
"Many days have passed over thee, live now in my house.
Dwell in my house and live with me.
Tell me all the desire of thy heart
Fulfil all the customs of the world:†
And dwell in my house; hear, my beloved!"

* Addressed to the audience.
† *i.e.*, let us live as husband and wife.

XLI.

Rânî Amlî.

"Gangâ mujhe nahla de, jab bâsûn gharbâr.
Ab to merî dil kâ tujh ko hai ikhtiyâr.
Gangâ de nahlâe, karo khâtir merî:
Phir to main karûngî, jaisi marjî terî.
Ab tû mat der kare, mâno merî.
Terî bhî bât nahîn jâgî pherî."

XLII.

Hâthî, ghore, rath lîe, aur bhare lakhîne mâl.
Rânî baithî rath men, dîe wahân se châl.
Jab ke Ujjain Nagar chalke âe,
Tambû dîe tân aur dere lâe.
Kundan Sâhûkâr chalâ Râjâ ke âyâ:
"Tere darbâr main ne derâ lâyâ."

XLI.

Rânî Amlî.

"Let me bathe in the Ganges and then I will dwell in thy house.
Now hast thou power over my heart.
Have pity on me and let me bathe in the Ganges,
Then will I do as thou desirest.
Make no delay and listen to my words.
Go not thou back upon thy promise."

XLII.

He took elephants and horses and chariots and *lâkhs* of property.
He sat the Rânî in a litter and started thence.
When he reached Ujjain City,*
He pitched his tents and made a halt.
Kundan the Merchant went to the Râjâ† (Ambâ) (and said:)
"I have made a halt in thy territories."

---

* There is confusion in the geography here. Kundan starts from Banâras for the Ganges and has to pass Ujjain!

† Now Râjâ of Ujjain.

XLIII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Jo kuchh tere kahan hai ham se de tû khol.
Jo mânge so dûṅ, tujhe na kuchh letâ mol.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr, âp ḍerâ lâo:
Châhe jis taur âp khânâ khâo.
Aur kaho bât koî apne man kî.
Malke ashnân karo apne tan ko."

XLIV.

Kundan Sâhûkâr.

"Pahrâ mujh ko dîjîye, lagî andherî rain.
Pichhe to dukh bahut sahâ, râtoṅ parî na chain.
Gangâ ashnân kâran ham ko jânâ;
Dân-pun aur kareṅ khânâ-dânâ.
Ham to, Mahârâj, saran tere âe:
Ghar se to mâl bahut bharke lâe."

XLIII.

Râjâ Ambâ.

"Tell me all that thou hast to say.
I will give thee what thou dost want and take no price (for it).
Be careful and make thy halt,
And eat thy food at thy ease.
And tell me of any other desires of thy heart.
Bathe and anoint thy body."

XLIV.

Kundan the Merchant.

"Give me a guard, for the nights are dark.
Hitherto I have had much trouble and no ease at night.
I am going to bathe in the Ganges,
To give alms and much food (to Brâhmans).
I am come, Râjâ, to salute thee,
Bringing many things from my house."

XLV.

Pahrâ dene bhój díe ik Sarwar, ik Nîr.
Tambû kî chauki díe, ûpar barse nîr.
Biptâ kî bât kaheñ donoñ bhâî:
"Bhâîyâ, kis tarah guzârâ kare mahârî mâî?
Bâbal kis des gîâ? Miltâ nâhiñ:
Un kî to phir khabar pâî nâhîñ."

XLVI.

Mâtâ ne ûs wakt hî uṉ kâ sunâ bayân:
Dâtâ kâ karnâ hûâ; lene kañwar pâhchân.
Kañwaroñ ko pahchân lîâ, tambû phârâ:
"Lâkhon kâ mâl gîâ merâ sârâ!"
Rânî ne kûk díe, shor machâyâ:——
"Kis ne yeh chor mere tambû meñ lâyâ?"

XLV.

He sent Sarwar and Nîr as guards.
They watched the tents, while the rain fell from above.
The two brothers began talking over their sorrows:
(Saying): "Brother, what can our mother be doing?
Whither hath our father gone? For we see him not,
And have had no news again of him."*

XLVI.

Their mother overheard them talking,
And by the will of God she recognized the princes.
She recognized the princes and tore open the tent:
(Crying out): "All my *lâkhs* of property are gone!"
The Rânî cried out and made a noise:——
"Who brought this thief to my tent?"

---

* This is a slip, they had met their father long before this and he was now King of Ujjain.

XLVII

Râni ne pakaṛwâ de donoṅ Sarwar Nîr.——
Dekho Râjâ Ambâ kî sudhî hûî takdir!——
Donoṅ giraftar kîye Râjâ pe lâe :
"Mere to chor yeh hî donoṅ bhâî.
Kar de insâf âj merâ, Râjâ ·
Sab kâ ik bâr baje milke bâjâ."

XLVIII.

Râjâ Sabhâ lagâke pûchhan lâgâ bât.
"Kah denâ ham se sabhî kyâ kuchh guzrî rât.
Kitne kâ mâl giâ tera, piyârî?"
Râjâ ne soch kare man meṅ bhârî :
"Kar dûngâ insâf tere dil se, bînâ.
Terâ to mâl giâ, merâ taṛphe sînâ."

XLVII.

The Rânî had both Sarwar and Nîr seized.——
Behold the change of fortune to Râjâ Ambâ!*——
They were both seized and brought to Râjâ (Ambâ):
(Said she): "These two brothers are the thieves.
Do me justice to-day, Râjâ:
That we may all sound our drums† together."

XLVIII.

The Râja held a Court and began to ask (questions, saying):
"Tell me all that hatn passed during the night.
How much of thy property hath gone, my friend?"
The Râjâ was very grieved in his heart; (said he):
"I will do thee justice according to thy desire, my friend.
My heart is grieved that thy goods have gone."

---

* Addressed to the audience.
† *i.e.*, be happy.

XLIX.

Jab Rânî kahne lagî : "Mâno madan gind !
Chamkat âveṅ bijlî, jhuk-jhuk barse ind.
Is ne kahâ Nîr : Suno, Sarwar bhâîyâ,
Jâno kis des gaî mahârî mâîyâ ?'
Pûtoṅ ko pahchân, ros dil pe âyâ.
Maiṅ ne is taur, Râjâ, yeh phail machâyâ."

L.

Uṭhke Râjâ Ambâ ne chhâti se lî lagâe.
Amlî Ambâ ral mile ; kar dî Râm sahâî.
Kundan ko hukm dîâ : "Phâṅsi lâo :
Leke jallâd is se abhî jâo.
Yeh to badmâsh baḍâ, mârâ jâve.
Kar do bismâr, nahîṅ jîne pâve."

XLIX.

Then said the Rânî : "Be careful of the young elephant!
The lightning flashes and the heavy rain is falling.
Said Nîr : 'Hear, brother Sarwar,
Who knows whither our mother hath gone ?'
I recognized my sons and anger was in my heart.*
So I made all this disturbance, Râjâ."

L.

Up got Râjâ Ambâ and took her to his breast.
Amlî and Ambâ met again through the mercy of God.
He gave an order to have Kundan hanged, (saying)
"Go and do it at once, fetching the executioners.
He is a great scoundrel, let him be killed.
Undo him that he may not live."

---

* At her treatment.

LI.

Le jallâd jaldî charhe, phâṅsî pe dîâ charhâe:
Jab Kundan ke gale meṅ kaṭwâ dîâ lagâe.
Phâṅsi se târ lîâ nîche ḍârâ:
Khainche ik bâr us se gardan mârâ.
Jangal meṅ dûr use gerke âe:
Râjâ ko bayân sabhî âke sunâe.

LII

Rânî utarî mahil meṅ, biptâ sab hûi dûr.
Râj pâṭ sab mil gîâ, baiṭhe rahan hazûr.
Rânî sab dharam-karam leke âî:
Sat ke partâp barî sobhâ pâî.
Karti ashnân dhyân khânâ khâve.
Rath men sawâr hûî Gangâ nahâve.

LI.

They quickly fetched the executioners and put on the noose:
Then was Kundan strangled by the neck.
They tightened the rope and threw him down,
And pulling at it broke his neck.
They threw (the corpse) far into the wilds,
And came and told all about it to the Râjâ.

LII.

The Rânî dwelt in the palace and all her troubles passed far away.
Rule and honour and all she gained and dwelt in the (royal) presence.
The Rânî fulfilled all her obligations,
And obtained great happiness through her virtue.
Bathing and meditating before her food,
Going in a litter she bathe in the Ganges.

LIII.

Râjâ Rânî se kahe : "Biptâ parî upâr.
Hirâ, lâl, jawâhir kî nahîn koî jâne sâr.
Rânî, kis taur tû ne khânâ khâyâ ?
Kahân kahân kâ pânî tere pine ko âyâ ?
Kar de ba'yân hâl niyârâ niyârâ
Biptâ kâ hâl kaho ham se sârâ."

LIV.

Rânî Amlî.

"Jis ko Sâîn rang diâ kadhî kurang na ho :
Lâkh bairî sir pe baso, bâl na bingâ ho.
Jis pe, Mahârâj, khushî hoven Sâîn,
Sat ke partâp nikal wahân se âen.
Bete bhî phir mile, bâkî sâîyân :
Dâta ne Âp merî pakarî bânhîyân !"

LIII.

Said the Râjâ to the Rânî : "Great trouble fell upon us.
None know the value of diamonds and rubies and jewels.*
Rânî, how didst thou get thy food ?
How didst thou get water to drink ?
Tell me about it bit by bit.
And tell me all the story of thy sorrow."

LIV.

Rânî Amlî.

"Whom God honoureth can never be dishonoured :
Though a hundred thousand enemies be against him, yet a hair of him is not injured.†
With whom, Râjâ, God is pleased,
Is saved from them by his virtue.
I have met my sons and then my husband again,
For God Himself hath taken me by the arm !"

* But those that lose them : a proverb.

† A proverb.

LV.

Râjâ sunke khush hûe aur man meṅ bharâ umang.
Rânî beṭe sab mile, charhâ sawâyâ rang.
Dâtâ ne râj dîâ, bâkî mâyâ.
Karam kâ likhâ thâ, soî âge âyâ.
Jab to khushî se rahan lage Râjâ Rânî.
Mukh setî kahan lage imrat bânî.

Chalî putalî lôn kî thâ Sindh kî lon!—
Kishn Lâl Shib Kaṅwarjî kah; jawab de kon?

LV.

The Râjâ heard and was pleased and very happy in his heart.
The Rânî and her sons and all met again and were exceedingly happy.
God gave them rule and also wealth.
What Fate had written down came to pass.
Then the Râjâ and Rânî dwelt in happiness,
And began saying pleasant things with their lips.

'A doll of salt hath entered into the salt of the ocean!'—*
Say Kishn Lâl and Shib Kaṅwar;† 'who shall answer it?'

---

* A riddle, answering apparently to the English phrase 'a drop in the ocean,' and meaning that the legend is as a drop gone forth into the ocean.

† The authors: see *ante*, page 52.

No. XLVI.

THE LEGEND OF RAJA DHRÛ,

AS TOLD BY A CELEBRATED BARD FROM BHARAUT IN THE MERATH DISTRICT

[The Legend of Dhruva is a favorite one all over Northern India and is based —in its modern forms—on a story repeated in most of the *Purâṇas*. That on which the present seems to be based is found in the *Vishnu*, *Bhâgavata*, *Padma*, *Agni* and *Nâradîya Purâṇas*, and others are in the *Matsya*, *Brahma* and *Vâyu Purâṇas*. It is also to be found in the *Hari Vaṅsa*.]

[The usual classical legend is that Uttânapâda, the son of Manu Swâyambhuva, had two wives, Suruchi and Sûnṛitâ. The former gave birth to Uttama and the latter to Dhruva. Suruchi was determined that her son should succeed to the throne, and to this Sûnṛitâ and Dhruva agreed, the latter declaring he only wanted religious and not worldly honors. He thereupon went through such austerities that Vishṇu raised him to heaven as the pole-star.]

[It will be observed that the present legend differs very much from this—making out that Uttânapâda was King of Ajudhiâ and that the worldly Queen was the daughter of a Râjâ Mâṅ Pâl of Amarâvatî (Amrâotî).]

[There is a well known saying—*Dhrû kî mâ pûrî mâ; Gopî Chand kî mâ âdhî mâ*: Dhrû's mother was a full mother; Gopî Chand's mother was half a mother:—which arises from the story that Dhrû's mother never tried to dissuade him from completing his austerities, whereas Gopî Chand's mother first persuaded and then dissuaded him. See Vol. II. pp. 1 to 77. This part of the story is, however, only once hinted at in stanza LXII. of the following legend and it is nowhere brought into prominence.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Dhrû.

I.

Uttânpât Râjâ hûâ Jodhiâ meṅ pargâs.
Rânî kî samput nahîṅ, beṭâ hûâ nirâs.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Dhrû.

I.

There was a well-known Râjâ Uttânpât of Ajudhiâ.
His Queen was barren and he had no hope of a son.

Ho gîâ nirâs, soch kînî bhârî.
Us se har wakt kahî us kî nârî:
"Râjâ, koî putr nahîṅ, mandir khâlî:
Sûkhâ gulzâr, pâs nâhîṅ mâlî."

II.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Ajjâ sutâ ke khanth meṅ jâm rahe than do
Kâṇṭûṅ to sobhâ gaî, râkhûṅ to dukh ho.
Rânî, hai sauk burî, dil ko jalâve.
Dekhî jis wakt jalat man meṅ âve.
Rânî, tû hukm kare, aur dil se kahnâ:
Lâûṅ koî aur khushî hoke rahnâ."

III.

Pahilî Rânî.

"Râjâ, biyâh karâîye, maiṅ nahîṅ karûṅ babâd.
Beṭâ hove mandir meṅ; gaddî hove âbâd.

He was hopeless and full of sorrow.
To him continually said his queen:
"Râjâ, we have no son and the palace is (therefore) empty
The garden is dry and hath no gardener."*

II.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"The goat hath but two udders at its waist.
If I cut them off its beauty goes, if I keep them it is in pain.
Rânî, a co-wife is an evil and burneth the heart.
Thou wilt understand when thy heart burneth.
Rânî, if thou wilt and sayest it from thy heart,
I will bring (home) another (wife) and be at peace."

III.

First Queen.

"Râjâ, marry and I will say naught against it.
Let there be a son in the palace to succeed to the throne.

---

* Figurative language: we have no son.

Râjâ, jo dûdh pût ghar meṅ hove,
Nâ rahe andesh, baṛâ sukh bhar sove.
Beṭe bin râj pâṭ khâlî sârâ :
Is se gun, Mahârâj, bhalâ hove thârâ."

IV.

Râjâ ne pâtî likhî Mân Pâl ke pâs :
"Merî mansâ biyâh kî, putr nahîṅ koî pâs.
Beṭâ nahîṅ koî pâs; Rânî rove;
Khânâ nahîṅ khâî; nahîṅ sukh se sove.
Mujh pe hukm dîâ Rânî piyârî:——
'Kîjiye tum biyâh, nasil hove jârî.'"

V.

Pâtî le kâsid chalâ, Amrâwatpûr meṅ jâ;
Râjâ Mân Pâl ko pâtî dîe dikhâ:
"Dekho, Mahârâj, pâs tere lâyâ.
Rastâ hai kaṭhan, dukh maiṅ ne pâyâ.

Râjâ, who hath milk* and a son in his house,
Knoweth no sorrow and sleepeth in great comfort.
Without a son rule and honour are empty;
Therefore, Râjâ, it will be well with thee (to marry)."

IV.

The Râjâ wrote a letter to (Râjâ) Mân Pâl, (saying):
"I wish to marry as I have no son.
I have no son and my Queen weepeth.
She eateth not her food, nor sleepeth at her ease.
My beloved Queen hath desired me
To marry and beget issue."

V.

The messenger took the letter and went to Amrâwatpûr,†
And showed the letter to Râjâ Mân Pâl, (saying):
"Behold, Râjâ, I have brought it thee.
Rough was the way and much trouble I endured.

---

* i.e., plenty. † i.e., Amrâotî.

Is kâ jawâb mujhe denâ châhîye.
Pâtî, Mahârâj, khushî hoke lâîye."

VI.

Parwâne ko dekhke khushî hûe Mahârâj :
"Ichhâ pûran ho gaî sabhî, banî sab kâj.
Is meṅ nahîṅ her-pher; sachî jâno.
Is meṅ shak nahîṅ; merâ kahnâ mâno.
Beṭî hai ik, khushî hoke denî.
Mat karo andesh; terî pâti lenî."

VII.

Mâgh mahînâ panchamî, rut basant lagî ân.
"Khân-pân man-jan karo, bhar lo sabhî samân.
Shâdî kâ rão-rang sabhî karnâ :
Sab tarah samân aur beṛâ bharnâ."
Râjâ ne sudh likhâ matlab sârâ :—
"Maiṅ bhî kisî tarah nahîṅ us se nıyârâ."

Let me have the answer to it.
Accept the letter gladly, Râjâ."

VI.

The Râjâ saw the letter and was glad, (saying):
"My desire is fulfilled and my ambition satisfied.
There is no evasion in this; know it for the truth.
There is no doubt in it; hear my words.
I have a daughter and I give her gladly.
Have no fear; I accept thy letter."

VII.

It was the fifth of Mâgh* and the spring had begun.
(Said he†): "Get ready the food and all the necessaries.
Make ready the rejoicings for the marriage.
Prepare all the necessaries and the supplies."
The Râjâ replied sincerely and fully (to the letter and said) :—
"I will never be separated from him."

---

* February-March: say about 20th February. † To his people.

VIII.

Kàsid wahâṅ se chal parâ, Jodhiâpûr men jâe;
Jo jo kharch barât kâ diâ sabhî samjhâe:
"Hanske, Mahârâj, meri pâtî lînî:
Us ne to bahut merî khâtir kînî.
Rut likhî basant, kahâ: 'Kâsid, jâo.
Sâjke barât mere dwâre lâo.'"

IX.

Sun, samân Râjâ karâ, gâveṅ mangalchâr.
Hâthî, ghoṛâ, pâlkî, kînî bâgh bahâr.
Jitnâ gulzâr chaman raushan jârî.
Bâje bajwâe, gît gâveṅ nârî.
Sâjke barât chalî chhatardhârî;
Hâthî gaj-bâj lîe faujâṅ sârî.

VIII.

The messenger went thence and arrived at Ajudhiâ,
And explained all the preparations for (receiving) the marriage-procession.*
(Said he): "Râjâ, he took my letter with gladness,
And was very kind to me.
He wrote that it was the spring time† (and said): 'Go, Messenger,
Bring a great marriage-procession to my doors.'"

IX.

Hearing this the Râjâ made preparations and they sang songs of rejoicing.
He made a splendid show of elephants and horses and litters.
He lighted up the whole garden of flowers.‡
The bands played and the women sang songs.
The monarch went forward with a splendid procession,
Taking his elephants and falcons and all his army.

---

* That Mân Pâl was making. † *i.e.*, the season for marriage.
‡ *i.e.*, made a very fine show.

X.

Kangnâ kare, bândh lîâ, bâje bâjâ;
Sâjke barât charhe sundar Râjâ.
Amrâwatpûr jâke ḍerâ kînâ;
Âdar sat kâr bahut bahut kas lînâ.
Tambû tanwâ dîe ḍerâ lâe:
Leke sab bast khaṛe hâzir pâe.

XI.

Lagan mahûrat sâdhke pheroṅ kâ kîâ saṃân.
Râjâ beg bulâ lîâ, paṇḍit kareṅ bakhân.
Agin to parchaṇḍ kare, sâkhâ gâî.
Pheroṅ ke wakt sabhî kâmnî âî.
Kanîyâṅ kâ dân karâ, dil se dînâ.
Phere dîe sâth aur sundar bînâ.

X.

He made a marriage-bracelet and fastened it and the music played,
While the handsome Râjâ advanced with his splendid procession.
They halted at Amrâwatpûr,
And were received with all courtesy and attention.
They pitched their tents and made their halt,
And servants waited on them with every kind of food.

XI.

Awaiting the favourable moment they prepared for the marriage.
The Râjâ was quickly called and the priest read the ceremony.
The (marriage) fire was kindled and their genealogies read.*
All the maids came to the marriage:
The maiden was given away with gladness.
The marriage was performed with every grace.

---

* To see that they were not within the forbidden degrees.

XII.

Hâthî, ghoṛe, rath, ghane bhûkan basan âpâr:
Dâs dîe, dâsî dî, aur jhuk kare jawâhr.
Rukhsat karî barât, bidâ sab ko dînî:
Râjâ ne aur baṛî mintî kînî.
Rânî kâ ḍolâ lîâ Jodhiâ men âe:
Jitnâ parwâr sabhî dekhan âe.

XIII.

Rânî kâ ḍolâ lîâ, ghar men dîâ utâr:
Jitnî pûr ki kâmnî darsan karen kaî nâr.
Mil-mil-ke nârî sabhî gâven bajâven.
Bahû ko biṭhlâ aur khânâ khilâven.
Rahse parwâr sabhî niyârâ niyârâ.
Rânî kâ bhâv karâ, jitnâ sârâ.

XII.

Elephants, horses, chariots and jewels in plenty were the dower:
Servants and maids were given and bowed low to them.
Then were all dismissed and the procession sent away,
And the Râjâ showed great humility.
Taking the (new) Queen in a litter he returned to Ajudhiâ,
And all the household came out to see.

XIII.

The (new) Queen's litter was lowered at the palace,
And many of the maids of the town came to look on.
All the women together sang and played.
They sat the bride down and gave her a feast.
All the household rejoiced in groups,
All rejoicing over the (new) Queen.

XIV.

Râjâ âe mandir meṅ jab Rânî ke pâs:
"Jo châhîye, so hî karûṅ, suno merî ardâs.
Kanchan ke palang aur swarran jhârî,
Mahiloṅ ke bîch raho, Rânî piyârî.
Mukh se ikbâl karo, mujh ko kahnâ.
Mat kare andesh, khushî dil se rahnâ."

XV.

Dûsrî Rânî.

"Chhînkat hî ḍolâ uṭhâ sir par bolâ kâg.
Merî saukan mahil meṅ; dîjo us seduhâg!
Ḍîjo duhâg; yeh hî kahnâ merâ.
Is meṅ, Mahârâj, bhalâ hove terâ.
Rânî kâ mahil judâ dil se kîje.
Itnî, Mahârâj, araz merî lîje."

XIV.

The Râjâ came to the (new) Queen in the palace (and said):
"I will do as thou desirest, hear my say.
A bed of pure gold and an ewer of gold (I will give thee),
That thou mayest dwell in the palace, my beloved Queen.
Tell me thy desire with thy lips.
Be not down-hearted, but dwell at ease."

XV.

Second Queen.

"As the litter was raised a crow cawed overhead.*
I have a co-wife in the palace; make her a widow!
Make her a widow; this is my desire.
Thus will it be well for thee, Râjâ.
Give the (first) Queen a separate dwelling.
Hear this my petition, Râjâ."

---

* A bad omen.

XVI.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Bhalî karî taiṅ ne; kahî âpne dil kî bât.
Jo jo tere dil pe kar dûṅ us ke sâth.
Us ko dûṅ duhâg, karûṅ khâtir tere.
Mujh se to kahan nahîṅ jâte phere."
Sun karkar soch baṛî Râjâ kînî:——
"Dâtâ, Taiṅ âj bipat kaisî dînî?"

XVII.

Baṛî fajar Râjâ uṭhâ; man meṅ karâ andesh:—
"Kaho, kaun se kîjîye, nahîṅ kuchh âve pesh!"——
Rânî ke pâs gîâ Râjâ bole;
Apnâ to bhed sabhî dil kâ khole:
"Tujhe dûṅ duhâg, aisî dil par merî.
Kartâ kî ank nahîṅ jâtî pherî."

XVI.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Well hast thou done, and spoken the wish of thine heart.
I will do to her as thou dost desire.
I will make her a widow and I will cherish thee.
I will not go back upon my promise."
(But) hearing (the Queen's wish) the Râjâ was in great trouble, (and said):
"O God, what sorrow hast Thou given me this day?"

XVII.

In the early morn the Râjâ arose and was sorrowful at heart.
(And said): "Tell me, what should I do, I can think of nothing!"—
The Râjâ went to the (first) Queen and said,
Telling all the secret of his heart:
"To make thee a widow, this is in my heart.
The decrees of fate cannot be blotted out."

XVIII.

Pahilî Rânî.

"Baḍâ baṛhâ, Mahârâjjî, us Rânî kâ bhâg!
Binâ dosh, Râjâ, mujhe kaise deve duhâg?
Mere taksîr muâf, Râjâ, kîje.
Kis ke kahne se karam aisâ kîje?
Mujhe to bahut khushî us kâ ânâ.
Maiṅ ne kîâ sabar; pâs us ke jânâ."

XIX.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Sûhe kushambe sîs se, Rânî, dharo utâr.
Abran pahro râṇḍ ke; mujhe hûâ gul khâr!
Denâ ik mahil aur tujh ko niyârâ.
Mîṭhâ jal chhoṛ, pîo pânî khâṛâ!
Milegâ rozîna tujhe, Rânî, khânâ:
Bhojan sab dûr kare, jau kâ dânâ!"

XVIII.

First Queen.

"Greatly hath the fortune of the (second) Queen advanced, my Lord!
How canst thou make me a widow without any fault, Râjâ?
Forgive my fault, Râjâ.
Who hath urged thee to do this thing?
I was pleased that she should come.
I will have patience, if thou go to her."

XIX.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Rânî, take off the red veil* from thy head.
Put on the garb of a widow;† my rose hath become a thorn!
I will put thee into a separate dwelling.
Give up sweet water and take to salt!
Food shall be given thee daily, Rânî;
But give up good food and eat barley grain!"

* The sign of coverture in India. † A coarse white robe.

XX.

Jab Râjâ ke sâmhne abran dharî utâr:
"Yehâṅ merâ koî nahîṅ. Kyâ kare, Kartâr
Bhâî aur band nahîṅ koî merâ.
Saukan be-îmân, bhalâ hove terâ!
Terâ kyâ dosh? Burî kismat merî!
Dâtâ kî dât nahîṅ jâti pheri."

XXI.

Phuṭe-ṭûṭe mandir meṅ Rânî dîe bhijwâ:
Phuṭe purâne bistar de, jau khâne ko kahâ.
Rânî ko duhâg dîâ Râjâ âyâ;
Rânî se araz kare: "Ab sukh pâyâ!"
Râjâ ne aur bât mukh se bolî:
Jo kuchh parde kî bât, soî mukh se kholî.

XX.

Then she took off her clothes before the Râjâ (and said):
"I have no friend here. O my Creator, what hast thou done (for me)?
I have no relatives and friends here.
Faithless co-wife, may it be well with thee!*
What is thy fault (in this)? It is my evil fate!
The lines of God cannot be blotted out."

XXI.

He sent the (first) Queen to a broken-down dwelling,
Gave an old and worn out bed and ordered barley for her food.
Making the (first) Queen a widow the Râjâ came
And said to the (second) Queen: "Be happy now!"
And the Râjâ said other things with his lips,
Telling all the hidden secrets of his heart.

* Ironical.

XXII.

Mâs das bîte jabhî khelan chalâ shikâr.
Ban meṅ to ghoṛâ dîâ aur lîâ mirg ko mâr.
Mirg ko uṭhâ lîâ, ulṭâ âyâ :
Rânî-jo duhâgan thî, us ke ḍerâ lâyâ.
Rânî ke pâs rahâ, khânâ khâyâ.
Us ko to garb rahâ ;—Ḥar kî mâyâ !

XXIII.

Baṛî fajar Râjâ uṭhâ, âyâ Rânî ke pâs.
Dil se lâe khushî kare, kîyâ rain ko bâs.
Us ko bhî garb rahâ ;—Kudrat Terî !
Rânî ne bolî, ik us par gerî :
"Kal kî rât kahâṅ baiṭhe, Râjâ ?
Bolne se aur lagî mujh ko lâjâ."

XXII.

After ten months had passed (the Râjâ) went a-hunting.
He took his horse into the woods and slew a deer.
He took up the deer and returned,
And stopped at the house where the widowed (first) Queen was.
He stayed with her and ate his dinner
She became pregnant, by the will of God !

XXIII.

In the early morning the Râjâ arose and came to the (second) Queen.
He took her to his heart and was happy and remained the night.
She too became pregnant, by the will of God !
Said the (second) Queen, asking (suspicious) questions :
"Where didst thou pass yesternight, Râjâ ?
I am ashamed to say more."

XXIV.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Khelne shikâr gae, Rânî, ban meṅ.
Pîchhe kî nahîṅ rahî koî man meṅ.
Kheltoṅ shikâr rain ûpar âî.
Rahne ko ik kaṭî ban meṅ pâî.
Hote parbhât pâs âyâ tere.
Na-hakk meṅ tû yûṅhîṅ bolî gerî."

XXV.

Utar gaî nau mâs jab laṛkâ upjâ ik.
Saukan ko khabarâṅ hûî, hûâ kalîjâ chhek.
Man meṅ to fikar kîyâ, sunkâ mânî.
Sunke yeh bât soch kînî Rânî:
"Bâp binâ pût, kaho, kaise hove?
Sun pâve kanth, lâj us kî hove!"

XXIV.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"I went hunting in the forest, Rânî.
I had no other thought in my heart.
I was overtaken by the night while hunting,
And had to stay in a hut in the forest.
As soon as it was dawn I came to thee.
Thou art thus suspicious of me without cause."

XXV.

When nine months had passed a son was born (to the first Queen).
When her co-wife heard of it her heart was jealous.
She was distressed in her mind through jealousy.
Jealously thus thought the (second) Queen:
"Tell me, how shall there be a son without a father?
When my husband hears of it he will feel disgraced!"

XXVI.

Rânî ke bâje bajeṅ; upje pût sapût:—
Jis ghar aise putr hoṅ kabhî na uljhe sût!—
Rânî ke bâr bajeṅ naubat-khâne.
Dekheṅ sab nagar, gae mulkoṅ jâne.
Us kâ to mahil kiyâ Râjâ niyârâ.
Kaise shahzâdâ hûâ dil kâ piyârâ!

XXVII.

Dûsrî Rânî.

"Us saukan ke mahil meṅ rahe deo ke dant?
Râjâ, tere dil kâ mujhe na pâve ant.
Pâve nahîṅ ant; hûâ achraj bhârî.
Rânî ne lâj terî kaisi târî?
Leke talwâr sâf gardan mâro:
Kiyâ, to dariyâe pâr us ko târo."

XXVI.

Drums were beaten for the (second) Queen, for a true son was born to her:
Who hath such a son in his house shall ever prosper!—
The drums were beaten at the (second) Queen's door.
All the city came to see and the world heard of it.
The Râjâ gave her a separate palace.
And how dear to his heart became the prince!

XXVII.

Second Queen.

"Doth a devil or demon dwell in my co-wife's house?
Râjâ, I have not fathomed thy heart.
I cannot fathom it; it is a mystery to me.
How did the (first) Queen dare to disgrace thee?
Take a sword and cut off her head:
And then take her over the waters."

XXVIII.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Rânî, dhîrat dharîye, mat na kare andesh.
Rakhnâ us ko hai nahîn, pahunchâûn pardes.
Jo jo tain bât kahî dil par mere;
Jitne tain bol kahî, sachî terî.
Kar dûngâ jatan, âp khânâ khâo.
Mat karo andesh, râm* talabî pâo."

XXIX.

Us ke bhî larkâ hûâ, bâje bajen âpâr.
Dân dîâ, sobhâ kare, harkhe bâram bâr.
Râjâ kî bahut khushî man men hove:
Mukte motî ke thâl bhar bhar bove.
"Khâne ko dân-pân, bâkî mewâ:
Dâtâ ne pâr kiyâ merâ khewâ!"

XXVIII.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Rânî, have patience and be not distressed.
I will not keep her, but will send her abroad.
What thou hast said is on my heart;
What thou hast said is true.
I will make some plan,† so do thou eat thy food.
Be not distressed and take thy needful rest."

XXIX.

(The second Queen) too had a son and much music was played.
Alms were given, and there were rejoicings everywhere.
The Râjâ was very pleased in his heart:
And gave‡ away many platters of pearls, (saying):
"Riches had I in plenty, I but wanted fruit:§
God hath made my boat to cross over!"||

---

* For *arâm*. † To get rid of the first Queen.
‡ *Lit.*, sowed. § *i.e.*, a son. || *i.e.*, given me my desire.

XXX.

Pânch baras ke umar meṅ Dhrû ne bolî bol ·
"Mâtâ, merî bâp kî bâtâṅ mukh se bol.
Mâtâ, yeh bât sabhî ham se kahnâ.
Kis bidh se âke hûâ terâ rahnâ?
Khânâ kis taur mile ham ko, Mâtâ?
Aisâ to dukh sahâ nahîṅ jâtâ!"

XXXI.

Pahilî Rânî.

"Beṭâ, tere pitâ ne bahut kare anrît.
Binâ dos mujh ko tajâ; ho, Beṭâ, be-prît.
Ham se be-prît hûâ bâbal terâ.
Us ghar mat jâ: mân kahnâ merâ.
Saukan kî sîkh sunî Râjâ us se:
Râjâ is taur hûâ ham se ghusse!"

XXX.

When Dhrû* was five years old he said:
"Mother, tell me all about my father.
Mother, tell me all about him.
How camest thou to dwell here?
How do we get our living, Mother?
Such trouble as this is intolerable!"

XXXI.

First Queen.

My son, thy father did a great injustice.
He discarded me without a fault, and became unloving, my son.
Thy father became unloving to me.
Go not to his house: mark my words.
The Râjâ listened to the teaching of my co-wife,
And so the Râjâ became angry with me!"

* Dhrû was the son of the first and discarded Queen.

XXXII.

Us wakt sunke, gîâ jhukke karî jawâhr.
Gîâ pitâ ke takht par, lagî nek nahîn bâr.
Râjâ ko prît hûî, chhâtî se lâyâ.
Dûsrâ woh aur apne pâs biṭhâyâ.
Donoṅ se piyâr kare Râjâ aisâ,
Chand kâ chakor kare uṛ-uṛ jaisâ.

XXXIII.

Dhrû.

"Ik nagar, do chhatarpatî aur ûpar chhatarphirân:
Main tujh se pûchhûn, Pitâ, kis bidh râj karân?
Mâli lâve bâgh, peṛ sab man men mâne:
Jude jude pahchân, bel birwe kî jâne.
Un ko bhojan dih, *ham ko* jau kâ dânâ!
Un ko sejâ ratan, *ham ko* phûs purânâ!"

XXXII.

As soon as he heard this he went (to his father) and saluted him.
He went up to his father's throne without any hesitation.
The Râjâ loved him and took him to his heart.
He took his other (son) too and sat him down beside him.
And the Râjâ fondled them both,
As the partridge* flieth to the moon.

XXXIII.

Dhrû.

"One city and two kings and both would rule:
I ask thee, Father, how shall they both rule?
The gardener maketh a garden and knoweth every tree.
He knoweth all apart, shoot and branch.
They have good food, *we* have barley grain!
They have jewelled couches, *we* have old straw!"†

---

* See Vol. II. p. 257.

† *They* are the second Queen and her son: *we* are the first Queen and her son, Dhrû.

XXXIV.

Râjâ ke dil pe charhî, sun bete kî bât:
Bahut piyâr karne lagâ us larke ke sâth.
Tab woh Rânî â gaî, kahîn milî nahîn bât.
Barî soch dil men hûî, kâmpan lâgâ gât.
Râja ko haul hûî iko bârî:
"Kis bidh se âj rahe izzat mahârî?"

XXXV.

Us larke ko dekhke jalne lâgâ gât.
Nîche gerâ takht se, ûpar mârâ hâth.
Ûpar hâth dîâ: "Phir mat âîye!
Jau kâ, nirbhâg, jâke khânâ khâîye!"
Râjâ se kahan lagî hoke ghusse:
"Is ko nâ châhe, kahâ main ne tujh se!"

XXXIV.

When the Râjâ heard his son's words, they sank into his mind.
And he loved the boy very much.
Then the (second) Queen would have nought to do with him.
He was distressed at heart and began to tremble.
The Râjâ too was altogether distressed (saying):
"How shall honor remain to me to-day?"

XXXV.

When (the second Queen) saw the boy her heart began to burn.
She threw him down off the throne and struck him.
She struck him (and said): "Come no more!
Go, wretch, and eat thy barley grain!"
And then in wrath she said to the Râjâ:
"I desire him not, I say to thee!"

XXXVI.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Jis ḍin gîâ shikar ko, Rânî, kahûṅ sunâ,
Us din us ke mahil meṅ us gun utarâ jâ.
Utarâ maiṅ jâe, wahîṅ khânâ khâyâ;
Hote hî parbhât pâs tere âyâ.
Is tarah yeh putr hûâ, maiṅ ne batâî.
Â beṭâ pâs, dayâ mujh ko âi."

XXXVII.

Dûsrî Rânî.

"Us saukan ke mahil meṅ jis din upjâ pût,
Merâ terâ âj se is gun bigaṛâ sût.
Jab tû mukaṛ gîâ ham se bolâ;
Apnâ nahîṅ bhed koî dil kâ kholâ.
Merâ taiṅ, kanth, nahîṅ mânâ kahnâ:
Ab to, Mahârâj, hûâ mushkil rahnâ!"

XXXVI.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"I tell thee, Rânî, that on the day I went a-hunting,
I stayed at the house (of the first Queen).
I stayed there and ate my food,
And at the dawn I came to thee.
Thus was this son born, I tell thee.
My son came to me and I had pity on him."

XXXVII.

Second Queen.

"From the day a son was born in my co-wife's house
There hath been estrangement betwixt me and thee.
Then didst thou tell me an untruth,
And did not tell me the secrets of thy heart.
Thou didst not hearken to my say, my husband,
And now, my Lord, it is hard for me to stay!"

XXXVIII.

Dhrû.

"Maiṅ pahunchâ thâ takht par, aur kîyâ pitâ ne piyâr.
Ghussâ mân mâtâ uṭhî, dîâ takht se ḍâr.
Mujh ko ḍâr aur taktâ bolî:
Dekhî anrit, merî kâyâ ḍolî.
Rahṇâ kâ dharam nahiṅ, Mâtâ, merâ.
Is meṅ nahîṅ dosh koî, Mâtâ, terâ."

XXXIX.

Pahilî Rânî.

"Beṭâ, mukh se bolo Râm; jagat kâ Kartâ soî.
Likh ank Kartâr bhâvegâ jag meṅ soî.
Un ke mîṭhe bachan kokilâ birhe râgâ:
Hamare bachan khaṭor, tark jyûn bolat kâgâ!
Jis ghar bâḍhe pâp, phûl phal aisâ âve;
Ast bhân ho jâe, tabar upar ko chhâve!"

XXXVIII.

*Dhrû.**

"I went to the throne and my father was kind.
My (step-)mother came in wrath and threw me from the throne.
She threw me down and spake harshly,
And at her injustice my body trembled.
It is not right for me to stay, Mother.
In this there is no fault of thine, Mother."

XXXIX.

First Queen.

"My son, call on God with thy lips; he is the Creator of the world.
The decrees of the Creator must be fulfilled in the world.
(The second Queen's) words are as sweet (to the Râjâ) as the song of the cuckoo and peacock:
My words are as harsh as the caw of a crow!
In whose house sin prevails its fruit will be obtained
Sunlight will desert it and darkness cover it up!"

---

* Speaking to his mother.

XL.

Dhrû.

"Merâ pitâ to bebak meṅ barat rahâ anrît.
Pârâ, pânî, istrî : kabhî na pâ le prît."
Sat âsan kar lîâ, sail kar jag meṅ ḍole.
Kisî tarah koî kaho, âp mukh se nahîṅ bole.
Baiṭhâ âsan lâe surt jin sodhî lâî.
Nahîṅ koî dekhe aur, iktâ aisî pâî.

XLI.

Sone se kundan hûâ aur palaṭ gaî sab sâr.
Tînon us kî miṭ gaî, mâr, dhâṛ, tâlwâr.
Laṛke âe pâs, bhed kuchh dil kâ khole :
"Tû hamâre sâth kheltâ nis din dole :
Ab ho baiṭhâ mûn, âp mukh se nahîṅ bole.
Rît-bhânt gaî chhûṭ, iktâ sat ko tole."

XL.

Dhrû.

"My father hath been duped into doing injustice.
Mercury, water and woman should never be beloved."*
He became a *jogî* † and wandered over the earth.
However much one spake to him he spake not with his lips.‡
He sat in his (*jogî's*) seat with a pure heart.
None else saw him, so secret was he.

XLI.

From gold he became pure gold and changed all his nature.
He conquered the three (vices), murder, robbery and violence.
His playmates came to him and spoke their mind:
"Thou didst play with us day and night,
And now thou sittest dumb and speakest not with thy lips.
Thou hast lost thy (old) ways and hast taken to piety."

---

* This line is a proverb. † *Lit.*, took the seat of virtue.
‡ *i.e.*, he was under a vow of silence.

XLII.

Sat kâ âsan lâ dîâ, aur machâ nagar meṅ shor.
Ik bâr parjâ chalî, jaisî chand chakor.
Sun-sun-kar nagar gîâ jitnâ sârâ:
Râjâ kâ pût hûâ sab se niyârâ.
Râjâ se kahe duniyâ jâke;
Bole ik bâr pâs us ke âke.

XLIII.

Sunkar un ke bachan ko Râjâ bolâ yûṅ:
"Us laṛke se jâ kaho, jo mâṅge so dûṅ.
Mâṅge so dûṅ mâl jitnâ sârâ.
Rakhtâ nahîṅ kapût; woh hai merâ piyârâ.
Kah de samjhâe abhî us se jâke:—
'Baiṭho is wakt gharoṅ apne âke.'"

XLII.

He became a *jogî** and it was noised in the city.
And the people all went together (to see him) as a partridge to the moon.†
All the city went when they heard
That the Râjâ's son had separated himself from all (the world).
The crowd went to the Râjâ and spake;
Speaking all together they came to him.

XLIII.

When the Râjâ heard their say he spake thus:
"Go and tell the boy I will give him what he asketh.
If he ask for all my goods I will give them.
I hold him to be no bastard; he is dear to me.
Go and tell him at once,
That he should go at once to his house."

---

* See above, Stanza XL. † See above, Stanza XXXII.

XLIV.

Râjâ ne agyâ dî aur sunke chalâ dîwân;
Us laṛke se ânke karne lagâ bayân:
"Tere pitâ ne tujhe pâs bulâyâ.
Le to sab khân-pân, chahîye mâyâ.
Mere tum sâth chalo, abhî âo:
Châhîye jo basî, sabhî us se pâo."

XLV.

Dhrû.

"Jo sandâsî loh kî, kabhî pânî, kabhî âg,
Aise jîwan maran meṅ phaṅse raheṅ nirbhâg.
Mujh ko kuchh mâl darb nahîṅ châhîye:
Maiṅ to ik rang hûâ. Us se kâhîye:
Mânûṅ nahîṅ ik koî terâ kahnâ.
Duniyâ maiṅ tark kare, ban meṅ rahnâ."

XLIV.

The Râjâ gave the order, the minister heard it and went,
And coming to the boy said to him:
"Thy father calleth thee.
Take thy fill of food and, if thou desirest, wealth.
Come with me and come now,
And obtain from him all thy desire."

XLV.

Dhrû.

"As a blacksmith s pincers are sometimes in water and
sometimes in fire.
So are the unfortunate encompassed by life and death.
I have no need of wealth,
I have become of one hue.* Say to him, that
I will not heed a word of his.
I have given up the world and will dwell in the forest."

---

* i.e., one given up entirely to meditation.

XLVI.

Tab dîwân wahâṅ se chalâ, sunke us kâ gyân.
Râjâ se kahne lagâ: "Us se na apne jân.
Apnâ mat jân putr, Râjâ merâ.
Duniyâ dî chhor kare ban meṅ derâ.
Dil pe koî nahîṅ rahe us ke sankâ;
Swarran kî chhoṛ dîe terî Lankâ."

XLVII.

Itnî sun Râjâ chale aur chalâ nagar sab sâth.
Putr lîâ tab god meṅ aur pûchhan lâgâ bât:
"Mâṅgo kuchh aur, jaisî mansâ terî.
Itnî ardâs suno, Beṭâ, merî:—
Râj, pât, mâl, mulk tujh ko châhîye,
Gaddî, sarb ans, aur mujh se lâîye.'

XLVI.

Then the minister left him, hearing his wisdom.
He said to the Râjâ: "Hold him not to be thine.
Hold him not to be thy son, my King.
He hath left the world and dwelleth in the woods.
He hath no doubt in his heart,
And hath given up thy golden Lankâ."*

XLVII.

Hearing this the Râjâ went and with him went all the city.
He took his son into his lap and said:
"Tell me more of thy desire.
Hear this much from me, my son:—
If thou desire rule and goods and lands,
And throne and all my portion, take them from me."

---

* Lankâ was, in the *Râmâyana*, the dwelling of Râvaṇa and is now the conventional home of all wealth.

XLVIII.

Dhrû.

"Rît rît asthân sabhî raîyat ko dîe:
Jahâṅ koî bas gîâ chhîn us se nahîṅ lîe.
Jo Râjâ kî parjâ sabhan ko apnâ kîje:
Jaisâ kisî kà bhâg, bâṇṭ waisâ hî dîje.
Jis ghar baṛhe dharam, dayâ sabhî us ghar âve:
Ude bhân ho jâe, tabar dekhat miṭ jâve."

XLIX.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Sut bhâgî ho jâe pitâ ko aisâ châhîye,
Râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl, sabhî us ko de dîe.
Jo andhâ ho jâe, jot kar us ko dikhâve.
Abhî dân kâ pun, ant us kâ nahîṅ âve.
Ab chalîye ghar baith, mân tû kahnî merî-
Aur kahan kuchh kaho rahe ab ichhâ terî."

XLVIII.

Dhrû.

"Every subject should be given his right:
Where a man hath settled he should not be taken thence.
A Râjâ should make his subjects his own
And give to each according to his deserts.
To the house where right dwelleth the attachment of all is attracted:
There is sunlight and darkness fleeth thence."

XLIX.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"When a father hath a duteous son it behoveth him
To give him all his rule and honour and wealth.
Give the blind man sight, that he may see.*
Thus shalt thou win the reward of profuse charity.
Come home now and hear my words.
Tell me moreover what of thy desire remaineth."

---

* Put me in the right way.

L.

Dhrû.

"Jaun jaun lohâ kuṭe agin meṅ, dhar dhar tâve,
Man kâ rah jâgâ ser, mol meṅ bahut bikâve.
Jab lohâ tap jâ hâth nahîṅ lâwat koî:
Jab tap namṛat ho jâge sab parmat khoî.
Jaisâ pânî ik sabhî belan meṅ âve,
Jaisî jis kî zât, so waisâ ho jâve."

LI.

Beṭe ne mânî nahîṅ us Râjâ kî bât.
Bidâ pâe Râjâ chale aur liâ nagar sab sâth.
Lînâ sab sâth nagar pûr meṅ âyâ:
Us kâ kuchh bhed nahîṅ Râjâ ko pâyâ.
Gaddî pe baiṭh hukm kînâ jârî:—
"Apne sab dhâm jâo duniyâ sârî."

L.

Dhrû.

"When the iron is beaten and burnt in the fire,
A *man* of it becomes a *ser*,* but is sold for much.
When the iron is hot none can touch it:
When it loseth its heat it loseth its value.
The water put into the pitchers is all one water,
But it becomes as the caste (of the owner)."†

LI.

His son would not hearken to the Râjâ's words.
Taking his leave the Râjâ went and took all the city with him.
Taking all the people with him he reached the town,
And the Râjâ learned nothing of his (son's) secrets.
Sitting on his throne he gave an order,
That all the people should return to their homes.

---

* A *man* is 80 *lbs.*: a *ser* is 2 *lbs.*

† A high caste Hindû will not use the water of one of lower caste.

LII.

Us jage ko chhoṛ ganre ban meṅ jâe:
Singh, siyâl, mirgâṅ phireṅ, beṭâ âsan lâe.
Âsan ko lâke sûrat Har se lâge.
Ban meṅ koî pâs nahîṅ us kâ bâgî.
Us ne sab dûr kare kâyâ mâyâ.
Darse nahîn aur, dhyân aisâ lâyâ!

LIII.

Nârad Mun baṇ meṅ milâ, rastâ dîâ batâe:
"Woh Dâtâ tujh ko mile, mat man men ghabarâe!
Gîdar aur singh siyâl ban men ḍoleṅ:
Kandhe pe pair dhareṅ aur mukh se boleṅ!
Biptâ ik bâr sabhî aisî deveṅ:
Chont-chont mâs terâ mukh meṅ leveṅ!"

LII.

Leaving that place (Dhrû) went into a thick forest,
Where were tigers and jackals and deer, and there the
boy took his seat.
Taking his seat he meditated on God.
No friend came near him in the forest.
He put away body and wealth far from him.*
So did he meditate that he could not see!

LIII.

Nârad, the Munî† met him in the forest and showed him
the way, (saying):
"God will meet thee, be not afraid in thy heart!
Jackals and tigers wander in this forest
And will put their paws on thy shoulders and roar!
They will all worry thee together,
Tearing thy flesh with their mouths!"

---

* i.e., became separated from the world.
† See Vol. II. p. 222.

LIV.

Nárad Muni.

"Asan padam lagâke mûl band ko bândh;
Mîr ḍaṇḍ sîdhâ karo, aur surt gagan ko sândh!"
Bistar koî pâs nahîṅ, kâyâ nangî:
Ab to koî nahîṅ rahâ sâhû sangî.
Kûd kûd sher paṛeṅ ûpar âke:
Rakhtâ nahîṅ; dhyân aisâ lâke!

LV.

Jab woh sâbit ho gîâ mile Âp Bhagwân:
Assî hazâr saniyâ dîe aur pharkan khaṛe nishân.
Gaddî sab saump dîe ban meṅ, piyâre,
Sûbâ chau taraf khaṛe niyâre niyâre.
Ran ke jo bîch baje mâro tûrâ:
Baktar pahrâ dîe sunke pûrâ.

LIV.

Nárad, the Muní.

"Sit cross-legged and gird up thy loins.
Sit straight upright and fix thy gaze above!"
He had no bed and his body was naked,
And had no companion with him.
The tigers leapt upon him,
But prevented him not: such was his meditation!

LV.

When it was completed he met God Himself,
Who gave him 80,000 followers and banners to wave.*
He gave him the rule of the whole forest, my friends,
And lieutenants on every side.
Drums of war were beaten in the field,
And the turban (of war) was duly bound upon him.

* Addressed to the audience.

LVI.

Hâthî biṭhlâ dîâ Dhrû ko Apne hâth.
Âyâ apne nagar meṅ lîe fauj sab sâth.
Utare haiṅ fauj sabhî pûr meṅ âke,
Sun sun log bhâge, achraj khâke.
Râjâ ko khabar karî sab ne jâke :
"Sunîyo, Mahârâj, kân nîchhe lâke!"

LVII.

Nagar ke Log.

"Dushman tere râj meṅ ûpar garjâ âe!"
Sab nagar kampe kha â, badan gae tahrâe.
Jaisî ik kâlî ghatâ ûpar âî.
Bhâgeṅ kis taraf? Jagâ nahîṅ pâî!
"Jagaṭ kâ sawâl âp sunîyo, Râjâ;
Is jangal ke bîch bâjen mârû bâjâ!"

LVI.

(God) sat Dhrû on an elephant with His own hands.
He came to the city with all his forces.
All the army came into the city,
And the people hearing it fled astonished.
They all went and told the news to the Râjâ, (saying):
"Hear, my Lord, with attentive ear!"

LVII.

The People of the City.

"An enemy hath come roaring into thy land!"
All the city was taken with a trembling.
It was as it were a dark cloud covering them.
Whither should they fly? There was no place (to go to)!
(Said they): "Râjâ, hear the cry of the world;
They are beating the drum of death in the forest!"

LVIII.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"Laṛne kî satiyâ nahîṅ, aisâ guzrâ hâl!"
Jab to Râjâ gale meṅ lîâ kubâṛâ ḍâl.
Kanchan muktâ ke bhare Râjâ borî:
Hâthî gaj bâj lîe, do kar joṛê.
Le karke bhiṇṭ nirp âge âyâ:
Dekhâ balwân fikar man men khâyâ.

LIX.

Dekh pitâ kî sûrat ko gaddî dînî tiyâg.
Mundhâ charnoṅ men paṛâ: "Baṛâ tumhâlâ bhâg!
Maiṅ to, Mahârâj, putr hoṅgâ terâ!
Mâne mat khauf ab to, Râjâ, merâ!
Maiṅ to, Mahârâj, saran terî âyâ.
Mâusî ke kâran maiṅ ne ohdâ pâyâ!"

LVIII.

Râjâ Uttânpât.

"I have become unable to fight!"
Then the Râjâ hung an axe round his neck.
The Râjâ filled a tray with gold,
And taking elephants and falcons he went with hands joined (in supplication).
Taking presents the king went on,
And seeing (the enemy) powerful was distressed at heart.

LIX.

Seeing his father's condition (Dhrû) came off his throne.
He fell prostrate at his feet (and said): "Great is thy good fortune!
I am thy son, my Lord!
Be not afraid of me, Râjâ!
I am come to salute thee, my Lord.
It is owing to my (step-)mother that I have attained to this estate!"

LX.

Pitâ aur putr donoṅ mile aur gun karâ ik bâr:
Apne mandir meṅ gae pichhe râj-dwâr.
Dîṇâ sab râj pâṭ sut ko sârâ:
Râjâ ik taraf hûâ us se niyârâ
Gaddî pe baiṭh gîâ chhatardhârî;
Jab to Mahârâj kî parjâ kampî sârî.

LXI.

Mâtâ ko charnoṅ paṛâ aur mukh se bolî bol.
Jo hawâl guzrâ us se, dîuâ us se khol.
Mâtâ se hâl kahâ jitnâ sârâ:
"Tere partâp hûâ Har kâ piyârâ!
Mat na sarmâe; suniyo, Mâtâ, merî,
Yeh to sab mâl mulk jitnâ tere!"

LXII.

Baithâ ûpar takht ke Mâtâ lîo bulâe
"Maiṅ to nipaṭ nadân thâ, taiṅ ne kari sahâî.

LX.

The father and son together left the place,
And went each to his home and palace.
(The Râjâ) gave up all his kingdom and honors to his son,
And dwelt on one side apart from him.
The monarch (Dhrû) sat upon the throne,
And all my Lord's subjects were in awe of him.

LXI.

(Dhrû) fell at his (step-)mother's feet and spake to her with his lips.
He explained to her all that had happened to him.
He told his mother all that had happened, (saying):
"Through thee I became beloved of God!
Be not ashamed; hear, my Mother,
All this wealth and land is through thee!"

LXII.

He sat on the throne and sent for his mother,
(And said to her): "When I was altogether ignorant* thou didst cherish me.

---

* i.e., when I was a helpless child

Tere partâp main ban ko dhâyâ :
Leke sâmân palaṭ ulṭâ âyâ.
Nagarî pûrân hûî, Mâtâ, terî :
Pal meṅ dîâ râj, nahîṅ lâgî derî !"

LXIII.

Dhrû.

"Râj sukhî, parjâ sukhî, bâkî sukhî nadân !
Sat kâ dhâran kar lie, mujhe mile Bhagwân !
Mâtâ, maiṅ âj karâ aisâ dhâran,
Âe Bhâgwan Âp mujh ko târan !
Sat ke partâp hûî pûran âsâ :
Chhattîs hazâr baras merâ bâsâ !"

Kishan Lâl Shib Kaṅwar ko upjâ kewal gyân :
Jaisâ golâ top kâ, aisâ kare maidân !

Through thee I went to the forest,*
And bringing the gifts (of God) I have returned.
Thy city hath been blessed, Mother,
And without delay (God) at once gave me a kingdom !"

LXIII.

Dhrû.

"Be happy my kingdom, my people and their children !
I practised virtue and I met God !
Mother, I so practised virtue
That God Himself hath saved me !
Through virtue hath my hope been fulfilled,
And may I live on for 36,000 years ! "

To Kishan Lal and Shib Kaṅwar† hath been born the flower of knowledge.
As a ball from a cannon it goeth through the field !

---

* *i.e.*, she urged him to be a *jogî*. † See Vol. III., p. 125, etc.

No. XLVII.

THE SAINTS OF JÂLANDHAR,

AS COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS FAQÎRS OF JÂLANDHAR CITY.

[The present proprietors of the town lands of the ancient City of Jâlandhar are largely Afghâns, Sayyids, Shekhs and Mughals, who have, as a rule, acquired their property by purchases during the last three centuries. The environs of the city are occupied by *bastîs* or suburbs belonging chiefly to the Shekhs and Sayyids, and are named after their tribes or founders. Naturally these founders, being of the Muhammadan priestly classes, are 'Saints,' and of them are told many legends, especially of the miracles attributed to them, of which the following are fair samples. They are all on the same lines as those of Indian Saints generally.]

[The ancestors of the Barik Pathâns of Jâlandhar came over from the Loghâr Valley in Afghânistân with Shekh Ahmad Ghaus, mentioned in the genealogy below, in 1594 A.D. and occupied the wards of Karâr Khân and the Ikhwand Road. In this tribe are included the Guzâns, Aliâks and Bâbâkhels.].

[Mention is made in the following pages of the doings of the chief Jâlandhar Saint the Imâm Nâsiru'ddîn Shîrânî with the *jogî* Jâlandhar.[*] The ancient history of the Jâlandhar District carries us back to the days of the *Purâṇas* and the early history of the Kaṭoch Râjpûts, who once held the Jâlandhar Doâb, but have since been long confined to the Panjâb Himâlayan lands about the Kângrâ District. The original legend of Jâlandhara the Asura being overcome by Siva and hurled down so that parts of his huge body fell over several geographical points extending over the Jâlandhar, Hushiârpûr and Kângrâ Districts is related in the *Padma Purâṇa* and has thence been repeated with embellishments in many a more modern work. But there is another and distinct legend which connects the *jogî* Jâlandhar Nâth with Gurû Gorakhnâth (see Vol. II., p. 5ff.) and makes him out to be the person who refounded the modern City of Jâlandhar in say the 14th or 15th century A.D., in which case, if the surmise that the Imâm Nâsiru'ddîn Shîrânî was the contemporary of Nizâmu'ddîn Auliâ of Dehlî (1236 to 1325 A.D.: see tale No. X. following) is correct, the saint and the *jogî* were probably contemporaries also. Another local legend is that the *samâdh*, or shrine, of this *jogî* Jâlandhar was pulled down to make way for the mosque erected to the memory of the Imâm Nâsiru'ddîn.]

[Bastî Dânishmandân and Bastî Shekh Darvesh, (called also shortly Bastî Shekh) suburbs of Jâlandhar, were founded by Ansâri Shekhs, who are intimately connected with the Barik or Barikî Paṭhâns of Jâlandhar with whom they intermarry. Bastî Dânishmandân was founded in 1609 A. D. and Bastî Shekh Darvesh in 1617 A.D., the lands in both cases being purchased. The Ansâri Shekhs claim descent from Khalîd Ansâr of Madînâ, who died in 55 A.H. or 675 A.D., and the eponymous founder of Bastî Dânishmandân was Maulânâ Ibrâhîm Dânishmand, 15th in descent from Khalîd Ansâr, who migrated to Multân and died there in 1270 A.D. From Maulânâ Ibrâhîm we have a kind of genealogy which will partly explain the relative position of the various 'Saints' of this race.

- Maulânâ Ibrâhîm Dânishmand *ob.* 1270
  - Shekh Yûsaf, ancestor of the Ansâri Shekhs of Bastî Dânishmandân
    - Zaid 'Âqa
  - Shekh Surâju'ddîn
    - Shekh Maḥmûd
      - Shekh Bâzîd
        - Shekh Muḥammad
          - a son, m. d. of Abû Bakr
            - Shekh Bâzîd, Pîr Raushan, founder of the Raushanîâs *temp.* Akbar
              - a son
                - Jalâlu'ddîn
                  - Sons granted Mâû Shamsâbâd near Âgrâ by Sa'adu'llah Khân, *temp.* Shâhjahân
                    - Rashîd Khân, a commander in the Dakhan.
                - Shekh Ahdadâd whose head is buried in Shekh Aḥmad Ghaus's shrine.
        - Shekh Ibrâhîm
          - Rahîmdâd
            - a son
              - Râjû
            - a son
              - Shekh Darvesh *ob.* 1682, founder of the Ansâri Shekhs of Bastî Shekh Darvesh
                - Shekh Walidâd and 5 others.
        - Shekh 'Alî
          - Abû Bakr
            - Shekh Pîr Walî.
          - 'Abdu'r Rahîm.
            - Shekh Aḥmad Ghausu'l-karm.

The whole subject of the genealogy is, however, as usual, very confused.]

I.

Shekh Maḥmûd.

TEXT.

Hál Miyáṅ Shekh Maḥmúd Sáḥib sakna L'astí Shekh Darvesh, ke 40 baras saḥrá-nishíní meṅ fuqrá se milte rahe: jab wápis áe, majzúbána ḥálat meṅ áe, in se bahut sí karámát zaḥúr meṅ áeṅ:—wáste takhvíf qátaláṅ in ke donoṅ phaloṅ se do sheroṅ ká paidá ho jáná; Sher Sháh ká markar zinda ho jáná aur us ká saḥat-yáb honá; aur Walí Muḥammad nánbái ká in kí saḥat se sáḥib-i-mál wa auládhoná; aur ik báfinda ko dafína milná.

Sâhib sijjâda jad te hoe Miyâṅ Shekh Maḥmûd,
Murîdâṅ díâṅ sab âsâṅ pujîâṅ, shukar kîâ Mabûd.
Jawânî sakht haiwânî nûṅ hai, har koî jâneṅ âkil:
Râg sunan nûṅ Shekh Sâhibjî luk luk hunde mâil.

Ik rât meṅ Shekh Sâhib nûṅ eh bishârat hoî:—
'Pîr kahâveṅ Soharwardîâṅ, râg nûṅ rakheṅ ḍhoî!'—
Khwâb yeh dekhâ masjid utte chaṛhnâ buh meṅ châhiâ:
Châroṅ taraf dî baṛ ke kâran rastâ mûl na pâiâ.
Yeh jânâ, ke 'Pîrâṅ dî kuchh khafgî mujh par hoî.'
Masjid de chau phere, yâro, bâṛ lagâ de koî!

Watan chhaḍḍan dâ dil apne vichh irâdâ kariâ:
Bechan kâran asp kharîde râhi Hind dâ phaṛiâ.
Das vîh manzil râh chalke ubaṛ râstâ pae;
Naukarâṅ nûṅ ghoṛe bakhshe Kajalî Ban vichh gae.
Châlî warîâṅ uthe rahkar khidmat kî faqîrâṅ:
Ghar-bâr meṅ khabar na bhajî; man lîâṅ takdîrâṅ.
Mulk mâṛiâṅ, bâghiâṅ utte kabzâ kîâ sharîkâṅ:
Murnâ un kâ kisî na bhâve, khabarâṅ maran adîkâṅ.
Allah dî eh kudrat dekho:—âe to matwâle!
Shâhnawâz Khâṅ nâm kahâwan, gallâṅ karan kuchâle.
Sab murîdâṅ jânan dil te: "Eh hai Pîr mukarara.
Sir sâdâ tâṅ jûtîâṅ in kîâṅ, is men uzar na zarâ."
Ghâsib lokâṅ matâ matâîâṅ: "In ko mâr mukâveṅ.
Bhâî barâdar murîdâṅ ham se milkâṅ chhîn dilâveṅ."

Ik rât sharîkâṅ nâ-hakk Bastîoṅ bâhir nikâle:
Chûhṛe jâhil chand zâlimâṅ raste vichh biṭhâ le:
Kihâ un ko: "Kamlâ-ramlâ idhar wal jad âve,
Mâr mukâṅâ us nûṅ ethe, zindâ mûl na jâve."
Shekh Sâhib jad rât same meṅ do tin koh par gae,
Ghâṭoṅ apne sir kaḍh zâlim âkar pae.
Shekh Sâhib ne pahile âkhiâ: "Chale jâo, mardûd;
Nahîṅ, tuhâḍâ burâ ho jâo, barkat Rabb wadûd."
Jad oh ḍâioṅ bâz na âe, donoṅ bâṅh uṭhâeṅ;
Donoṅ pâsioṅ sher châ nikale, bukan lage oh thâeṅ!
Eh karâmat Shekh dekhkar chûhṛe ghar nûṅ dhâe.

Shekh Sâhib ne Vîrowâl meṅ ḍere jâkar lâe.
Bahut murîdâṅ othe jâkar araz kîâ ik bârî:
"Kyâ majâl ke koî mukhâlif dekh tarap tumhârî?
Awal to sab milk tusâḍî un se lekar deveṅ:
Warnâ jitnî milk asâḍî adhî adhi leveṅ."
Farmâiâ, ke "Milk dî sânûṅ hai parwâh na koî."

Pîrâṅ dî hun Shahr nûṅ jânâ eho dil vichh ḍhoî.
Ghaus nûṅ farmâiâ Hazrat: "Khânâ kuchh pakâo.
Bhâî âe Bastî waloṅ, un ko khûb rajâo.
Jo khânâ sî shab dâ bachiâ, us vichh pânî pâo.
Chulhe utte us nûṅ dharke, jhabde âg jalâo."
Kahinde haiṅ, ke rât de vele châwal sî pakwâe:
Kuchh dânâ sî kaṇḍe thale, bâkî rahne pâe.
Barkat hukm Shekh Sâhib te deg hoî bharpûr:
Sau mardâṅ ne khâiâ: us ko adhî bachî zarûr!

Amritsar phir jâkar Hazrat ethoṅ ḍerâ kîtâ:
Othe bhî jad hoî shahrat Multân gae tad, mîtâ.
Ik same jo chand murîd ziârat kâran châle,
Sadme ḍhaḍe bâr gajbe de apne ûpar jhâle.
Sher Shâh de hath sajje par zakhm â giâ kârî:
Zakhm agarche kaṇḍe dâ sâ bahutâ kar diâ ârî.
Multân Shahr vichh pahunchâ us nûṅ aisâ zakhm sitâiâ,
Kîre paike aisâ waḍhiâ, jân labâṅ pe lâiâ.

Kuchh dinâṅ bîmâr rahâ, phir aisâ zakhm oh baṛhiâ :
Nabz tamâmî band ho gaîṅ, sab ne jâṇâ mariâ.
Alî Sher barâdar us de kîtâ araz shitâb :
"Sher Shâh to mar giâ : maiṅ kithe dîe ḍâb?"
Yeh bhî nâlé araz karî ân Hazrat Bâwâ Jân :
"Marne jogâ mar giâ, hun karîye kî darmîyân?"
Murâkba andar jâkar Hazrat is dam eh farmâiâ ;
"Jitne âe sâlim jâo, Allah nûṅ eh bhâiâ.
Jâṇâ tuhâ nûṅ wâjib haigâ Kauḍe Shâh de ḍere.
Oh nûṅ jâke âkho : 'Âpan hath jâ ûpar phere.'"
Âkhir eh vî hukm mânkar Kauḍe Shâh wal ḍaure ;
Oh nûṇ eh paighâm sunâkar le âe apne ḍere.
Kauḍe Shâh eh boliâ : "Logo, maiṅ oh dâ baṛâ ;
Bâwâ Jân hî zindâ kardâ, sânûṅ raswâ kardâ!"
Kauḍe Shâh ne murdâ par jad âkar hath pherâ,
Murdâ vichh tad jân paṛ gaî, ho giâ bhalâ changerâ.
Us de pichhe zindâ Sher Shâh châlî barsâṅ rihâ.
Eh riwâyat us ne kîtî, horâṅ ne bhî kihâ.

Guzriâṅ haiṅ panjâh ik barsâṅ Hazrat kûnch katoî.
Nazar-niâzâṅ log chaṛhâwan : is meṅ shakk na koî.

Sher Shâh eh riwâyat kîtî :—"Mainûṅ tihâî chaṛhdâ :
Aisâ aukhâ hoiâ is te, jîwandâ sâ na mardâ.
Jîne se nâ umed hoiâ, tâṅ dil vich eho dhârâ :
'Jîwane dî kuchh âs nahîṅ, hun bajo kuch nakârâ.'
Eh tafkar karde karde, ânkh lag gae, yâro ;
Apne tâîṅ pâiâ maiṅ ne Rauzâ de darbâro.
Shekh Mahmûd bishârat dittî : 'Nâṅ tû hâr ansân
Bahutî hai, âjî, umar tumhârî ; Allah dâ farmân!'
Eh bishârat sun jo pâî, tihâiâ hoiâ kâfûr!
Waliâṅ de maiṅ sadke jâwâṅ, jin kîtâ masûr!"

Khalk marwat eh thî, yâro, jis kûnche vichh jânâ,
Jeh dâ bâlak rondâ hove leke chupkar jâuâ.
Ik râṭ jo ik kûche vichh un kâ jâuâ hoiâ,
Ik Julâhâ baṛâ nitânâ Hazrat pâ â roiâ :

"Eh hâlat hai merî, Hazrat, tangî rizak hamesh ;
Din nûn milû, to rûtîn nâhîn ; hoiâ hai dilresh."
Ik rotî chû mange us te Bâwâ Jân Tanûrî.
Do sîn roṭîân, tin khwândâ, pawe kîkar pûrî ?
Kuchh derî de bâd Julâhe roṭî lâkar dînî !
Farmâiâ : "Kyûn is kâran tûn itnî derî kînî ?
Gadhe nûn jâ paṭ le, tainûn milsî itnâ mâl :
Allah dî inâyat aisî, ho jâveṅ mâlâ mâl !"
Kahte hain ke paṭde paṭde jad sawerâ hoiâ,
Ik degchâ rupâioṅ dâ us nûn châ labhoiâ !
Araz kîâ, ke "Yâ Hazrat, main hoiâ bah kushhâl :
Der se kyûn miliâ mainûn ? Eho ik sawâl."
Bole : "Roṭî lâwan kâran der na kardâ zarâ,
Tainûn vî eh mâl châ mildâ bahutî jaldî mukararâ."

Hor karâmat Pîr Sâhib dî araz karâṅgâ pher :
Fursat mainûn kam haigî, ho jâvegî der !

TRANSLATION.

The story of Miyân Shekh Maḥmûd of Bastî Shekh Darvesh, who dwelt with holy men for 40 years in the deserts, and when he returned as an ascetic publicly performed many miracles :—two tigers sprang from both his sides to protect him from† murderers ; he restored Sher Shâh‡ to life and health ; he gave miraculously wealth and posterity to Walî Muḥammad, a baker ;§ and he found a hidden treasure for a weaver.*

When Miyân Shekh Maḥmûd succeeded to the spiritual chiefship,
He fulfilled the hopes of his followers, who gave thanks to God.
Youth lives rudely, as all the wise know :
And Shekh (Maḥmûd) was privately fond of music.||

* See Introduction. Shekh Maḥmûd, being an ancestor of Shekh Darvesh, could not have lived in the town founded by the latter.
† *Lit.* to terrify the murderers.
‡ A follower : see line 55.
§ This miracle is not mentioned in the succeeding legends.
|| *i.e.*, of a riotous kind.

One night Shekh (Maḥmûd) had a warning:—
'They call thee a Soharwardî* Saint and thou hast taken to (riotous) music!'—
After this dream he wished to leave the *masjid* (he was in),
But could not get out because of the walls all round.
He considered the Saints to be angry with him,
As some (of them) had (miraculously) put a wall round the *masjid*, my friends!†

He made up his mind to leave his home,
And started to sell horses in Hindûstân.‡
After going some ten or twenty miles he came to a wild road,
And so he gave his horses to his servants and dwelt in the Kajalî Forest.§
He dwelt there forty years in the service of holy men:
He sent no news (of himself) to his family and was contented in his mind.
His heirs took his property and wasted it and his gardens:
No one expected his return and awaited (news of) his death.
Behold the will of God:—he came back an ascetic!
He called himself Shâhnawâz Khân‖ and spake at random.
All his disciples thought in their hearts, (saying): "This is our appointed Saint.
He may place his shoes on our heads and we will not object at all."¶
(But) the wicked (heirs) made a plan, (saying): "Let us slay him.

* Followers of Khwâjâ Habib 'Ajami, one of the Châr Pîr, (*ob.* 738 A.D.,) through Shekh Ziâu'ddin Abû Najib Soharwardi.

† To the audience.

‡ Afghâns of all kinds still commonly sell horses in India, visiting it annually for the purpose.

§ See Vol. I. p. 520 and *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XIV. p. 209.

‖ The title of Khân is commonly taken by the Ansârî Shekhs.

¶ Meaning, we will abase ourselves before him.

He is taking the property from us and giving it to his friends and followers."

One night his heirs unlawfully thrust him out of Basti (Shekh Darvesh),*
And some wicked men placed cruel murderers in his path;
And said to them: "When the madman comes this way,
Set upon him here that he may not live."
When Shekh (Maḥmûd) had gone some two or three miles that night,
The cruel men came out of their ambush lifting their heads.
At first Shekh (Maḥmûd) said: "Be off, you murderers,
Or by the blessing of the great God it will be the worse for you."
But when they would not desist he lifted up both his arms,
And a tiger came out of either side and roared!
When the murderers saw this miracle of Shekh (Maḥmûd) they ran home.

Shekh (Maḥmûd) then settled at Vîrowâl.†
Many followers at once collected there and said:
"How can any one look on thee as an enemy?
We will first take thy property from them and give it thee,
Or we will share ours with thee half and half."
Said he: "I have no wish for property."

The Saint now wished to go to (Jâlandhar) City.
And the Saint said to Ghaus‡: "Cook some food:

* The bard is here becoming confused in his geography.
† In the Amritsar District. This would argue a settlement of the Ansârî Shekhs in India prior to that at Jâlandhar. But see line 77.
‡ His cook.

My brethren are coming from Bastî (Shekh Darvesh) and must be well fed.
Put some water on to the remains of last night's dinner.
Put it on the hearth and quickly light the fire."
It is said that some rice had been cooked overnight,
And that a few grains remained in the cauldron.
By the blessed order of Shekh (Maḥmûd) the cauldron was filled full,
So that a hundred men ate of it and certainly half was saved!

The Saint went thence and came to Amritsar and stayed there,
And when he became famous there he went on to Multân, my friends.*
Once when some followers went to visit him,
They fell into trouble in the great forest.
(One of them) Sher Shâh was wounded in the right hand,
And though the wound was a slight one it gave great pain.
By the time he reached Multân City the wound had so increased
And maggots had begun to so grow in it, that his life began to ebb.
For some days he was ill and then the wound became so bad,
That his pulse disappeared and all considered him dead.
Then quickly prayed Alî Sher his brother, (saying)
"Sher Shâh is dead: where shall I bury him?"
And he also prayed to the Holy Bâwâ Jân,† (saying)
"The dying ascetic is dead; what shall I do now?"
From out of his contemplation said the Saint:

* To the audience.
† Apparently an alias of Shekh Maḥmûd: see line 95.

"All that came will return sound: it is the word of God.
Ye should all go to Kauḍe Shâh's* abode.
Go to him and say: 'Pass thy hand over him.'"
At last obeying the order they ran to Kauḍe Shâh,
Gave him the message and brought him to their abode.
Said Kauḍe Shâh, "My friends, I am his slave,
It is Bâwâ Jân that restores to life and giveth me the credit!"
When Kauḍe Shâh passed his hand over the corpse,
Then life came into it and he became quite well!
Sher Shâh lived on 40 years after this.
He told this tale and others also tell it.

It is about fifty years since the Saint made the march† (of death).
People give him offerings: there is no doubt in this.

Sher Shâh tell this story:—"I had tertiary fever,
And was so ill with it that I was neither alive nor dead.
I had no hope of life and then I thought,
That there was no hope of life and that the drums for my march (of death) were being beaten.
Thinking thus my eyes closed, my friends,‡
And I found myself at the gate of (Shekh Maḥmud's Shrine.
Shekh Maḥmûd said to me: 'Be not downcast;
Thou hast much longer to live, sir; it is the order of God.'
After he had given me this warning the fever disappeared like camphor!
I am a worshipper of the Saint that gave me comfort!"

---

* One of Shekh Maḥmûd's followers.

† This would make out that the hero of the legend is not the celebrated ancestor of the Ansâri Shekhs, but another worthy. Perhaps the bard is mixing up two personages.

‡ To the audience.

My friends,* the Saint loved the people so much, that if he went into a street
And found a child crying, he hushed it.
One night he went into a street,
Where a very miserable weaver wept (and said) to the Saint:
"This is my condition, O Saint, that I am ever pressed for food.
If I get it for the day I get it not for the night,† and my heart is sad."
Bâwâ Jân Tanûrî‡ demanded a cake of him.
He had two cakes (at home) and three to eat them, and how could (even) two cakes go round?
After a delay, (however,) the weaver brought the cake and gave it.
Said (the Saint): "Why didst thou delay in this?
Dig a hole and thou shall find much treasure:'
God hath given it and thou shalt be wealthy!"
It is said that he dug all night and when it was dawn,
He found a pitcher full of rupees!
He said: "O Saint, I am very happy,
But why did it come to me after so long? This is my say."
Said he: "Hadst thou not delayed in bringing the cake,
It was appointed for thee to find the treasure very quickly."

The Saint worked other miracles which I will relate later:
I have no leisure now and it will take a long time.

---

* To the audience.

† Ordinary natives eat at morning and evening only.

‡ This makes the hero into a Tanûrî, for which surname see below, No VIII.

II.

Shekh Ahmad Ghaus.

TEXT.

Bayán Karámat Hazrat Shekh Aḥmad Ghaus Walî, jo Akbarî 'ahid meṅ Afghánistán se Jálandhar meṅ ákar Rásta Akhún meṅ mutawattan hoe. Sál raḥlat jin ke sanh 999 Hijrî hai. Mazár amvár un ká Mahalla Karár Kháṅ meṅ mutassil Buland Kheliáṅ hai.

Aḥmad Ghaus Wali Jâlandhar jag meṅ sî mashhûr.
Kasf karâmat oh dî zâhir: kyâ nere? kyâ dûr?
Sab karâmât bayân meṅ karsâṅ, merâ kyâ makdûr?
Mushte az kharwâr par mainûṅ amal karnâ manzûr.

Ik sî murîd Shekh dâ safar dûr nûṅ turiâ:
Râste meṅ dariyâ te us nûṅ langhnâ achânak pariâ.
Shâh-mauj meṅ berî pahunchî, lâgî ghotâ khâwan:
Murîd othe khauf jân te lâgâ Pîr manâwan.
Nazar muâyan karke otho yûṅ kîtâ latkârâ:
"Eh kishtî jo kaṇḍe lâgî, âdhâ mâl tumhârâ!"
Mâl salâmat bâhir lâkar chakîâṅ ja kharîdeṅ;
Nafâ sâ milâ aisâ, yâro, khushîâṅ karan murîdeṅ.
Pîr Sâhib kafâi hâlat nûṅ sahat-khâne se gae:
Berî de langhâne kâran turt mastâdir hoe.
Pâ-khâne se bâhir jo nikale retâ un ke hâth;
Khidmatgâr ne puchiâ us dam: "Eh haigâ kî bât?"
Asal to dasiâ us nûṅ, par tâkîd eh kî:
"Eh hâl na zâhir karnâ, is meṅ hikmat sî."
Us âurat ne jân-bûjhke zâhir hî kar dîâ:
Jis ke kâran mammâ us dâ jaldî suk ik giâ.
Kuchh arse de bâd murîd jo safar te hokar âiâ,
Nazar muâyan apuî salâm Hazrat pâs lâiâ.
Farmâiâ: "Jo nafâ hai us dâ tû ne hâsil kîtâ:
Woh bhî lâkar pesh karo; hai hakk asâdâ, Mîtâ."
Pûrâ nafâ le âkar us ne Hazrat âge dhariâ:
Bûṭâ oh de nek nîyat dâ sadâ rahâ sâ hariâ.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of a Miracle by the Holy Shekh Aḥmad Ghaus Walî, who came to Jâlandhar from Afghânistân in the time of Akbar and settled in the Akhûn's† Road. He died in 999 A.H. (1590‡ A.D.) His glorious shrine is in Karâr Khâṅ's Ward§ near the (Quarter of) the Buland Khels.*||

Aḥmad Ghaus Walî of Jâlandhar is known throughout the world.
His miraculous power is known far and wide.
How can I tell of all his miracles ?
But I am willing to relate a little of the great (whole).

A disciple of Shekh (Aḥmad Ghaus) went on a long journey,
And unexpectedly had to cross a river on his road.
His boat was caught in a whirlpool and began to sink,
And the disciple in fear of his life called on his Saint.
He thus cried vowing him a present:
"If this boat gets across half the goods shall be thine !"
He took his goods across safely and bought up mill-stones,
And made so much profit, my friends,¶ that the disciple was very pleased.
The Saint had gone to the privy for a call of nature,
And had promptly gone thence to save the boat.
When he came out of the privy his hands were full of sand,
And his servant then said: "What meaneth this ?"
(The Saint) told him the facts, but warned him, saying:
"Tell this to no (man) ; there is a secret in this."
The (servant's) wife knowing told (the story),
And for this one of her breasts quickly dried up.

* Compare the tale told of Shâh Qumês of Sâdhauṛâ, *ante*, p. 96.
† Or Ikhwand.
‡ This is an impossible date: see Introduction.
§ This ward was founded by Barik Pathâns from the Bannûṅ District, following in the train of Shekh Aḥmad Ghaus.
|| A section of the Barik Paṭhâns.
¶ To the audience.

After a while the disciple returned from his journey,
And brought the present vowed for his safety to the
Saint,
Who said: "The profit thou madest on this,
Bring that too; it is my right, Friend."
He gave the Saint the full profit,
And the tree of his righteousness ever flourished.

III.

Shekh Pîr Walî.

TEXT.

Zikar ḥâl murîd hone Ḥazrat Shekh Pîr Walî Miyâñ Shekh Ghaus Walî Jâlandharî kâ aur un kî karâmat choroñ kî jamâ'yat kâ bhâg jânâ.

Ik roz eh dil mere vichh aisâ âiâ âhir,
Pîr Walî dâ hâl poshîdâ kar deâñ kuchh kuchh zâhir.

Pahile-pahil sawârâñ vichh eh naukar jâkar hoe:
Woh sawâr Burhânpur yâ Aḥmadâbâd khiloe.
Sher Khâñ Barik sâ jo Sûbedâr oh thâîñ:
Oh dî jamîyat Afghânâñ dî nâmî sî har thâîñ.
Khwâjâ Khizar dî sohbat meñ jâ kadî kadî sî bahinde:
Darveshâñ de milne kâran bah mutalâshî rahinde.

Ik darvesh de milne kâran Pîr Walî jo gae,
Nâm mubârik puchhan khâtir in ke pichhe pae.
Bole: "Merâ nâm wâlid ne Pîr Walî hai rakhâ,
Jis de sir par Shekh lagâiâ lokâñ karke dhakâ."
Tabînan farmâiâ: "Sâîñ Shekh Pîr Walî,
Ism musammâ honâ châhîye: eh hai ramz jalî."
Eh makûlâ Sâîñ dâ sâ aisâ achhâ bhâiâ,
Naukarî dî parwâh na karke Shahr Jâlandhar âiâ.
Rishte meñ jo Ahmad Ghausjî khâl hakîki sî:
Foran in se âkar, yâro, baiat nî kar li.
Ahmad Ghaus jo pahile un ko baiat kâran kahinde,
Talkîn zikar jo Khizar se karke muñh idhar na dende.

Yeh karâmat Ghaus Ahmad ne apnâ zor dikhâiâ;—
Pîr Walîjî shauk dilî se baiat hone âiâ!
Sidak dilî se khidmat kîtî, rutba âlî pâiâ;
'Khalîfa Irshad' lakab mil gîâ, Pîr Walî kahlâiâ.

Ik dafâ murîd Shekh de tajârat karne chale:
Chorâṅ thâṛâ mâr azîz, asbâb lût le chale.
In lokâṅ imdâd Pîr dî âjiz hokar châhe:
Ik sâtt na guzrî thî ke dekhâ ik sipâhî.
Ik sawâr siyâh ghore dâ hath vichh nezâ tâiâ;
Baṛe zor se ghoṛâ apnâ chorân taraf bhijhâiâ.
Chorâṅ eh dî shân dekhkar jald hazîmat âî:
Mâl tamâmî chhaḍ gae, tâṅ râh salâmat pâî.
Murîdâṅ salâmî hâl apne par shukar Khudâ dâ kîâ.
Pîr Walî ne chorâṅ dâ phir akab mûl na lîâ.

TRANSLATION.

How the Holy Shekh Pîr Walî became a follower of Miyâṅ Shekh Ghaus Walî of Jâlandhar, and how he miraculously put a band of robbers to flight.*

One day a desire came into my head
To tell the secret tale of Pîr Walî.

First of all he took service in the Cavalry,
And was in service as a soldier at Burhânpur or
Ahmadabad.
Sher Khân Barik† was Goverrner of the place,
And his troops were distiuguished among the Afghâns.
(Pîr Walî) ever was fond of (serving) Khwâjâ Khizar,‡
And eager to find out and be with *darveshes.*

When Pîr Walî went to visit a (certain) *darvesh,*

* Legendarily the cousin and contemporary of Shekh Ahmad Ghaus early in the 17th century A.D.

† Perhaps this is meant for the Rashîd Khân mentioned in the Introduction; but that worthy lived generations after Ahmad Ghaus, who is described as Pîr Walî's cousin and contemporary.

‡ See Vol. I. p. 221.

(The Saint) pressed him to tell his auspicious name.
Said he: "My father called me Pîr Walî,
On top of which the foolish people have stuck Shekh."
(The Saint) said admonishing him: "My Lord Shekh Pîr Walî,
One should live up to one's name: it is a good thing."
The Saint's admonition so struck him,
That giving up his service he went to Jâlandhar City.
He had as own cousin among his relatives, Ahmad Ghaus,
And he went at once, friends,* and served him.
Ahmad Ghaus had previously essayed to win him to service,
But believing in (Khwâjâ) Khizar, he would not listen to him.
This mighty miracle did Ahmad Ghaus work;—
That Pîr Walî served of his own will!
He served him fervently and obtained a high title (from him):
For Pîr Walî was called by the title of Khalifa Irshâd.†

Once some followers of Shekh (Pîr Walî) journeyed to trade,
And robbers fell upon them and seized their goods.
These people in their helplessness asked the aid of the Saint,
And in a moment thy saw a soldier.
He was a horseman on a black horse poising a spear,
Great valour did he display towards the thieves:
Seeing his valour all the robbers quickly sought safety:
They abandoned all the (stolen) goods and thus obtained safety.

---

* to the audience.

† The Expounder of the orders of God.

The followers (of the Saint) gave thanks to God for
their deliverance.
(But) Pîr Walî did not follow up the thieves.

IV.

SHEKH DARVESH.

TEXT.

Darbâb paidâish Hazrat Shekh Darvesh.

Sâ Balakh meṅ rahindâ ik majzûb;
Juz yâd Khudâ na rakhdâ mahbûb.
Khwâh kitnâ baṛâ amîr âwandâ,
Parwâh na zarâ dil meṅ le ândâ.
Jad Shekh de dâdâjî se mildâ,
Tâzîm we kardâ khûb khildâ.
Puchhiâ, ke "Sabab batâo, ai Pîr,
Tâzîm karo ho kyûṅ ba-tankîr?"
Bolâ, ke "Yeh haigâ mard yazdân;
Hai is par fazal khâs Rahmân.
Hai pîṭh meṅ is de ik motî,
Be-sâkhta takrîm mujh te hotî.
Farmânde haiṅ is tarah Walî Pîr:—
'Wâkif is râr ramz takrîr.'"
Jânâ ke oh durr hai Shekh Ayûb,
Jo bhâî sû Shekh dâ ḅahut khûb.
Jab ghaur se dekhiâ phir hoiâ zan:
"Râjû umzâdâ hogâ pur fan:
Akmal* bhî na us ko jadke pâiâ."
Darvesh par kaul râst âiâ.

TRANSLATION.

Concerning the Birth of the Holy Shekh Darvesh.

A *majzûb*† dwelt in Balkh,‡
Who held nothing dearer than the contemplation of
God.

---

* For *kâmil*. † A contemplative ascetic.

‡ There is nothing in history, however, to lead us to suppose that Shekh Darvesh's father was ever in Balkh.

However many great nobles came to him,
He held them of no account in his mind.
When he met the grandfather* of Shekh (Darvesh)
He paid him very marked respect.
He was asked: " Explain, O Saint,
Why showest thou him such boundless reverence ?"
Said he: " This is a holy man ;
God Himself hath mercy upon him.
In his back is a pearl,
So I respect without hesitation.
Thus hath spoken Pîr Walî :†—
'Understand this hidden speech.' "
Know that the pearl was (meant for) Shekh Ayûb,
The dearly loved brother of Shekh (Darvesh).
When (the *majzúb*) had meditated he prophecied :
" His cousin Râjû shall be filled with glory :
Even the wise shall not be able to argue with him."
It was (Shekh) Darvesh that fulfilled this prophecy.

V.

SHEKH DARVESH.

TEXT.

Bayán karámát Hazrat Shekh Darvesh Sáhib, Báni mubáni Bastí Shekh Darvesh, 'iláqa Jálandhar, Mauras 'álá Ansáriáñ saknái Bastí mazkúr, asal báshinda qasba Kángrám, wáqi'a Zilla' Bannúñ.

(1) *Awal Karámat Shekh Darvesh, ke ik shakhs ká ba-bú'is be-adabí muñh ṭahṛá húá, phir unheñ kí barkat se tandurust húá.*

Ik shakhs sâ Kângrâm meñ rahindâ,
Be-adabî se Shekh nâl kahindâ.
Gustâkhî se sahat-sust bole ;
Kalamât zabûn muñh se tole.

---

* Rahîm Dâd by name.

† Apparently meant for the name of the *majzúb* mentioned in the first line. This Pîr Walî may be the hero of No. III., or it may be meant for Bâbâ Walî, the celebrated Saint of Qandahâr, in Tîmûr's time in the latter part of the 14th century, better known as Ḥasan Abdâl.

Muṅh ûs dâ hûâ kamâl bingâ;
Bad-shakal hûâ; na hove changâ.
Gall is se hundî sî ba-dushwâr;
Akhîâṅ te rowan rahe sâ'lbashâr.
Is marz meṅ mubtilâ jad hoiâ,
Kar uzar hoiâ, muâfî joiâ.
Jad Shekh ne juram kar dîâ muâf,
Shâfî ne vî sahat ba-khash de sâf.

(2) *Doyam Karâmat Hazrat Shekh Darvesh, ke un ke tasarruf se Faujdâr Kâbil Beg bilâ ta'urraz khâdim Shekh ko rukhsat kar diâ.*

Sandrânâ jo mauzâ haigâ mashhûr,
Bastî de karîb, na ke hai dûr.
Mâlik hoe bechne par tayyâr;
Zar de dîâ Shekh, ho kharîdâr.
Ik shakhs amîn sâ Jâlandhar;
Sheo Râm sâ nâm us mahindar.
Chak-bandî kar us grâṅ dî,
Ahmad Rajpût nûṅ rawâ.i dî:
"Tâ mâlik apne taiṅ jâne;
Mâlîâ apne zimmâ mâne."
Jad Shekh nûṅ eh mâlûm hoiâ,
Khâdim nûṅ us jagah bhijoiâ:
"Tâ pakkâ makân jâ banâve,
Tad kazie dî sûrat nikal âve."
Ahmad ne aisâ hal pâiâ,
Fariyâd nûṅ Faujdâr pâs âiâ.
Jad talabî hoî naukarâṅ Darvesh,
Oh hoe bechârî lâ daresh:
"Ethe na wasîlâ haigâ koî;
Bin is de na hogâ koî dhoî."
Khâdim nûṅ jo shab meṅ khwâb âiâ,
Darvesh nûṅ apne pâs pâiâ:
Farmâiâ: "Na ho tû dil meṅ dilgîr
Imdâd nûṅ â gîâ hai eh Pîr."
Jad khwâb te ânkh us ne khole,
Kanoṅ meṅ eh us de âe bole:

Kahındâ hai eh Faujdâr us ko :
"Jânde raho, is jagâh te khisko !
Âzurdagî Shekh hai nâ manzûr :
Châhindâ hân ke rahve mujh te masrûr !"

(3) *Soyam Karâmat Hazrat Shekh Darvesh ke yaman auzâs qadiasî ashâs safed bâl kî jagâh siyâh bâl nikale.*

Us shakhs par fazal hove bârî,
Aulâd ho nek jeh dî sârî.
Sî Shekh de panj put piâre,
Âbad nek-bakht sâre.
Un men se waddâ Miyâñ Walî Dâd :
Sâ chhoṭ-pane se oh Khudâ-yâd.
Jad bâp de sâmhne sâ ânḍâ,
Sajje pâse us se bahândâ.
Aur Shekh de wâlâñ dî siâhî
Kâim sî, kamî zarâ na âî :
Beṭe dâ sâ zahad se eh hâl,
Chiṭṭî hoî bahut sârî sî wâl.
Jo Shekh nûñ milne ghair ândâ,
Pahile us se masâfa châhandâ :
Aur jândâ, 'haigâ eh hî Darvesh,'
Pîrî dî isâr dekhkar pesh.
Eh dil men mûl hondî dirham,
Par chârâ na bandâ oh dâ is dam.
Darvesh ne eh shakal jo pâî,
Kurân dî âyat ik batâî :
Farmâiâ, ke "Jad ke âve hajjâm,
Islâh dâ karnâ châhe anjâm :
Eh âyat paṛhde nâl jânâ,
Jo chiṭṭî hai wâl sab chugânâ.
Barkat se kalâm pâk bârî
Nikalegî siâh wâl sârî."
Beṭe ne jo hukam bâp mânâ,
Pîrî ne uṭhâiâ apnâ thânâ.
Zâhir hoiâ har ik par eh ahwâl,—
'Eh Pîr hai aur hai jawân sâl.'

(4) *Chuhâram Karâmat Hazrat Shekh Darvesh ke musalle ke nîche apne farzand arjamand Miyâñ Walî Dâd ik khizâne be-bahâ dikhâ dîâ.*

Alî ik sî bahut Paṭhân nâmî,
Ik ik se baṛâ grâmî;
Bastî meñ oh âke hoe âbâd,
Duniyâ dî niamatâñ te dilshâd.
Kitne se makân un ke mâmûr,
Alî ik dâ mahallâ hoiâ mashhûr.
Rakhte sî saudâgirî oh kâr,
Kahlâte the is lîe oh tajjâr.

Un vichoñ sâ ik Paṭhân nâmî:
Woh Hazrat Shekh dâ salâmî.
Jad Shekh de sâmhne oh ândâ,
Dast bastâ zabân par lândâ:
"Bandâ ko ghulâm khâs jâṇîñ:
Merî har chîz apne mâṇîñ.
Jis chîz dî hove kuchh zarûrat,
Bandâ de makân se mangâvîñ, Hazrat."
Garche Shekh vî ghanî sî,
Imlâk muâfî se dhanî sî,
Sarkârî mutâlibâ jo hoiâ,
Khâdim Alî ik vî wal bhijoiâ:
Aur apne izhâr kar zarûrat,
Mânge mubligh ba-kaid mohlat.
Khâdim jad bûhe un de âiâ,
Dastak kîtî, paighâm vî puchhâiâ,
Laundî ne eh âke kihâ: "Miyâñ
Khândâhî de na haigâ iñhâñ."
Khâdim ne jawâb âke eh sâf,
Khidmat meñ bayân kîâ bilâ lâf.
Hâzir sî iñhâñ Miyâñ Walî Dâd;
Bole, ke 'Miyâñ, mukâm hai dâd!
Aisâñ te hai mângne de kyâ gharaz?
Irshâd kareñ jo mainûñ bilfaraz,

Zar dî dîwàr wa dar banâwân;
Zarâ vî is vichh der na lâwân.
Hazrat tân eh sunke ho gae lâl,
Bole, ke "Idhar tû â, mere lâl."
Ik goshâ musalle dâ uṭhâiâ:
Ganjînâ be-bahâ dikhâiâ!
Tâkîd bahut karî mukararâ:—
"Hove na eh râz fâsh zarâ!"

TRANSLATION.

The Story of the miracles of the Holy Shekh Darvesh, the Founder of Basti Shekh Darvesh in Jálandhar and Progenitor of the Ansáris inhabiting it. He was originally an inhabitant of Káni Kurám in the Bannûñ District.*

(1) *The First Miracle of Shekh Darvesh. Twisting the face of a man who had treated him with disrespect, and then out of kindness making it straight again.*

There was a man dwelling in Kânî Kurâm,
That spake disrespectfully to Shekh (Darvesh).
He spake evil and arrogant (words),
And bad words escaped his lips.
His face became quite crooked;
He was horrible to look at and could not get well.
His speech sounded badly,
And his eyes continually wept.
When he suffered thus
He made apology and begged for pardon.
When Shekh Darvesh forgave him his fault,
The Curer (God) made him entirely well.

(2) *The Second Miracle of the Holy Shekh Darvesh. Getting the Governor† Kábil Beg into his power, so that he released his followers without opposition.*

There is a well-known village (called) Sandrânâ
In the neighbourhood of Bastî (Shekh Darvesh) and not far from it.

* So far, that is, as Jâlandhar is concerned.

† Apparently of Sarhind.

The owner wished to sell it,
And Shekh (Darvesh) bought it with gold.
There was a land-revenue-assessor at Jâlandhar;
Sheo Râm was the name of this great official.
He measured out the village,
And recorded it in the name of Aḥmad the Râjpût.
(And said): "Consider yourself the owner,
And be responsible for the revenue."
When Shekh (Darvesh) heard of this
He sent a disciple to the place,
(And said): "Build a (burnt-) brick house there
And then a quarrel will arise."
When Aḥmad heard of this
He complained to the Governor.
When the servants of (Shekh) Darvesh were summoned
(by the Governor).
They felt themselves in helpless case.
(And said): "We have no helper here,
And without one there is no safety."
In the evening a dream came to a disciple,
And he found (Shekh) Darvesh (standing) beside him,
Saying: "Be not downcast in thy heart,
Thy Saint hath come to help thee."
When he opened his eyes,
He heard a voice in his ears speaking,
And the Governor saying to him:
"Go and be off from this place!*
I have no wish to thwart Shekḥ (Darvesh):
I wish him to be ever favourable to me!"

(3) *The Third Miracle of the Holy Shekh Darvesh. Turning grey hair to black by the effect of the breath of his holy nature†*

That man is ever blessed
All of whose children are good.

---

* The Court. † *i. e.*, by his prayer.

Shekh (Darvesh) had five beloved sons,
All upright men.
The eldest was Miyâñ Walî Dâd,
Who was God-fearing from his childhood.
When he came to visit his father
He would seat him on his right hand.*
Shekh (Darvesh's) hair was black
Still, and changed not at all:
His son from his austerities
Had very white hair.
When strangers came to visit Shekh (Darvesh),
They would first greet (the son),
Thinking that he must be (Shekh) Darvesh,
Because they saw the signs of age.
(Shekh Darvesh) did not at all like this in his heart,
But could then remedy it.
When (Shekh) Darvesh saw this
He found a passage in the Qurân,
And said (to his son); "When the barber comes,
Have thy shaving done in this way.
While repeating this passage
Have all thy white hair plucked out.
By the blessing of the holy words
It will grow again black."
His son obeyed his father's words
And the old age left its (accustomed) place.
Every one now understood the facts,
That he was a Saint and a young man.

(4) *The Fourth Miracle of the Holy Shekh Darvesh. Showing his great son Miyâñ Walî Dâd a boundless treasure under his praying carpet.*

There are well-known Pathân (families) called 'Alî,†
One as great as the other.
They have settled in Bastî (Shekh Darvesh)

* Show him great respect.

† Or 'Aliâk Bariks.

And are happy in the (good) gifts of the world.
They have built many houses,
And the 'Alî ward is well-known.
They took to trading
And are called merchants.

Among them was a well-known Paṭhân
Who was an acquaintance of the Holy Shekh (Darvesh).
He came to Shekh (Darvesh)
And said with joined hands:
"Know me for thy own follower,
And consider every thing I have as thine.
Whatever is necessary to thee,
Saint, demand it from my house."
Though Shekh Darvesh was wealthy
And rich from his rent-free grants (of land),
When a Government necessity arose*
He sent a disciple to the 'Alî,
And explained his need,
Asking for money as a loan.
When the disciple reached the ('Alî's) door,
And knocked and gave the message,
A maid came and said: "The master
Of the house is not within."
The disciple returned with this refusal,
And explained it without restraint to his master.
Miyâṅ Walî-Dâd was present there
And said: "Miyâṅ (Shekh Darvesh), this is a pity!
What is the use of asking from such men as these?
Ask me now,
And I will make a door and wall of gold,
And make no delay at all about it."
When the saint heard this he grew red (with anger),
And said: "Come hither, my son."
He lifted up a corner of his praying carpet

* To impose a tax on the people.

And showed him a boundless treasure!
And he greatly exhorted him,
"Let not this matter get abroad!"

VI.

Shekh Darvesh.

TEXT.

Bâkî karâmât wa ḥâlât Miyâṅ Shekh Darvesh Sâḥib, mauras 'âlâ Shekh Ansâriâṅ Bastî Shekh Darvesh 'ilâqa Jâlandhar ke, murîd Shekh Jalâl bin Mûsâ ke imdâd ko foran Bukhârâ meṅ pahunchkar ba-khûbî khâdimân-i-Masjid Mukhâk ko rû ba-râh farmâyâ.

Ik mard Jalâl Shekh nâmî;
Hoiâ oh Bukhârâ meṅ mukâmî.

Roziâṅ dâ mahînâ jâd ko âiâ,
Oh shakhs eh dil vichh apne lâiâ:—
Das rozâ âkhirâ mâh-i-Ramzân
Masjid Mukhâk meṅ guzârâṅ.
Paṛh karke namâz wahâṅ hî ṭahrâ;
Âkhan lage khâdimân ohâṅ â:
"Rahine nahîṅ dengo ithe tuhâ nûṅ!
Chaldâ ho dikhâke pith sânûṅ!"
Sûrat koî rahne dî nâ pâî:
Maiṅ ne ditte pîr dî dohâî.
Mahrâb se nikale Shekh filfaur!
Khâdim hoe dekh us nûṅ kâfûr!
Phir das din khâdimân-i-Masjid
Karde rahe iltafât behad.
Ziâfat karde halwe dî khilâî:
Kahne lage; "Ai Buzurg-jâî,
Multânî pîr hai tumhârâ:
Zorâwar bahut hai Khudârâ."

Is hâl nûṅ pisar-i-Mûse kaî bâr
Tamsîl ke taur kardâ izhâr:
"Yâne mere pîr dî ba-daulat,
Othe hoî bahut sârî izzat."

TRANSLATION.

Another miracle and story of Miyâñ Shekh Darvesh, the founder of the Ansârî Shekhs of Bastî Shekh Darvesh of Jâlandhar, who, to help his disciple Shekh Jalâl bin Mûsâ at Bukhârâ, went there in a moment and converted the attendants of the Mukhâk Masjid.*

Shekh Jalâl was a celebrated man,
Who settled at Bukhârâ.

During the month of fasting
He took it into his head
To spend the last ten days of Ramzân†
In the Mukhâk Masjid.
After saying his (usual) prayers he stayed on,
But the attendants of the place came and said :‡
"We will not let thee remain here!
Be off and show us thy back!"
He could not see any way of remaining on,
And called on his preceptor.§
Shekh (Darvesh) immediately came out of the *mahrâb*!‖
And the attendants when they saw him (melted like) camphor!
After this for the ten days the attendants of the *Masjid*
Served them with unbounded courtesy.
They feasted them well with sweets,

---

* This must be meant for Sayyid Jalâl Bukhârî who flourished 1188-1283 and died at Uchh as a disciple of the great Shekh Bahâu'ddîn Zakaria of Multân (1170-1266). He was the grandfather of the celebrated Saint Shekh Jalâl Makhdûm Jahâniân Jahângasht (1308-1384), the founder of the Malang and Jalâliâ Faqîrs, and of Sayyid Sadru'ddîn Râjû Qattâl who died in 1408. Jalâl Bukhârî is often confused with the greater Shekh Jalâl the Makhdûm and is no doubt introduced here as the disciple of Shekh Darvesh in order to glorify the latter.

† The Musalmán month of fasting.

‡ Because his being there interfered with their profits from the visitors at the shrine.

§ Observe the use of the first person here.

‖ The niche in every mosque which marks the direction of Makkâ.

And said (to Shekh Jalâl): "O son of the Saints,
Thy preceptor* is of Multân,
And is a powerful man of God."

The son of Mûsâ† hath often
Told this tale as a tradition; (saying):
"Through the kindness of my preceptor
He had great honor there."

VII.

SHEKH WALÎDÂD

TEXT.

Hál karámát Miyáṅ Walídád Sáḥib, farzand kaláṅ Miyán Shekh Darvesh Sáḥib. Áṅ Saḥib ká laqab Nikṛá Miyáṅ hai. In kí tabhiyat par jalálíat bahut thí. Az karámát Miyáṅ Walídád Sáḥib billí ká zindá honá aur khádim núṅ sher bankar dikkáí dená aur qabar ká rauza ke-báhir se andar ho jáná.

Rakhte the hamesha Shekh Darvesh
Sunnat ke mutâbiat ko dar pesh.
Har Jumâ nûṅ fâtihâ ko jânde;
Hargiz na sî is meṅ nâghâ pânde.

Ik roz jo chale hasab muatâd,‡
Sâth un ke chale Miyâṅ Walîdâd.
Kabarâṅ te jo ghar nûṅ hoe râhî,
Râste vichh ik billî moî pâî.
Pas boliâ jad ke Nikṛâ Miyâṅ,
Is murde meṅ jân paṛ gaî wahâṅ!
Jad Shekh ne aiṣâ dekhiâ ahwâl,
Jhiṛkâ unheṅ hoke bahut sâ lâl;
Farmâiâ: "Na aisâ honâ pâve,
Jis se ke sharâ meṅ rakhnâ âve."

Ab haıgâ mukâm fikar aur ghaur,

---

* *i.e.*, Shekh Bahâu'ddîn Zakarîa.
† *i.e.*, Shekh Jalâl, the hero himself.
‡ For *'âdat*.

Nikṛâ Miyâṅ kyûṅ gae sî Lâhor.
Wâlid ne jo kîtâ un ko majbûr :—
"Shatahât mushâekhâṅ se rah dûr,"—
Bo azan woh ho gîâ rawânâ,
Lâhor meṅ jâ, jamâiâ thânâ.
Pîchhe gae us de Shekh Darvesh,
Lâhor dâ kasad karke dar pesh.
Othe jad pahunche pattâ lâiâ :—
Kis kûnche meṅ rahindâ merâ jâiâ ?—
Khâdim nûṅ kihâ : "Jhabde jâve,
Farzand nûṅ sâḍe pâs lâve."
Pahilî dafâ jad gîâ oh khâdim
Dekhiâ, ke ba-shakal sher âdam !
Dûjî bârî jo khâdim âiâ,
Sâ sher ghazandâ us nûṅ pâiâ !
Tîjî dafâ jad woh hâzir hoiâ,
Thâ phâṛne dâ mutawwar goiâ !
Khâdim ne oh jâke sârâ ahwâl
Ik ik bayân kîâ bâ-imsâl.
Sun Shekh ne Mîr nûṅ kahâ hâl ;
"Is hafte meṅ jâû mar merâ lâl !
Lâsh us de nûṅ Bastî vichh puchânâ :
Is vichh na zarâ vî der lânâ."
Us hafte meṅ mar giâ Walîdâd :
Miyâṅ Mîr nûṅ kaul Shekh sâ yâd.
Sandûk meṅ ḍâlkar janâzâ,
Bastî nûṅ rawân kîâ janâzâ.
Kahte haiṅ jad itho lâsh âî,
Bâhir rauzâ de hî ḍabâî.
Lokâṅ ne kahâ, ke "Hazrat Miyâṅ,
Rauzâ nahîṅ jagâh Nikṛâ Miyâṅ."
Farmâiâ : "Jo sher hogâ sachâ,
Khud rauzâ de andar âo, bachâ !"
Go kabar sî bâhir hî banâî,
Par rât nûṅ rauzâ andar âî !
Zâhir hôiâ mardamân par filhâl :—
Yeh Nikṛâ Miyâṅ vî haigâ sâhib-i-kamâl !

TRANSLATION.

The Story of the miracles of Miyâṅ Walîdâd, the eldest son of Miyâṅ Shekh Darvesh, who is called the Young Miyâṅ (Nikṛâ Miyâṅ). The glory of his might was very great. Miyâṅ Walîdâd miraculously restored to life a dead cat, and showed himself to a follower in the form of a tiger, and removed his tomb from outside to inside the (family shrine).

Shekh Darvesh ever acted
According to the precepts (of Muḥammad).
Every Friday he went to repeat the *fâtihâ*,*
And never failed in this.

One day when he went as usual (for this),
He took with him (his son) Miyâṅ Walîdâd.
As they were returning home from the graveyard,
They came across a dead cat on the road.
When the Young Miyâṅ spoke to it,
Life came into the dead body!
When Shekh (Darvesh) saw this,
His face became very red with anger,
And he said: "Do nothing
That shall be injurious to the faith."

Now is the place to consider and think
Why the young Miyâṅ went to Lâhor.
When his father pressed him, (saying):—
"Keep away from fanaticism and miracles,"—
Without asking him he started off,
And fixed his abode in Lâhor.
Shekh Darvesh followed him,
Intending to go to Lâhor.
Reaching there he found out
In which street his son dwelt,

* The opening chapter of the *Qurân* repeated over the graves of the dead.

And said to his follower:* "Go quickly
And bring my son to me."
When his follower went the first time
He found a man looking like a tiger!
The next time the follower went
He found him like a roaring tiger!
The third time he saw him
He was ready to tear him!
The follower went and all the story
Bit by bit he related.
When Shekh (Darvesh) heard it he prophecied to (Miyâñ) Mîr,† (saying):
"My son will die this week!
Bring his body to Bastî (Shekh Darvesh),
And make no delay about it."
Walîdâd died that week,
And Miyâñ Mîr‡ remembered the request of Shekh (Darvesh).
He put the body into a coffin,
And started it (on a camel) to Bastî (Shekh Darvesh).
They say that when the body reached,
It was buried outside the shrine.
The people said, "O Holy Miyâñ (Shekh Darvesh)!
There is no place for the Young Miyâñ in the shrine."
Said he: "If thou be a true tiger,
Come into the shrine thyself, my son!"
Although the grave was made outside,
It came into the shrine that night!
Then the people at once knew,
That the Young Miyâñ is a worker of miracles!

---

* Miyâñ Mîr: see below, line 40.

† See line 40.

‡ Probably meant for the great saint of Lâhor, Shekh Muhammad Shâh Mîr, Miyâñ Mîr, who flourished in 1550-1635 A.D.

VIII.

Sayyid 'Abdu'llah Tanûrî.

TEXT.

Hál karámat Sayyid 'Abdu'llah 'urf Tanúrí Jálandharí, 'ke lohe ké garm tanúr meṅ Nawáb Tuglak Láhor ne ḍalwáe; Khudá ke fazal wa karm se saḥiḥ sálim nikale; ik bál ko ánch na lagí. Sayyid 'Abdu'llah ke wálid ká nám Sayyid Ibráhím Tanúrí hai, jin kí mazár Sarhand meṅ hai.

Pâk Sahîfâṅ vichh hai likhiâ,—is meṅ shak na kujh,
Bhale bure ifâl lukâî âdil zâlim bujh.
Je bande nek amal kamâwâṅ, tad to Allah Sâîṅ
Hâkim munsif adîl bhaje; adal kare har thâîṅ.
Je khalku'llah bure kâmoṅ par himmat apnî lâe,
Allah Pâk dî khalkat sârî zâlim hath vichh phâe.

Sûbedâr Lâhor dâ baniâ ik bandâ kamzât,
Sayyid nûṅ oh katal karâkar khush hove din rât.
Kisî te oh sun liâ us ne; 'Jo Sayyid ho asalî,
Oh nûṅ mutlak âg na lage, sahîh riwâyat nikalî.'
Aur musâhib na-lâik ne oh matlab samjhâiâ:
"Hor kaumâṅ ne Sayyid banke mulk lûṭ hai khâiâ.
'Shâhjî, Shâhjî' bare kahâwan, murîd bahut banâwan.
Har-bar se fatûhâṅ leke, aishâṅ khûb uḍâwan."
Lâhor Shahar hukm dîâ sî: 'Jo koî Sayyid âve,
Chobdâr Nawâbî us nûṅ pakaṛ Kachahrî lâve.'
Jo koî Sayyid âfat-mârâ Kachahrî vichh â jândâ,
Lohe dâ tandûr tapâkar oh de vichh saṛwândâ.
Is tarah us zâlim mûzî bahut Sayyid jalwâiâ.
Us zâlim de dil meṅ, yâro, zarâ rahim na âiâ.

Âkhir Sayyid Abdu'llah Shâh Lâhor Shahr vichh âiâ:
Kisî moman de dar par us ne dam hukkâ dâ lâiâ.
Hindû dâ makân sâ band-bûhâ rakhâ nîchâ;
Shâh Sâhib farmâne lâge: "Unchâ kar, O nîchâ!"
Ghussa hoke Hindû boliâ: "Hâthî sâth na kâî,
Jis ke kâran mainûṅ, Sâîṅ, eh jhiṛk farmâî!"
Dûjâ boliâ; "Hazrat Maulâ, kî hai zât tumhârî?

Shekh-zâde, yâ Mughal bachâ ho, yâ Sayyid bikhiârî ?"
Boliâ Bâbâ : "Sânûn Sayyid sarî kahe lukâî :
Shabîr dî nasal kahâveṅ : is vichh shak na kâî."
Is bât nûṅ sunkar lokâṅ bahut tâsuf kîtâ :
Piâdâ shâhî Sayyid Sâhib nûṅ phaṛiâ ; uf nâṅ kîtâ.
Jad Kachahrî hâzir hoiâ puchhiâ us malzâdâ :
"Kî hai zât tuhâdî ? Sânûn daso, Sâhibzâdâ !"
Boliâ Bâbâ : "Zât safât dâ Mâlik haigâ Allah !
Sayyid Hussainî sânûṅ âkhan : is meṅ shak na Wallâh !
Us mûzî ne hukm dîâ : "Eh jald tandûr tapâo :
Is Sayyid nûṅ bhâîâṅ-wâlî lazat khûb chukâo !"
Boliâ Sayyid : "Uzar nahîṅ hai ; jo marzî hai Maullâ,
Sir par mannâṅ ; dam na mârâṅ : sab te hai eh aulâ."
Tadûr lohe dâ jis dam hoiâ umdâ lohâ lâkhâ,
Sayyid "B'ismi'llah" paṛhkar kadam jâ us par râkhâ.
Sayyid sâhib tandûr garm vichh jis dam jâkar waṛiâ,
Naukar shâhî jaldî jâkar chapaṛ us par dhariâ.
Ḍin tîje us pâpî hâkim bhijiâ ik sipâhî,
Shâh Sâhib dî râkh le âve, der na lâe kâî.
Naukar shâhî wahâṅ pahunchkar chapaṛ châ uṭhâiâ.
Shâh Sâhib nûṅ andar us ne Kalima paṛhdâ pâiâ !
Araz kîâ, ke "Hazrat, hun ithoṅ bâhir âo !"
Bole : "Kuchh parwâh na, sânûṅ Hâkim nûṅ bulwâo."
Hâkim sunkar pâ piâdâ turt wahâṅ par âiâ :
Muâfî dâ phir khwâhâṅ hoiâ. Shâh ne eh farmâiâ :
"Terê kuchh taksîr na, Sâhib, merî eh takdîr.
Jo âve so sir par dhare : kyâ kîje tadbîr ?
Phir jo tusî muâfî mângo, maiṅ Allah de nâm
Bakhshî dil se, is shart par ;—chhoḍo eh bad kâm."
Nawâb Sâhib ne Shâh Sâhib nûṅ khilat aur inâm
Nazar meṅ dekar araz kîâ : "Ik hâthî lîjo thâm."
Shâh Sâhib ne filkhâne se mast hâthî chun lîâ :
Har zanjîr jo pâiâ uṭhe jhaṭkî se bhun dîâ.
Sûkhî ghâs dîkhâkar bole : "Sun, hâthî, ik bât ;
Yehâṅ bahut mulîde khândâ, sâḍî sûkhî pât !"
Hâthî ne oh saunḍ meṅ lekar mathe utte dhariâ :
Âge âge Shâh chale, tâ pichhe hâthî ṭuriâ.

Shâh Sâhib jad chalde chalde us jagâh par äe,
Jithe hukkâ pîtâ sâ aur Hindû tânâ lâe.
Lokâṅ uthe araz karî: "Eh buhe haigâ newâṅ:
Dûje bûhe chalkar warîye: is vichh hikmat eṅwâṅ."
Bolo: "Yâro, chup raho tum; jad maiṅ hukm karewâṅ
Hâthî apne rastâ âpe khulâ karegâ eṅvâṅ.
Hâthî de ik-ṭakar te oh ḍeoḍhî gir hî gaî;
Shâh Sâhib ne pesh-khabarî ithe zahîr kî!
Eh shohrâ jad Shâh Sâhib dâ âmâṅ ne sun pâiâ,
'Is jagâh se chal denâ hai,' Hazrat man vichh dhâiâ.

Jo Sayyid mukâbir, yâro, Jâlandhar vichh haiṅ rahindâ,
Fakhar ke bâîs is Hazrat nûṅ waḍkâ apnâ kahindâ.
Mazâr inhâṅ dî Bastî aur Jâlandhar dî darmiyân.
Alî Shâh ne nâî banwâî, chûne gumbaz zi-shân.
Nau sau âṭh haiṅ barsâṅ guzreṅ duniyâ toṅ sidhâre.
Is duniyâṅ nûṅ hech hî jânâ, Allah kâm saṅwâre.

Sahîh rawâyat yûṅ hai Sâhib Sayyid Ibrâhîm,
Tanûrî Sâhib dâ lakab sâ pâkar, hoe khuld mukîm.
Châr-dîwârî masjid meṅ hai un kî kabar zarûr:
Jo châhe ziârat karne, is meṅ shak nâṅ kûṛ!
Watan chhoḍ Abdu'llah Sâhib jad Jâlandhar vichh âe
Lakab âbâî sâth le âe, Tanûrî hai sadâe.
Asal nâm hai un kâ, bhâîo, Dânishman Abdu'llah.
Walî kâmil haiṅ; un ko mâneṅ ithe de ahilu'llah.

TRANSLATION.

Story of a miracle of Sayyid 'Abdu'llah, called the Tanûrî of Jâlandhar, whom Nawâb Tughlaq of Lâhor threw into a hot oven, and who by the grace of God came out therefrom safe and sound with not a hair of his head injured. Sayyid 'Abdu'llah's father, whose shrine is at Sarhand (Sirhind), was named Sayyid Ibrâhîm Tanûrî.*

It is written in the Holy Books, that there is no doubt
That a people hath kind and harsh rulers according as
its own actions are good and bad.

---

* Apparently meant for some member of the Tughlaq family, of which eight held rule over Lâhor from 1321 to 1398 A.D.

If a people do righteousness thên doth the Lord God
Send a good and just ruler, that ever doeth justice.
If a people do evil with all their might,
Then doth the Holy God thrust them into the power of a tyrant.

A low man was made Governor of Lâhor,
Who delighted day and night to slay the Sayyids.*
Some one told him that it was a true saying,
That a pure Sayyid could not be hurt by fire.
Then an evil-minded friend said to him:
'Men of other classes pretending to be Sayyids are ruining the country.
They are saluted as great (personages with the title of) 'Shâhjî'† and have many followers.
They take large gifts and enjoy themselves thus."
The order was given in Lâhor City that if any Sayyid entered it
The Nawâb's agents were to seize him and to bring him to Court.
If any unfortunate Sayyid was taken to the Court,
They heated an iron oven and burnt him in it.
In this way this base tyrant burnt many Sayyids.
My friends,‡ the tyrant had no mercy in his heart.

At last Sayyid 'Abdu'llah Shâh went to Lâhor City,
And was smoking at the door of some good man.
A Hindû (close by) had built a very low entrance to his house.
Said the Saint: "Make it higher, O low man!"§
Said the Hindû angrily: "Thou hast no elephant with thee
That thou mayest mock me, my Lord!"

* Who are looked upon as peculiarly sacred persons.
† Commonly accorded to Sayyids.
‡ To the audience.
§ Making play on the word *nîchâ*, low.

Said another: "Holy Preacher, what is thy caste?
Art a Shekh, a Mughal or a beggarly Sayyid?"*
Said the Saint: "All the world calleth us Sayyids.
They say we are the seed of Shabîr;† there is no doubt in this."
The people were very sorrowful on hearing these words.
The royal messenger seized the Sayyid and had no mercy.
When he reached the Court said the tyrant:
"What is thy caste? Tell me, thou son of the Saints!"
Said the Saint: "God is the Lord of caste and clan!
We are called Hussainî Sayyids‡: there is no doubt by (the grace of) God!"
The tyrant gave an order: "Quickly heat the oven;
And let this Sayyid have a good taste of his brethren!"
Said the Sayyid: "I make no complaint; the will of God
I take upon me without hesitation: this (duty) is above all."
When the iron of the oven was thoroughly red hot.
The Sayyid, saying "In the name of God," entered into it.
As soon as the Sayyid had entered the oven
The royal servants quickly shut down the lid.
On the third day (afterwards) that evil tyrant sent an official
To bring him the Saint's ashes without any delay.
The royal servant went and lifted up the lid
He found the Saint repeating the Creed inside it!
Said he: "O Saint, come out of it now!"
Said (the Saint): "Never mind, send the Governor to me."
When the Governor heard of this he came quickly on foot,
And was anxious to be forgiven. Said the Saint:.

* All these are Musalmân 'castes' or classes.
† *i.e.*, of the Imâm Hussain.
‡ Descendants of the Imâm Hussain.

"Thou art not in fault, my Lord, it was my fate.
What is to be must be borne: why make plans (to avoid it)?
If thou wouldst have forgiveness, in the name of God,
I will grant it with my heart on this condition:—that thou give up these evil ways."
The Nawâb gave the Saint dresses of honor and money
As gifts and said: "Take an elephant also."
The Saint chose a furious elephant from the (royal) sheds,
That would break all the chains put on it.
(The Saint) showed it some dry grass and said: "Hear, O elephant, my say.
Here thou wert well fed, I have but dry grass!"
The elephant took (the grass) in his trunk and put it on its head.*
The Saint went first and the elephant followed.
Then going along the Saint came to the place
Where he had smoked his pipe and the Hindû had abused him.
Said the people: "This door is low.
Be pleased to enter by another door: it will be best."
Said he: "Silence, my friends, when I order it,
The elephant will himself open up a way."
(Thereupon) the doorway fell down from a push by the elephant,
As the Saint had prophecied there!†
Everybody heard of the doings of the Saint,
And the Saint judged it best to leave the place.

The great Sayyids, my friends,‡ that dwell in Jâlandhar,
Proudly call this Saint their ancestor.
His shrine is between Bastî (Dânishmandân) and Jâlandhar.

---

* *i.e.* accepted it.

† The prophecy the bard has apparently forgotten to relate To the audience.

'Alî Shâh rebuilt it with a magnificent plastered dome.
It is 908 years since (the Saint) left this world.*
In doing God's work he deemed this world to be nothing;

It is a true saying that Sayyid Ibrâhîm,
Who obtained the title of Tanûrî† Sâhib, entered paradise.
It is true (too) that his tomb is in a four-gated *masjid*.
Who wish can visit it: there is no doubt or lie in this!
When 'Abdu'llah Shâh leaving his home came to Jâlandhar
He brought the title with him and was called Tanûrî.
His real name, my friends,‡ was Dânishmand 'Abdu'llah.
He is a perfect Saint, and the men of God worship him there (at Jâlandhar).

IX.

Shâh 'Abdu'l-Ghaffûr.

TEXT.

Zikar karâmat Shâh 'Abdu'l-Ghaffûr Sâhib sâkin Basti Dânishmandân 'ilâqa Jâlandhar, ke bandûq goliâṅ un ke châdar par thandî hokar zamîn par gir parnâ.

Ik pind Bhawânîpûr hai mashhûr;
Majlis othe hove nûr—purnûr.
Othoṅ chale ânde sî jo eh Shâh,
Darvesh kaî sî in de hamrâh.
Pahunche jad Badâle de barâbar,
Parne lagîṅ goliâṅ tarâtar.
Sâthî hoe darke bahut bad-hâl:

* This is of course an imaginary date.
† Whoever Sayyid Ibrâhîm Tanûrî may have been it is clear that he takes his name Tanûrî from some place. The title seems to have become a general one in Jâlandhar: see above No I. The local derivation is from *tanûr*, an oven, in honour of the hero of the red hot oven, *i.e.*, Sayyid 'Abdu'llah, but the fact of this saint's being the son of a Tanûrî upsets this derivation.
‡ To the audience.

Farmâiâ, ke "Kar lo sabar nûñ ṭhâl."*
Jad âge kadam chale woh do châr,
Âî tad golîâñ dî bochhâṛ.
Ḍhûṇḍan lage sâthî, koî ho oṭ:
Farmâiâ: "Razâ dâ pahino tum koṭ."
Jab kuchh chale râh âge hamdam,
Paṛne lagîñ golîâñ chhamâ-chham:
Sâthî hoe nâhâ kar nîwâlî:
"Hun jânâñ de pai gae hain lâlî!"
Châdar dî utâr un ne phir kar:
"Tum tân lo sâre apne sir par."
Pahilî sî golîâñ jo âwan dîn,
Sajje khabbe se nikal jândîn.
Phir châdar ke barâbar âkar pâ dîñ,
Ṭhaṇḍî zamîn saban girdîñ
Yeh dekh karâmat hove mashkûr,
Sâthî jo ho gae se dil chûr!

TRANSLATION.

Account of a miracle of Shâh 'Abdu'l-Ghaffûr† of Bastî Dânishmandân in Jâlandhar:—Making bullets that fell on his sheet fall Cold to the ground.

There is a well-known village (called) Bhawânîpûr,‡
Where there is a brilliant company (of saints).
When Shâh ('Abdu'l-Ghaffûr) was coming thence,
Many *darveshes* followed him.
When they neared Badâlâ§
Bullets began to fall noisily about them.
His followers were wretchedly frightened,
But (the Saint) said: "Put on the shield of patience."
When they had advanced a few steps,
The bullets came in showers.

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* The English word 'coat.'
† This is probably a strictly local saint.
‡ In the Jâlandhar District.
§ Three miles from Jâlandhar.

His followers began to search for a shelter,
But he said: "Put on the coat of contentment."
When the companions advanced a little further,
The bullets began to fall very quickly.
The terrified followers began to lament, (saying):
"Death hath fallen on the way-farers!"
(The Saint) took off his sheet and said again (to them):
"Stretch it over all heads."
The first bullets that came
Went right and left (of them),
Then they fell upon the sheet
And all fell off cold upon the ground.
Seeing the miracle they were thankful,
The followers that had been weak of heart!

X.

Imam Nâsiru'ddîn Sîrânî.*

TEXT.

Bayân tashrîf âwarî Imâm Nâsiru'ddîn Saḥib Jâlandhar meñ, aur Jâlandhar nâm jogî ko maghlûb karke nikâl denâ, aur izhâr dîgar karâmât Hazrat mazkûr.

Awwal hamd Khudâ de kahkar âkhâñ salâm Nabbî nûñ.
Merâ maksad dilî barâve! Rahmat bhaj Walî nûñ!

Nasiru'ddîn Sîrânî Sayyid jad Jâlandhar âe,
Lokân de hidâyat kâran ethe dere lâe.
Jogî sâ ik baḍâ hankârî is shahr vichh rahindâ,
Jo kuchh chahandâ so kuchh kardâ, dukh bahut sadaindâ.
Fajar de bele nûr de tarke is zâlim te darden,
Gâîân-wâliân dûdh chûeke is âge lâ dharden.
Jo koî is men derî karde, yâ nâghûsî pândî,
Oh de dûdh bigar jândâ sî, yâ gâe mar jândî.
Ik same jo Hazrat dekhiâ ranân zâlân kurîân,

* This is the chief Saint in Jâlandhar.

Bahût se bartan dûdh dahî de oh nûṅ dene ṭurîâṅ ;
Nâsiru'ddîn Imâm Sâhib nûṅ un par raham jo âiâ,
Ik Gujareṭî dudhwâlî nûṅ apnî taraf bulâiâ.
Do phûl ḍaboe dûdh meṅ ; farmâiâ : "Le jâo ;
Jo kuchh hâlat uthe guzre sânûṅ âkh sunâo."
Jad jogî de pâs Gujarîâṅ pahunchîṅ kuchh kar der,
Puchhan lâgâ, "Der kyûṅ lâî ? Paṛiâ kyâ andher ?"
Dûdh jo un kâ dekhiâ jogî, haigâ khûnî rang !
Teoṛhî pâkar puchhan lâgâ : "Kyûṅ hai khûnî rang ?"
Budhiâ ḍardî, 'Har Ḥar' kardî, bolî : "Ik fakîr
Mere dûdh meṅ ungalî ḍûbî : maiṅ jânâṅ koî pîr !"
Panj chhe chele pahile-ghalle, nâl hukm eh kîtâ :
"Jekar tuhâḍe nâl na âo, pâo aphâ kîtâ.
Jaldî jâo, pakaṛ le âo : ho mard fakîr,
Jis ne tâza dûdh merė ko kîtâ lahû nazîr !"
Pâs Ḥazrat de chhaiâṅ âkar Kalimâ Hakk dâ paṛhiâ !
Uthe hî oh baithe rahe kuchh tazkîrâ na karîâ !
Phir jogî ne ghusse khâkar das vîh chele hor,
Pakaṛan kâran Imâm Sahib de jaldî ditte tor.
Oh vî jâ Musalmân hoe, nâ muṛkar gîâ koî :--
Jeh de wal ho Sachâ Sâhib, oh de wal har koî !—
Panjâh chele hor bhajkar jogî ne eh kihâ :
"Kyâ ghazab jo uthe gîâ ? Uthe jogâ rihâ !"
Bâkî chele sâth lekar âpî hoiâ râhî.
Imâm Sâhib de neṛe âkar eh gall kîtî wâhî :
"Yâ karâmât dekho, Sâhib, yâ kuchh hameṅ dikhâo."
"Phir tamâshâ kudrat Rabb dâ. Akkheṅ dekhde jâo.
Pahilî sî eh Hindû nagarî Musalmânî hun us jâo.
Sâhib hath waḍâîâṅ ; jis deve oh pâo."
Jogî eh gall sunke, yâro, wal asmânâṅ chaṛhiâ :
Jûtâ Hazrat Imâm Sâhib dâ pichhe oh de uḍ paṛiâ !
Jûtâ 'taṛ-taṛ' lagdâ sir par, pichhâ mûl na chhaḍiâ :
Jogî âkhir lukiâ, yâro, nûr jamâl dâ kaḍhiâ !

Ek karâmât Imâm Sâhib dî pahilî hî mashhûr.
Bahut zamâne us par guzrâ, koî na jâne kûṛ !
Râwî yûṅ rîwâyat kardâ :—jis eh shahr basâiâ,

Us ne apne Gurû Sâhib te lakab Jâlandhar pâiâ.
Phir jo us dî gaddî baiṭhâ ehî lakab us pâiâ.
Usî tarah is jogî tak eh lakab sâ mildâ âiâ.

Jogî de naṭh jâne dî jad pahunchî khabar chauphere,
Shâh Sâhib de girde lokân âkar pâe dere.
Gawwân-wâliân râzî hokar Kalimâ shukar dâ paṛhiâ
Dîn dunî dâ maksad un kâ kadhî na hargiz aṛiâ.
Rauza Ḥazrat Imâm-Sâhib dâ baniâ âlîshân,
Ziârat kâran lukâî jâven Hindû Musalmân.
Nadaz-niâz chaṛhâven othe Walî murâden pâven.
Hâr mahîne mele hone, âmî dekhan jâven.

Allah de main sidkâ jâwân, jo haigâ Kartâr!
Bandiân de gham dûr karaindâ hoke woh Ghaffâr!'

TRANSLATION.

The Story of the advent of the Imam Nâsiru'ddîn to Jâlandhar, and of his conquering a jogî called Jâlandhar,† and an account of the other miracles of this Saint.*

First I praise God and then I salute the Prophet (Muḥammad).
May he fulfil the desires of my heart! May he send peace to his Saint!

When the Sayyid Nâsiru'ddîn Sîrânî‡ came to Jâlandhar,
He settled there to convert the people.
A very haughty *jogî* dwelt in the city,
Who did as he pleased and gave great trouble.
Early in the morning through fear of this tyrant,
The owners of cows milked them and brought (the milk) to him.

* He is probably only a local Saint, but may be meant for Nâsiru ddîn Awadhî, the preceptor of the celebrated Saint Nizâmmu'ddîn Auliâ of Dehlî in the 13th Century. † See introduction.

‡ The Shîrânîs are a tribe of Paṭhâns settled all about the Sulaimân Mountains.

If any one delayed and neglected to do so
His milk went bad or his cow died.
One day the Saint saw the women, old and young,
Going to him with many pails of milk and curds;
And the Imâm Nâsiru'ddîn had pity,
And called a Gûjar woman* to him.
He put two flowers (into the milk) and said: "Take it away,
And come and tell me all that happens."
When the Gûjars went to the *jogî* after some delay,
He asked them, "Why are you late? What misfortune has happened?"
When the *jogî* saw their milk it was all bloody!
He frowned and asked them, "Why is it bloody?"
Said an old woman, terrified and calling on God: "A *faqîr*
Put his fingers into my milk: I think he must be a saint!"†
(The *jogî*) sent five or six disciples and gave them an order:
"If he does not come with you bring him by force.
Go quickly and seize him: he must be a bold *faqîr*
To make my fresh milk look like blood!"
The whole six went to the Saint and all repeated the Creed of God! ‡
They remained there and said nothing (of what they had been told to say).
Then the *jogî* in his wrath sent ten or twenty disciples more
To seize the Imâm quickly.
They two turned Musalmân and none went back:—
On whose side the True God is, on his side is every one!—
The *jogî* sent fifty more disciples and said:

* The Gûjars are the cowherd class of the Panjâb.
† And has worked a miracle.
‡ *i.e.*, turned Musalmâns.

"What magic is there, that the *jogîs* remain there?"
Then taking the rest of his disciples he started himself.
He came to the Imâm and said these foolish words:
"Either see my miracles, my Lord, and show me some (of yours)."
(Said the Saint): "Still (the sign of) the power of God remains. See it with your eyes.
Formerly this was a Hindû city now it is a Musalmân one.
Success is in God's hands; He obtains to whom He gives it."
Hearing this, my friends,* the *jogî* flew up into the sky:
But the holy Imâm's shoe went up after him!
The shoe kept beating his head 'tap-tap' and would not leave off:
At last the *jogî* disappeared, my friends, turned out by the glorious light of (the Saint!†)

This was the first remarkable miracle of the Imâm.
A long time has passed since and yet no one thinks it untrue!
Historians relate that he who founded the city
Obtained the title of Jâlandhar from his Gurû.
And then whoever sat on the throne took the same title.
In this way the (above-mentioned) *jogî* came by the title.

When the *jogî* disappeared news of it reached everywhere,
And the people came and settled round the Saint.
The owners of the cows much pleased gladly repeated the (Musalmân) Creed.
They were never disappointed in their religious or worldly desires.

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* Addressed to the audience.
† This means that he was thoroughly beaten, because to be struck with a shoe is a most ignominious thing in India.

A magnificent shrine is built to the Imâm,
And Hindûs and Musalmâns (alike) worship there.
They bring their offerings and obtain their desires through the Saint.
There is a fair in June, which all the world attends.

I worship the God that is the Creator!
That puts away the sorrows of His servants and is the Remover (of Sins)!

XI.

'Âqil Shâh Sîranî.

TEXT.

Zikar karámat 'Áqil Sháh Bukhárî Sáḥib Sîrânî, jinhon ne apná makán Jauṛîáṅ-wále Cháh par banákar, ik mukhtasar baghîcha dil-chasp lagáyá.*

Ik shakhs Âshûr Beg sâ Mughal barâi nâmî:
Hâthî ambâ heth ghoṛâ banhke soiâ nâl ârâmî.
Ghoṛâ chhuṭkar oh dâ, yâro, waṛiâ vichh bâghîche;
Sâîṅ log dhatkâriâ is nûṅ, jâ giriâ nîche.
Mirzâ Sâhib jo jâge nîndoṅ langṛâ dekhâ ghoṛâ
Lohâ lâkhâ hoke oh ne hath vichh phaṛiâ koṛâ;
Zor nâl faqîr Sâîṅ nûṅ do koṛe jâ mâre.
Shâh Sâhib ne koṛe khâe, na kuchh mûl pukâre.
Bole Mirzâ: "Tainûṅ golî je lagî vichh tawîroṅ;
Jâne apnî karnî pâî, nahîṅ jâne takdîroṅ."
Shahr Jâlandhar waṛdâ sî, jo golî sidhî âî:
Mathe uthe lagke, oh dî jân labâṅ par âî.
Aisî golî khâkar, yâro, bachda hai vî koî?
Jo takdîr Ilâhî, yâro, so hî pûrî hoî.

Ab mazâr faiz âsâr 'Âqil Shâh Bukhârî Sâḥib usî makân par maujûd hai. Har sâl wahâṅ par ik mukhtasar melâ hotâ hai. Malang log âksar tahmâl pâte haiṅ. Pur-fizâ makân hai, aur Bastî Shekh Darvesh ke ruqba meṅ, jânib Sharaq, Jâlandhar ke pukhta saṛak par wâqi'a hai.

* As the Shîrânîs are Paṭhâns this Saint is hardly likely to have really come from Bukhâra.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of a miracle of 'Âqil Shâh Sirânî of Bukhâra, who built himself a house at the Jauṛiâṅ Well and made a beautiful little garden.*

There was a well-known Mughal,† called 'Âshûr Beg,
Who tied his elephant and horse under a mango tree‡ and went to sleep at his ease.
The horse got loose in the garden, my friends;§
The ascetics frightened him away and he fell down.||
When the (Mughal) nobleman awoke he saw that his horse was lame,
Red as a (hot-) iron (with rage) he took a whip in his hand
And twice struck the Saint hard with it.
('Âqil) Shâh received the blows, but said nothing.
Said the nobleman: "If a bullet strike thy forehead,
Know it is the reward of thy (evil) deeds, know it not for thy fate."
As he¶ was going into Jâlandhar City a bullet came straight at him,
And struck his forehead and his life departed.
My friends,§ from such a bullet (-wound) can any one escape?
My friends,§ as God had ordained, so was it fulfilled.

The gracious shrine of 'Âqil Shâh of Bukhâra is still where his house was. There is a small fair there every year, where ascetics perform dances. It is a delightful house in the environs of Bastî Shekh Darvesh, to the East of it on the high road to Jâlandhar.

---

* At Jâlandhar. † A class of Indian Musalmâns.
‡ In the Saint's garden. § To the audience.
|| And broke his knees.
¶ Who 'he' is—whether the Saint or the Mughal—is not clear from this story.

XII.

'Âzam Shâh.

TEXT.

Tazkirât Miyân 'Âzam Shâhî Sâhib, 'asalî mutawattan 'Âlû Pothowâl ya'ne Gujrât, ba'd ash muqayyim Bijwârâ tâ âkhirî dam.

Miyâñ 'Âzam Shâh, pîr Kâdirî, aise ahili kamâl,
Fazal karâmat dekh unhôñ dâ mulk hoiâ khushhâl.
Jâgîr muâfî mâl na lainde langar aisâ khulâ,
Darvesh musâfir khâwan uthoñ, tût na âve, Wâllah!

Ik dafâ barât â utarî Bijwârâ vichh bhârî:
Dâwat un de warjî boliâ: "Â karke, langârî!"
"Vîh ser hainge chûwal, Miyân, vîh ser haigâ ghî!
Un de siwâ ik bakrotâ haigâ, hor na hai kuchh, Jî!
Kitne sau barâtî hainge, sau ik haiñ darvesh:
Lukmâ lukmâ milo unhâñ nûñ: ghaur kîjîye khesh!"
Lângrî nûn bole Hazrat: "Gham na zarâ khâo.
Dohrâ chhândâ tam ne lenâ; ghî dikhâkar pâo."
Jad pulâo tayyâr hoiâ, tân pahile janj bulâe,
Har ik nûn tawazzû karke khûb baranj khilâe.
Is de pichhe Bûre Shâh nûñ dohrâ dittâ chhândâ:
Fukrâ se jo bâkî bachiâ ghurbâu nûn jâ bândâ!

Ik dafâ jo Hazrat, yâro, Bastî Shekh meñ âe,
Sâhib Dâd ne ziâfat karke teh ser châwal pakâe.
Ziâfat khâwan chalo Hazrat, aisâ maukiâ hoiâ,
Jo koî miliâ nâl ho chaliâ, jam ghat sañ dâ hoiâ.
Sâhib Dâd Mîrâsî boliâ: "Itnî fauj jo âî,
Sabhâñ nûñ taâm khilâkar ho jâwâu karzâî!"
Bole Hazrat: "Gham na khâ, tûñ sânûñ das de pher,
Jo taâm hî tûñ pakwâiâ, haigâ kitne ser?"
Araz kîâ, ke "Teh ser châwal jû, kuchh kam ziâdâ,
Darveshân dî khâtir maiñ ne kar rakhe âmâdâ."
Bole Hazrat: "Wahî khânâ mere sâmhne lâo.
Allah barkat pâo, us meñ gham de pâs na jâo!"

Hazraṭ oh châwal bahke apne hath bartâe :
Sâre log vî rāj gaî, yâro, âdhe kharch meṅ âe !

Eh dastûr we dekhiâ lokâṅ, nâzâṅ jo kuchh âwan,
Apne pâs woh mâl na rakheṅ sabh jâ bartâwan !

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Miyâṅ 'Âzam Shâhî, originally an inhabitant of Great Poṭhowâl or Gujrât, but afterwards a settler in Bijwâṛâ to the end of his life.*

Miyâṅ 'Âzam Shâh, the Qâdariâ,† was so powerful a man,
That the people were made happy by his kindly miracles.
Although he would not take any free grants of revenue he kept up so large a kitchen,
That *darveshes* and travellers could not eat him out, by (the grace of) God !

Once a very large (marriage) procession came to Bijwâṛâ.
Said his cook (to them) : "Come, O processionists !"
(And said to the Saint) : "Miyâṅ, there are twenty *sers*‡ of rice and twenty *sers* of *ghî* !
Besides this a young goat and nothing else !
The processionists are several hundreds and there are a hundred *darveshes* :
They will only get a morsel each : think over it !"
Said the Saint to the cook : "Have no fear at all.
You shall have a double share ; show me the *ghî*."
When the *pulâo*§ was ready he first called the processionists,
Satisfied them all and fed them well.

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* Bijwâṛâ is in the Hushiârpûr District.

† A member of the order of ascetics founded by 'Abdu'l Qâdir Jilânî.

‡ A *ser* is 2 lbs. § A spiced dish of rice and meat.

Then Bûre Shâh the cook took his double share:
And the portion left by the *faqîrs* was given to the poor!

Once, friends,* when the Saint came to Bastî Shekh (Darvesh)
Sâḥib Dâd (the Minstrel) cooked thirty *sers* of rice for a feast.
When the Saint went to eat the feast it so happened,
That whoever met him went with him and a crowd of a hundred was created.
Said Sâḥib Dâd the Minstrel: "So great a crowd has come,
That if I feed them all I shall become indebted!"
Said the Saint: "Have no fear, show me
How many *sers* of food you have had cooked."
Said he: "Thirty *sers* of rice, more or less,
I have kept ready for the *durveshes*."
Said the Saint: "Bring me the dinner.
God will bless us, have no fear!"
The Saint sat down and distributed the same rice with his own hands:
All the people were satisfied, my friends,* and only half (the rice) was used!

The people saw that (the Saint's) custom was that, whatever gifts came to him,
He kept nothing at all himself, but gave it all away.

XIII.

Sûfî Aḥmad.

TEXT.

Zikar kamâliyat zâhirî wa bâtanî Sûfî Aḥmad Sâḥib, mutawatan khâs Jâlandhar, muhalla Kishn Chand, murîd khâs Shekh Anwar Sâḥib, sâkin Bajohâ Khurd, 'ilâqa Nakodar.

Khudâe Pâk de nazar sawallî bande par jad hoe,
Pîr kâmil milâve us nûṅ, sab kadûrat dhoe.

* To the audience.

Sûfî Ahmad Shekh muazzam kasab se rizak kamânde.
Lokâṅ nûṅ hidâ[illegible] karde, pîr par sidkâ jânde.
Khidmat se hî a[illegible]mat mildî; samjho ramz jalî.
Anwarjî dî shafkat kâran ho gae mard walî.
Kasaf karâmat Sûfîjî dî jo haigî mashhûr;
Buḍhe buḍhe mard muabbad karde haiṅ mazkûr.
Zuhad o tihârat Sûfîjî ne aisî shahrat pâî,
Âlim fâzil murîd ban gae; jâne bahut khudâe.

Maulvî Muhammad Khalîl Sâhib ne pîr pakaṛne khâtir,
Bahut justajû kî chauphere, koî na pâîâ mâhir.
Kai dafâ Maulvîjî de dil men hoiâ irâdâ:—
Sûfî nûn main pîr banâwân, par hai jâhil sâdâ!—
Khwâb men oh nûṅ hoî ishârat:—Sûfî pîr banâo,
Dîn dunî vichh zâhir bâtan fâidâ achhâ pâo.
Dûje din istikhâre andar, eh ishârat hoiâ:—
Sûfî de tusî baiat karo, juram jâegâ dhoiâ.—
Tîje din jad Maulvîjî nûṅ eh ishârat hoî,
Sûfî dâ murîd ban giâ, uzar na lâiâ koî.
Barkat sohbat Sûfîjî ne eh jalwâ dikhlâiâ;
Har ik madâraj darvesh dâ oh nûṅ sair karâiâ.

Hâfiz Muhammad Akbar Sâhib fâzil sî muatbar,
Sât tafsîrâṅ Qurân Majîdiâṅ oh nûṅ haisan azbar.
Hâfiz ne eh suniâ jab shagird rasîd hamârâ;—
Sûfî dâ murîd ban giâ, karke bahutâ chârâ:—
Farmâiâ, ke "Zâhir men bahu aukhâ haigâ kâr!
Jâhil dâ ho âlim pairâ; banâ samjhad bichâr!"
Hâfiz Sâhib Sûfîjî de milne khâtir âe;
Sûfî Ahmad Akbarjî nûn yûn irshâd farmâe.
"Allah de maiṅ sidkâ jâwâṅ, bahutâ fazal farmâiâ,
Fâzilkârî jamî mard nûṅ mere ghar bhijwâiâ.
Araz asâḍî'eho ik hai; ho jâve manzûr:—
Fâtihâ de tafsîr farmâkar sânûṅ karo masrûr."
Hâfizjî ne bâd tâmîl aisâ kahâ mukararâ:
"Sab kuchh hun maiṅ bhûl gîâ hâṅ, rawân na âve zarâ!"
Farmâiâ, ke 'Hâfiz Sâhib, fukrâ log nimâne

Nazar hikârat nâl na dekho, karke hik thigâne.
Allah Sâhib jis bande nûn ilm bâtanî deve,
Us de âge sab sukhâlâ ilm zâhirî hove."
Phir farmâiâ: "Hâfiz Sâhib, shafkat karke tâm,*
Kuchh musâil âkh sunâvîn, dil pâve ârâm."
Us wakt phir Hâfiz Sâhib aisâ wa'iz farmâiâ:
Bahutiân nûn taughash â-gîân, bâkîân nûn rulwaiâ!

Maulvî ne jad Sûfî talken, zikar dî pâî.
Ik roz tân oh nûn yâro, eh gall farmâî:
"Wa'iz kîâ karo har Jume nûn, khalkat fâidâ pâve;
Gumrâhî nûn chhad chhodke sîdhî râh wal âve."
Pîr dî itâat kare, ke mumbar par jâ bahe;
Ik tân maslîhâ mûl na kitâ: roude roude rahe!
Eh hîkâyat sunke Sûfî, eh kalima farmâiâ:
"Ilm tân parhiâ; fukar na âiâ; âiâ tân ki âiâ?"
Farmâiâ, ke "Dûje Jume nûn main howângâ hâzir;
Mere sâmhne mumbar bahke wa'iz âkhe nâzir."
Dûje Jume nûn Sûfî Sâhib masjid â khilove;
Maulvî Sâhib wa'iz farmâkar âp zarâ na rove:
Lokâṅ dâ eh hâl sâ hoiâ, sab karde sî zârî.
Maulvî Sâhib wa'iz karainde, jûn dariyâ ho zârî!

Maulvî Sâhib hajj karne nûn jad hoe âmâdâ,
Sûfî Sâhib ijâzat bakhshe; bole: "Wâh irâdâ!
Mûlk Arab vichh dost mere dâ ghâṭî utte ḍerâ;
Oh nûn salâm âkhnâ; mûl na karîye derâ.
Maulvî Sâhib Baitu'llah de hajj te fârigh hoe;
Us pahâṛ par jâe upre, jithoṅ fakîr labhoe."
Sâmhne hunde ik bârî woh bolia mard âzâdâ:
"Salâm-alaik, Muhammad Khalîlâ, Sûfî dâ dil shâdâ?"
Burkâposh sâ mard Khudâ dâ, khâtir se pesh âiâ,
Râtî rakhiâ khidmat kîtî, taṛke în farmâiâ:
"Ithe rahân, to ghar tusâḍâ jânâ ho, nahîṅ zor."
Maulvî âkhiâ; "Mihr tusâḍe, sânûṅ deo ṭor."

* For *tamám.*

Mard Khudâ dâ hâth pakaṛke sâth sâth ho chaliâ:
Thoṛâ chalkar daldal âiâ, miṭṭhî pânî raliâ:
Us de pichhe khâî âî, pânî se mâmûr.
Farmâiâ: "ethoṅ lângh mârke, langhnâ hai zarûr."
Chhâl mârke khâî uthoṅ asî jad langh gae.
Farmâiâ, ke "Bas, Sâhib, asî aggoṅ chalan rahe.
Paṛhne dâ hun velâ âiâ, kyûṅ maiṅ karûṅ taksîr?
Tusîṅ Sûfî nûṅ salâm âkhnâ jaldî be-tâkhîr."
Eh gall fakîr akhke kahîṅ chhîn ho gae,
Hâjîjî do kadam chalke kholiâṅ vichh âe.
Eh kholî Lâhor Shahr dî dekhî sî kae bâr!
Paiṇḍâ ḍhâḍâ muk giâ! Phir shukar kîâ Ghaffâr!
Sûfîjî dî khidmat vichh salâm-alaik pahunchâiâ.
Sûfîjî jawâb âkhkar yûṅ irshâd farmâiâ:
"Pânî dî jo khâî dekhî samundar sâ zakhâr!
Daldal jo sî pahilî âî kaṇḍâsâ us pâr!
Itnâ rastâ dûr dâ jo jaldî hoiâ tai,
Faqîrî eh nâṅ jamnâṅ; darveshi hor hai shai!
Aise karshamâ dikhâune nahîṅ hai kuchh chîz:
Pahchân Allah Pâk de niâmat bari azîz!"

Maskan Sûfî Sâhib dâ Kishn Chand dâ Koṭ.
Asheshân* uthoṅ disdâ, nâ hove koî oṭ!

TRANSLATION.

Story of the open and secret miracles of Sûfî Aḥmad of Jâlandhar, dwelling in the ward of Kishn Chand, a follower of Shekh Anwar of Lesser Bajohâ in Nakodar.†

When the Holy God casts His benign glance upon His servant,
He brings to him a perfect Saint‡ and washes away all his wickedness.

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* This is the English word (Railway) Station.
† Both these worthies are probably strictly local saints.
‡ In the sense of spiritual guide.

The great Shekh Sûfî Aḥmad earned his living by work.
He exhorted the people and served his preceptor well.
Service leads to greatness; understand this great secret.
He became a saintly personage through the favor of (Shekh) Anwar.
The miraculous powers of the Sûfî are well known,
And his old worshippers can tell it.
The devotion and sincerity of the Sûfî became so famous,
That the wise and learned became his followers, as all the world knows.

The Maulvî Muḥammad Khalîl to obtain a preceptor
Had made great search everywhere and had found no one competent (to guide him).
Many a time had the Maulvî made up his mind
To make the Sûfî his preceptor, but he was entirely illiterate!*
He had a sign in a dream to make the Sûfî his preceptor,
And thus obtain much open and secret advantage in both worlds.
Next day as a good omen he (again) had a sign (in a dream)
To follow the Sûfî and have his sins washed away.
On the third day the Maulvî again had a sign,
And became a disciple of the Sûfî and made no excuses.
The Sûfî blessed his disciple with his company,
And initiated him into all the paths of a *durvesh*.†

The very learned Ḥâfiz‡ Muḥammad Akbar
Had by heart the seven chapters§ of the Holy *Qurân*.
The Ḥâfiz heard that his own disciple‖
Had become a disciple of the Sûfî with all his heart,

* And that made the difficulty.
† Religionist or ascetic.
‡ A person who has the *Qurân* by heart.
§ Should be 114 chapters.
‖ *i.e.*, the Maulvi Muhammad Khalîl.

And said: "This is apparently a truly wondrous affair!
The learned become the disciple of the illiterate; it is beyond comprehension!"
The Ḥâfiz went to see the Sûfi,
And thus spake his ideas to the Sûfi Ahmad Akbar.
(Said the Sûfi): "I worship God and He hath greatly favored me,
That he hath sent a wise and learned man to my house.
I have a request; pray, accept it:—
Repeat the *Fâtiha** chapter and gratify me."
The Ḥâfiz tried and said over and over again:
"I have forgotten it all now, none of it comes to me at all!"
Said (the Sûfi): "Ḥâfiz, though we *faqîrs* are poor people,
Look not upon us with contempt and disdain.
To whom God gives hidden knowledge,
He granteth the open knowledge of all kindliness."
Again he said: "Ḥâfiz, with great kindness
Teach me some (moral) precepts, that my heart may be at rest."
This time the Ḥâfiz preached so well,
That many swooned away and many more wept!

It is said that the Sûfi then became the Maulvî's preceptor.
One day, my friends,† he said to him:
"Preach every Friday‡ that the people may be benefited,
And the lost leave their ways and come into the straight path."
Obeying the Saint he went into the pulpit,
But could not deliver even one precept and stood weeping!
Hearing the tale the Sûfi said to him:

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* The first chapter of the *Qurân*. † To the audience.
‡ The Musalmân 'Sunday.'

"Thou art learned, but not ascetic, so what hast thou gained ?"
And he said: "I will be present next Friday ;
Ascend the pulpit before me and preach openly."
The next Friday the Sûfî came and stood in the mosque,
The Maulvî preached and wept not at all himself :
This happened to the people, who wept continuously.
The Maulvî went on preaching as (easily as) a river flows !

When the Maulvî prepared to make the pilgrimage (to Makka)
The Sûfî gave him leave and said: "Well is thy intention !
A friend of mine hath his dwelling on a hill in the Arabs' land ;
Give him my greeting and make no delay."
The Maulvî completed his pilgrimage to the Temple of God,*
And went to the hill on which the *faqîr*† dwelt.
As soon as he reached him the free-thinker said :
"Greeting to thee, Muḥammad Khalîl, is the Sûfî well ?"
The roughly-clad man of God came forward with courtesy,
And served him during the night and in the morning said :
"Remain here or return home, as thou wilt."
Said the Maulvî: "With thy permission I will go (home.)"
The man of God took him by the hand and they went together.
After a short while they came to a lake full of sweet water,
And afterwards to a ditch full of water.
Said they : "Let us jump this, as we must cross it."

* At Makka. † *i.e.*, the Sûfî's friend.

Leaping the ditch they* crossed it.
Said (the saint) : "Enough, friend, I can go no further.
It is time for prayer and why should I commit a fault ?†
Give my greeting to the Sûfî without any delay."
Saying this the *faqîr* disappeared,
And the pilgrim going on a few paces came to a ruin.‡
And saw that it was a ruin in the City of Lâhor, which he had often seen !
The long journey was accomplished ! And he again gave thanks to the Deliverer !
He brought (his friend's) salutation to the Sûfî.
Thus spake the Sûfî in reply :
"The ditch of water that thou sawest was the boundless ocean !
The lake that thou didst first reach was the ocean beyond it !
To quickly accomplish so long a journey
Is not to be a *faqîr ;* a *durvesh* is another being !§
It is nothing to exhibit such miracles.
To know God is the most blessed gift !"

The dwelling of the Sûfî was in Koṭ Kishn Chand.
The Railway Station is clearly visible from it !

XIV.

Sayyid Kabîr.

TEXT.

Karâmat Hazrat Sayyid Kabîr Sahib Jâlandharî mutawakkili guzârâ karnâ, zakhira na jama' karnâ, aur kulukh-khet ko sonâ banâ dikhânâ, aur tâmi' mâl na honâ.

Hazrat Sâyyid Kabîr Sahîbjî Walî hoe hain kâmil :
Yâd Khudâ toṅ fârigh hokar dris meṅ rahinda shâghil.

---

* Observe the *first* person in the text as if the Maulvî was now telling the story to the Sûfî.

† By not praying. ‡ Narrative again in the third person.

§ The meaning is that a miracle like this is a mere trifle and that much more is expected of *faqîrs* and *durveshes*.

Khudâi Pak dî mihr karm te âmad si ba-tahât,
Ik wakt dâ kharach sî rakhde, bâkî karan khairât.
Mul na lende kadî bazâroṅ do vele dâ kût :
Do waktâṅ do bâr mangânde, ho karke mazbût.

Ik murîd jo âkar vekhiâ sajag guzârâ pîrâṅ,
Dil vichh sochiâ :—is kam dî karîye kuchh tădbîrâṅ.
Âkhir bil nazarânâ dekar araz kîtâ : "Yâ Pîr,
Lakh rupae dî chândî bansî haigî eh aksîr ?"
Hazrat ne farmâiâ : "Tainûṅ je eho hî châh,
Us tâk par rakhke eh nûṅ apne ghar nûṅ jâh."
Oh tâṅ apne ghar nûṅ turiâ, phir na littí sujh :—
Haigâ vî bil de andar, yâ na haigâ kujh.
Kuchh arse de bâd oh bandâ Hazrat kol jo âiâ,
Jihâ guzârâ chhaṇḍ gîâ sâ, ohâ-jihâ hun pâiâ.
Araz kîtâ, ke "Hazratjî, merâ ik sawâl :—
Tang guzârâ hun kyûṅ rahînde, nahîṅ hoe khushhâl ?"
Farmâiâ, ke "Chak le â tûṅ ik wâhan toṅ ḍhîm :
Qudrat sâḍî dekh lewângâ tarfoṅ Rabb Rahîm."
Hazrat ne jad hath lagâiâ ban gîâ oh sonâ !
Bole : "Rabb ne sab kuchh dittâ, mutawakkil wâjib honâ !"
Phir farmâiâ : "Bil tusâḍâ othe haigâ dhariâ ;
Sânûṅ kuchh parwâh na oh dî, le le othoṅ aṛiâ."
Murîd ne jo jâkar dekhâ, pâiâ hasab dastûr !
Gustâkhî di muâfî mângî, apnî jân kasûr.

TRANSLATION.

A miracle of the Holy Sayyid Kabîr of Jálandhar, who lived in dependence (on God) and kept no stores (of food), and who turned a clod of earth into gold and was free from avarice.*

The Holy Sayyid Kabîr was a perfect Saint,
And when he had finished his prayers to God was busied with the scriptures.
By the mercy and blessing of the Holy God he had a boundless income,

* A small local Saint.

But kept only enough for one meal and gave the rest away in charity.
He never took from the *bâzâr** more food than (sufficed) for one meal,
And throve by begging for each meal.

A disciple came (to him) and saw the trustful (on God) life of the Saint,
And thought in his heart that (his method) should be tested in some way.
At last he brought a *bil*† as a gift and said: "O Saint,
Canst thou turn this fruit into a *lâkh* of rupees?"
Said the Saint: "If thou wishest this,
Place it on that shelf and go home."
(The disciple) went home and (the Saint) thought no more about it:—
Whether anything had come into the *bil* or not.
After a while the disciple came again to the Saint,
And found him living in the same poor way as before.
He said: "Sir Saint, I have a question:—
Why dost dwell poorly *now*, and art not happy?"
Said (the Saint): "Pick me up a clod from the field,
And behold my power (granted) by the God of Mercy."
When the Saint put his hand (on the clod) it became golden!
Said he: "God hath granted me all things, (but) it behoves me (still) to be dependent (on Him!")
And again he said: "Thy *bil* is placed there;
It is of no use to me: throw it away."
When the disciple looked at it he found it as he had left it!
Then he saw his fault and craved pardon for his presumption.

---

* By begging.

† The *bil* is a kind of receptable used by *faqîrs* and consists of the hard rind of the *bel* (*ægle marmelos*) fruit, the pulp within being scooped out so as to form a hollow cup.

XV.

Muḥammad Safâ.

TEXT.

Ḥâl karâmat Muḥammad Safâ Sâḥib ke, mahînâ kâmil Marâṭhe ke kaid meṅ rahâ, aur is 'arse meṅ na kuchh khâyâ aur na pîâ jîtâ rahâ, aur tawânâî meṅ faraq na âyâ. Mazâr in kî Bastî Shekh Darvesh meṅ wâq'ia hai.

Allâh dâ jo hove haî piârâ,
Maullâ oh dâ kâr sâz sârâ.
Kahinde haiṅ Marâṭhe jad ke âiâ,
Dehât par ḍanḍ oh ne lâiâ.
Jeh ne dîâ hadiâ hoiâ khushhâl;
Bâkî rahe jis meṅ kîtâ pâ-mâl.
Bakî-wâle pinḍ se oh zâlim
Lejâudâ sû, phaṛke chand âdam.
Bastî Shekh se oh bad-kho
Do tau nûṅ phaṛke le giâ wo.
Do shakhs se sâhib zar-o-mâl:
Ik Miyâṅ Safâ fakîr tamsâl.
Donâṅ ne to zar mukararâ dittâ;
Rukhsat hoe, rastâ ghar dâ littâ.
Par eh âjiz wa bechârâ
Kaî manzil kaid rahiâ, yârâ.
Ghoṛoṅ par jo marz pie bhârî;
Is te hoe fauj bahut ârî.
Sardâr ne puchhiâ: "Kyâ sabab hai,
Ghoṛiâṅ par jo âiâ eh ghazab hai?"
Umrâ ne kahâ: "Mahînâ bîtâ,
Kaidî ne na khâiâ hai na pîtâ."
Oh ne eh sunke mâre ḍar ke
Rukhsat kîâ in nûṅ suboh taṛke.
Aswârî we apnî dittî hamrâh,
Pahunchâiâ watan meṅ be-khalash râh.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of a Miracle of Muḥammad Safâ, who was detained a prisoner for a whole month by the Marâṭhâs, during which interval he neither ate nor drank and lived without showing any bodily change. His tomb is in Bastî Shekh Darvesh.*

For him that is beloved of God,
God prospereth all his work.
They say that when the Marâṭhâs came,†
They fixed a contribution on the villages.
Whoever gave his contribution was happy:
The remainder were they that refused.
The tyrants took the defaulters from their villages,
And (thus) seized several men.
In Basti Shekh (Darvesh) the scoundrels
Took away two men.
These two men were rich:
(But a third that was taken) was Miyâñ Safâ, a poor *faqîr*.
The two gave up the fixed contribution
And were dismissed to their homes.
But the poor and helpless (Safâ)
Was kept a prisoner for several stages, O friends,‡
The horses (of his guard) became very ill
And rendered the guard helpless.
Said the Commander: "What is the cause
Of the calamity which has befallen our horses?"
Said the (Saint's) custodians: "A month has passed
And our prisoner hath neither eaten nor drunk."
When (the Commander) heard this, through fear
He released him in the early morning.
Sent him away upon his own horse
And had him escorted safely home.

---

* A local Saint.
† At the end of the last century.
‡ To the audience.

No. XLVIII.

TWO SONGS ABOUT RÂJÂ RASÂLÛ,

AS SUNG AT FIROZPÛR AND GENERALLY THROUGHOUT THE CHIEF CITIES OF THE PANJÂB.

[These songs are good specimens of their kind and well exhibit the fragmentary and enigmatical way in which the Panjâbîs relate in song subjects, the details of which are well known to them.]

[The first song alludes to the well-known tale of Râjâ Rasâlû and his wife Kokilâṅ. It has been already given in detail in Vol. I. p. 50ff., but I will here give an outline of it again in order to render the following pages intelligible.]

[Râjâ Rasâlû played with Râjâ Sirkap at *chaupur*, the stake being the head of the loser. Rasâlû won the game, and instead of taking Sirkap's head, took his infant daughter Kokilâṅ as his future wife. With her was given a young mango tree, and whenever that tree should bear fruit Kokilâṅ would be fit to be a wife. This is alluded to in the song. On attaining puberty Kokilâṅ went hunting with Rasâlû and caught the deer Hirâ, which aroused the jealousy of Rasâlû, and he cut off its ears and tail, and thus caused it to be cast out of the herd. Hirâ the deer in revenge went over to Rasâlû's rival Râjâ Hoḍî and induced him to chase him, leading him to Rasâlû's garden. There Hoḍî met Kokilân, on which an intrigue followed. Kokilâṅ's guardians were a *mainâ* and a parrot, and the latter apprised Rasâlû of what was going on. Rasâlû finding out what had happened from the state of Kokilâṅ's palace managed in revenge to make her cook and eat her lover's heart. The words of the verses, if compared with those previously given, will show that the poetical treatment of the legend is practically the same throughout the Panjâb.]

[The enigma of the second song is not so easily solved. It evidently relates to some *amour* of Râjâ Rasâlû with a gardener's wife and the consequent wrath of his legitimate Queen. I have not yet seen the full tale to which the song alludes. It will be observed that there is an allusion to a certain wet night, and all through the long legend of Râjâ Rasâlû given at the commencement of this work there are like mysterious allusions brought into the story in the most inappropriate manner. It would be interesting to unearth the original tale of this "wet night."]

TEXT.

I

Gît Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Amb sukh sukh dâlîâṅ, tarsegâ terâ te sâḍâ jî, Râjâjî?
Amb pakke, rase chû pie, chaupnewâlâ rasiâ dûr!
Bharjoban dî khârîâṅ hokâ shahr bâzâr!
Jinhâṅ de palle-mul hai, we Râjiâ; âu chukâve sâḍâ bhâo, Râjâjî!"

Râjâ te Rânî jid pie: "Âsâṅ jangal jânâ shikâr, Râjâjî."
Pahilâ tîr mâriâ Rânî ne, we Râjiâ: Hîre hiran nûṅ lâdî sûlîk, Râjâjî.
"Ranâṅ dâ mâriâ mirg, nî Rânîe, mardâṅ nûṅ khânâ param, nî Rânîe."

Hirnî mâran bôlîâṅ: "We Hîriâ; âiâ kan te puchhal waḍhâ, Hîriâ Râjâjî!"
"Sâḍe tîn sau hirnîâṅ, we Râjiâ; Hîrâ ohnâṅ dâ Sardâr, Râjâjî."
Jândâ tâṅ jândâ Hîrâ boldâ: "Mainûṅ tâṅ Hîrâ hiran tad âkhîṅ, we Râjiâ, tere mahilâṅ nûṅ lâwâṅgâ chor, Râjâjî!"

"Mahilâṅ heṭh phirandiâṅ, we Râjiâ, chor phire ke sâdh, Râjâjî?"
"Chorâṅ maile kapṛe, nî Rânîe, sâdhâṅ dî chiṭṭî poshâk, Rânîjî."
"Andar andar pauṛîâṅ, we Râjiâ, pair dhare dhar â, Râjâjî."
"Dhaular terâ kich dâ, nî Rânie; ṭhuk ṭut jâ, Rânîjî."
"Dhaular terâ kach* dâ, we Râjiâ; tû ghoṛe sane chaṛh â, Râjâjî."
"Pahilî pauṛî chaṛhdâ, nî Rânîe: merâ ghoṛâ giâ sarkâr, Rânîjî."

---

* For *kânch*.

"Kanâṅ dî wechâṅ wâlîâṅ, we Râjiâ, terâ ghoṛâ lâṅgâ chhuḍâ, Râjâjî."
"Wâlîâṅ oṛak châliâṅ diâṅ, nî Rânîe: merâ ghoṛâ tâṅ ḍoṛh bâzâr, Rânîjî."

"Mainâṅ tâṅ totâ laṛ pie, we Râjiâ: mainâṅ ne khoîâṅ paṭṭiâṅ, we Râjiâ: totâ ne chananhâr, Râjâjî."
"Kuṭ kuṭ pâwâṅ chûrîâṅ, we totiâ: terî nimak harâmî dî zât, totâjî."
Totâ ne jâ pukâriâ; "We Râjiâ, tere mahilâṅ nûṅ lage chor, Râjâjî."
"Aṭh tote, nauṅ shârakân, totiâ merâ; bârî bârî vich baiṭhâ mor: chniâṅ pahriâṅ baiṭhiâṅ; kis nidh mahilâṅ nûṅ lage chor?"
"Râjâ tâṅ Hoḍî chaṛh piâ, Râjiâ, âṅ lathe bûghâṅ heṭh, Râjâjî."

"Kin merâ khûâ geṛiâ, nî Rânîe? Mere khûe di gilṛî nisâr, Rânîjî!"
"Teh marandî geṛiâ, we Rajiâ: tere khûe dî gilṛî nisâr, Râjâji!"
"Kin merî chaupî ambalî, nî Rânîe? Sajre pe chaupâk, Rânîjî!"
"Mâlan ḍhoiâ ândâ, we Râjiâ, khilṛî painî chaupâk, we Râjiâ!"
"Kaun merî chaukî nâhiâ, nî Rânîe? Dûr giâ chhankar, Rânîjî!"
"Tâṅ maran dî maiṅ nâtî hâṅ, we Râjiâ: dûr giâ chhankâr, Râjâjî!"
"Kaun mere palang leṭiâ, nî Rânie? Merî palang dî ḍhilî niwâṛ, Rânîji!"
"Sûl marandî leṭî hâṅ, we Râjiâ; tere palang dî ḍhilî niwâṛ, Râjâjî!"

"Bhawar kalî ḍaliâ, we Râjiâ, tharṭhar kyûṅ kâmpe?
Velâṅ chare pâṛâiâṅ, hun mautoṅ kyûṅ ḍare, we Râjiâ?"

"Baiṭhâṅ dindâ gâlîâṅ, hun we Râjiâ: sânûṅ khalâṅ nûṅ tâne na de, Râjâjî.
Jinhâṅ dâ sâuṇûṅ nâuâ, we Râjâ, sâḍâ maran unhâṅ de nâl, Râjâjî."
Andar waṛke pûchhdî; "We Râjiâ, terî bahin lagâṅ ke dhî, Râjâjî?"
"Sirkap Râjâ dî beṭrî, Râjâ Rasâlû dî nâr: bâjî tûṅ jit âṇḍî, nî Rânîe: na bahin lagî na dhî, Rânîjî.
Kaḍhke girde rakṛi, nî Rânie, tainûṅ bhunke dewâṅ kabâb, Rânîjî.
Jîwandiâṅ shâhû mâniâṅ, nî Rânîe, hun moiâṅ dâ khâdâ hai mâs, Rânîjî!"
"Ak dî na khâîye kakṛî, we Râjiâ; sap dâ na khâîye mâs, Râjâjî.
Chhâ parâî pîtiâ, we Râjîâ, pânî wargâ sawâd, Râjâjî.
Ag parâî sîkîâṅ, we Râjiâ, uḍh uḍh paindî khak, Râjâjî.
Put bagânâ chumiâ, we Râjiâ, lâlî bhariâ gat, Râjâjî.
Nâr bagânî sevîâṅ, we Râjiâ, kadhî na hundî apnî, Râjâjî.
Khaṇḍâ, ghoṛâ, istrî, we Râjiâ; tînoṅ jât kujât.
Khaṇḍâ wade sir khasam dâ; ghoṛâ de piṛ vich hâr: istrî jithe wekhî war sohnâ, uthe rahindî din te rât.
Makhî, machhî, istrî,: tînoṅ jât kujât.
Jithe wekhan hoṭ wage, uthe rahinde din te rât."

II.

Râg Râjâ wa Mâlan ka.

"Kin kin dî weṛî, Râjâ, phulâṅ keoṛâ?"
"Rânî dî weṛî, Râjâ, nîbnâ: Mâlan dî weṛî phulâṅ keoṛâ."
"Kaun to chaupe nîbnâ? Kaun haṇḍâve phulâṅ keoṛâ?"
"Rânî to chaupe nîbnâ: Mâlan haṇḍâve phulâṅ keoṛâ."
"Thaṇḍâ tâṅ pânî garm karâîâ; âo, Râjâ, tusîṅ nahâ lo. Nahâve tâṅ nahâve sâḍî Rânî."
"Râjâ nahâve ghar Mâlan de." "Tatî rasoî thaṇḍî hoî: âo, Râjâ, tusîṅ jîwan lo."
"Jîvîṅ ghar dî Rânî, main jîwâṅ ghar Mâlan de."

"Unche mâṛe palang vichhâiâ: rattâ palang, safed nihâlî; âo, Râjâ, tusîṅ leṭ lo."
"Leṭîṅ ghar dî Rânî: maiṅ leṭâṅ ghar Mâlan de."

Adhî tâṅ râtî miṅh barsâiâ. "Mâlan dî jhugî, Rabbâ, ḍheh pie!
Ḍhe tâṅ ḍhe terî mâṛi Mâlan dî!" "Mâlan dî jhugî, Rabbâ, sukh dise!"
Adhî tâṅ râtî miṅh barsâiâ. "Mâlan dî jhugî, Rabbâ, chû pie!"

Age Râjâ, pichhe Mâlan: Râjâ âiâ ghar apne. "Uṭhîe, nî Rânî, bûhâ khole.
Bhijiâ tâṅ Râjâ tere dar khaṛâ: uṭhîe nî haiṅsarî Rânî: âveṅ pairâṅ dî sardî mere sir chaṛhe."
"Uṭhîe nî golîe, bûhâ khole: Râjâ âiâ ghar apne.
Kora ghaṛâ, thaṇḍâ pânî: uṭho, Râjâ, tusîṅ nabâ lo.
Bâi to roṭî, amb âchârî: uṭho, Râjâ, tusîṅ khâ lo.
Ṭuṭṭî manjî, vân purâṇâ: âo, Râjâ, tusîṅ ḍhe raho.
Sâḍe tâṅ mâṛîe, Râjâ, machhar: kuchhaṛ dâ bâlak ronâṅ!"

TRANSLATION.

I.

A Song about Râjá Rasálú.

(Sang Rânî Kokilâṅ): "The mango ripens on the bough, and our hearts are longing for each other, Râjâ!
The ripe mango drips, and the loved gatherer is far!
The basket of my youth crieth out in the *bázár!*
Who hath a full pocket, Râjâ, shall settle my price, Râjâ!"*

The Râjâ and Rânî spake eagerly, (said she): "Let us go hunting in the wilds, Râjâ."

---

* All this means that the Rânî has now reached a marriageable age.

The Rânî at her first (arrow) shot, disfigured the deer Hîrâ,* Râjâ.
"Deer slain by a woman, Rânî, cannot be eaten by a man, Rânî."

The deer wanted to slay (Hîrâ, saying): "O Hîrâ, thou hast come to us shorn of ears and tail, Râjâ Hîrâ!"
(Said Hîrâ to Râjâ Rasâlû): "I have three hundred does, Râjâ, and I, Hîrâ, am their Lord."
As he was going said Hîrâ: "Thou shalt know me for Hîrâ the deer, Râjâ, when I bring a thief to thy palace, Râjâ!"

(Said Rânî Kokilân to Râjâ Hoḍî:) "Wandering under the palace, Râjâ, art a thief or a holy man, Râjâ?"
(Said Râjâ Hoḍî): "Thieves have dirty clothes, Rânî, holy men have white clothing, Rânî."
"The steps are inside, Râjâ, put thy feet on them and come up, Râjâ."
"Thy palace is of mud, Rânî, and a blow will break it down, Rânî."
"Thy palace is of glass, Râjâ; thou canst come up horse and all, Râjâ."
"I have climbed the first steps, Rânî, and my horse has gone to its master, Rânî."
"I will sell my ear-rings, Râjâ, and release thy horse, Râjâ."
"Thy ear-rings are worth but forty rupees, Rânî, and my horse a thousand and a half, Rânî."

(Said the parrot to Râjâ Rasâlû): "The *mainâ* and parrot fell out, Râjâ: the *mainâ* lost her feathers and the parrot his necklace, Râjâ."
(Said the Râjâ): "I have given thee the best of food, parrot: thine is a faithless race, parrot."

* Allusion to her leading to its ears and tail being cropped: see introduction to the tale.

The parrot called out: "Râjâ, a thief hath come into thy palace, Râjâ."
"There are eight parrots, nine *mainâs*, my parrot, and a peacock on each window: with so many guards how comes a thief into my palace?"
"Râjâ Hoḍî hath come, Râjâ, and hath pitched (his tent) in thy garden, Râjâ."

(Said Râjâ Rasâlû to Rânî Kokilâñ): "Who hath used (the bucket of) my well, Rânî? The brim of my well is wet, Rânî!"
"I was dying of thirst, Râjâ: and thus the brim of thy well is wet, Râjâ!"
"Who hath eaten my mangoes, Rânî? The rinds are fresh, Rânî!"
"The gardener's wife brought them, Râjâ, and so the rinds are fresh, Râjâ!"
"Whe hath bathed on my stool, Rânî? The splashing hath spread afar, Rânî!"
"I was hot and bathed, Râjâ, and the splashing spread afar, Râjâ!"
"Who hath lain on my bed, Rânî? the cords of my bed are loosened, Rânî!"
"I was in great pain and lay on it, Râjâ: and so the cords of thy bed are loosened, Râjâ!"

(Said Râjâ Rasâlû to Râjâ Hoḍî): "Hiding behind the screen, Râjâ, why art trembling?
Thou hast eaten of another's fruit, why dost thou now fear death, Râjâ?"

(Said Rânî Kokilâñ to Râjâ Rasâlû): "Sitting thou dost abuse me, Râjâ: abuse me not standing, Râjâ.
For whose sake thou dost taunt me, Râjâ, with him will I die, Râjâ."
Going within she asked him: "Râjâ, am I thy sister or thy daughter, Râjâ?"*

* Hinting thus that she had never been treated as a wife.

"Thou art Râjâ Sirkap's daughter, and Râjâ Rasâlû's wife: I won thee for a wager, Rânî: thou art not sister nor daughter to me, Rânî.
I will take out his heart, Rânî, and cook and give it to thee, Rânî.
Whom thou didst enjoy as a husband, Rânî, thou shalt eat of his flesh dead, Rânî!"
(Said Rânî Kokilâṅ to Râjâ Rasâlû): "Eat not the fruit of the *âk*,* Râjâ: eat not the flesh of snakes, Râjâ.
Drink not another's milk, Râjâ, or it will taste like water, Râjâ.
Warm thyself not at another's fire, Râjâ, or the ashes will fly up at thee, Râjâ.
Kiss not another's son, Râjâ, or his spittle will stick to thee, Râjâ.
Follow another's wife, Râjâ, and she will never be thine, Râjâ.
Sword, horse and woman, Râjâ; these three are a low lot.
The sword will cut off its master's head: the horse turn in the battle field: where a woman meets her loved one, there will she remain day and night.
Fly, fish and woman: these three are a low lot.
Where they see enjoyment, there will they remain day and night."

II.

The Song of the Râjâ and the Gardener's Wife.

"In whose house does the *keorâ*† bloom, Râjâ?"
"In the Rânî's house is the lime, Râjâ: in the house of the Gardener's wife is the *keorâ.*"
"Who sucks the lime? Who hath the flowers of the *keorâ*?"
"The Rânî sucks the lime: the Gardener's wife hath flowers of the *keorâ.*"

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* *Asclepias gigantea*: a poisonous plant. These are well known rhapsodical lines put in for the occasion.

† The sweet scented *Pandanus odoratissimus.*

(Said the Rânî): "The cold water hath been warmed: come, Râjâ, and bathe in it. Thy Rânî doth bathe."
"The Râjâ will bathe in the house of the Gardener's wife." "The boiling-hot food hath cooled: come, Râjâ, and eat it."
"Do thou eat it, Rânî: I will eat in the house of the Gardener's wife."
"Thy bed is laid in the lofty room: red the bed and white the sheets; come, Râjâ, and lie on it."
"Lie thou on it, Rânî: I will lie at the house of the Gardener's wife."

At midnight the rain fell. (Prayed the Rânî): "O God, let fall the hut of the Gardener's wife!
May thy hut fall, thou Gardener's wife!" (Prayed the Râjâ): "O God, preserve the hut of the Gardener's wife!"
At midnight the rain fell. (Prayed the Rânî): "O God: may the hut leak that belongs to the Gardener's wife!"

First the Râjâ, and next the Gardener's wife, came to the Râjâ's house. (Said the Râjâ): "Up, Rânî, and open the door.
The Râjâ stands wetted at thy door: up, cruel Rânî, the cold is spreading from my feet to my head."
(Said the Rânî): "Up, my maid, and open the door: the Râjâ hath come home.
There is a fresh pitcher and cold water: up, Râjâ, and bathe.
There is stale bread and pickled mango: up, Râjâ, and eat.
There is a rickety bed, and old rope cords: come, Râjâ, and lie on it.
There are mosquitoes in my horse, Râjâ: and a crying child in my lap!"*

* All this is sarcastic, levelled at the Râjâ for deserting her for the Gardener's wife.

No. XLIX.

THE LEGEND OF RÂNÎ KOKILÂṄ.

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE HOSHIÂRPUR DISTRICT.

[This variant of this very celebrated Legend, which in itself is as fragmentary and unsatisfactory as the rest, is of considerable help in filling up the gaps left in the versions previously given. It should be read specially in connection with pp. 50-65, Vol. I., and with the two preceding legends.]

[The only new point that turns up is that Râjâ Hoḍî here calls himself the son of Râjâ Haṭiâ of Badnâ. In Vol. I., p. 54, he calls himself the son of Râjâ Aṭkî Mall of Aṭak. There are two districts of the Panjâb which specially claim to be the scene of Râjâ Rasâlû's exploits—Rawalpiṇḍî and Siâlkoṭ—and the story of Kokilâṅ and Hoḍî is usually placed in the former. Every thing, however, connected with Rasâlû is equally placed by some bards in Siâlkoṭ and the neighbourhood, and it is quite possible that this Hoshiârpûr bard, belonging to the Chhaṭṭâs, a tribe of the Gujrânwâḷâ district, may be referring to the Siâlkoṭ district throughout and by Badnâ means Badiânâ in that district. The whole question of the identity of Râjâ Hoḍî is involved in the greatest obscurity, but it seems pretty certain that his home should be referred to the Rawâlpiṇḍî and Peshâwar districts.]

TEXT.

Jis din Kokilâ jamî aur na jamâ ko !

Bich darpan de mukh vekhe behṛe vich khaṛo.

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Gahne âp de lâh lie, maiṅ nâ pîle ḍho.
Asî joban bechnâ, jo koî gâhak ho !"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Je taiṅ joban bechnâ, pakhî ghat bajâr:
Muṅh dî banâî kothṛî lâvîṅ jâke bajâr.
Thoṛâ kajlâ pâke nainî kare bapâr.
Kanâṅ dî kar le takṛî, julfoṅ dî bat le dor.
Jhukdî pâlṛî tol de, tere gâhak lakh karor !"

Rânî Kokilân.

"Je tûn chalâ shikâr nûn, le chal mainûn nâl.
Nîle ghoṛe tûn chaṛhîn, mainûn tule lîe chaṛhâ
Aho, dekh, chugde mirgṛe sang parbat dî oṭ!
Utarke ghoṛon choṭ kar, dekhîn terî choṭ.
Pûchh khanḍrû baḍh le, houṭh na chhaḍî nâl.
Tere mâre mırgale chhalân karan châh châr:
Sâḍe mâre mirgale khaṛe bûhe de bâr!"

Hâr sanghâr lâke bah gaî; mirg patî bahndâ â
Hâr Rânî ne kholke dîtâ mirg de gal pâ.
Râjâ Rasâlû saddâ.

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hîre, mere kol âvîn jâ.
Jûh main de dûn chugan nûn, khûâ deân liwâ."

Baḍhe kan pûchh, te buchhâ dîtâ banâ!

Hîrâ Mirg.

"Mirg main kâlî dhâr dâ, chaṛhke âiâ utâr:
Tere khû dâ main pânî na pî lîâ, nâ jûh nâ chariâ ghâl;
Andosî de baḍhe kan pûchh, te jimme na kaḍhâ gunâh
Hirâ nâm mirgalâ tân kahîn, tere mahilen pâ deven dhâṛ."

Uthon mirg tân tur piâ; âiâ mirgân de pâs.

Mirgân.

"Kithe baṛâe kan pûchh? Tain lâî mirgon nûn lâj!
Jehṛî chankion pûlî nikalî, ralâne dâ kî sawâd?"

Âge Hîrâ boldâ:

Hîrâ Mirg.

"Suno merâ jabâb,
Bâgh Râje Hoḍî dâ chalke karîye birân."

Bich bâgh de âke mirgân de ḍere lathe ân.

Mâlí.

" Râjâ, tere bâgh meṅ paî mirgâṅ dî dhâṛ:
Aisâ tufânî mirgalâ kîtâ bâgh birân.
Marwâ, chambâ khâ liâ, toṛe amb, anâr.
Aisâ tufânî mirgalâ âiâ ḍâr de nâl:
Peḍe ṭakar kahar de mâre sitiâ zamîn de nâl.
Akhîṅ chalke dekh le; kîtâ bâgh birân."

Hírá Mirg.

" Tûṅ Râjâ Ṭhanṭhor dâ, khanḍâ terâ pargâs!
Sone bargî Rânî Kokilâṅ tainûṅ oh de pâveṅ dâs."

Rájá Hoḍî.

" Jhûṭe kaul karendiâ, kanî baithâ gâṅwâ!
Buḍhe dî na jâve gâu khaṛî; chor birthâ jâ!"

Hírá Mirg.

" Âs pujâdiâṅ heṛiâṅ, maiṅ mirg na mârâ jâ!
Uṭhke ghoṛâ chheṛ le, tur paṛ mere nâl."

Rájá Hoḍî.

" Parbat basdiâ totiâ, basdâ kâlî dhâr,
Kithe dâ janambhoṅ hai? Kehṛâ shahr grâṅw?
Kis Râjâ dâ tûṅ hai janwar? Kî hai terâ nâṅ?
Kaun dendâ khân pîwan nûṅ? Kaun hai parbasgâr?*
Asî piâse jal de; sânûṅ bharke pilâ de ḍol.
Dûroṅ âge chalke, sunke terâ sû!"

Totâ.

" Parbat totâ maiṅ basûṅ, basdâ kâlî dhâr,
Gorakh ṭibbe janamiûṅ, oh bhârî thâṅ.
Sâhib dendâ khân pîwan nûṅ; Oh hai parbasgâr!*
Sirkap Râjâ dî beṭrî chhaḍî dhauḷrî chaṛh.
Bhalâ chaheṅ ṭaṭṭû nûṅ moṛîye, tainûṅ karegâ khwâr.
Hath banhke kahindâ, maiṅ ne sach deâṅ sunâ!"

---

* For *parwardigár.*

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Mahileṅ tale phirandiâ, sâdh phire ke chor?
Kî taiṅ ne gaṅwâ le mâṅsâṅ? Kî gaṅwâe ḍhor?"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Nâ gaṅwâ le mâṅsâṅ, asî nâ gaṅwâ lẹ ḍhor.
Laṇḍâ buchâ mirgalâ tere mahile bar gae chor.
Nahîṅ to chor phaṛâ de, nahîn phaṛâ de paiṛ.
Chorâṅ de maile kapṛe; santâṅ dî pat aur.
Lâkh ṭake de âdmî taiṅ banâ lîe cheṛ!
Asî piâse jal de, sânûṅ bharke pilâ de ḍol."

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Pânî pî lîe, sidhâr:—nâ ankhîṅ dekh, na bhul!
Jis rasiâ dî nâr hûṅ, oh de pânâṅ dâ nahîn mul!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Pânâṅ dâ mul chhah ṭake, oṛak âne châr:
Ghar chalke vekh le mere, chaudâh saṭh panihâr!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Merî bargî sohani jangal hirnî *hog*!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Hirnî dâ kî sulâhunâ, jhâṛ paṭaindî jâ?
Je bas pe jâ heṛniâṅ, jân ujâîṅ jâ!
Khal terî kaḍhange heṛi, lainge heth bichhâ!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Kehṛâ terâ parganâ? Kehṛâ shahr grâûṅ?
Kiṣ Râjâ dâ beṭṛâ? Kî hai terâ nâûṅ?"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Badnâ Nagarî parganâ, oho shahr grâûṅ.
Haṭiâ Râjâ dâ beṭṛâ, Hoḍî merâ nâûṅ."

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Mahileṅ sâḍe â jâ, terî aisî levenge sâr.
Ghoṛâ bândh nâl amb de, sohane bâghoṅ de nâl."

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Nârâṅ bhariâṅ gandalâṅ bih dîâṅ, khâîṅ sambhâl sambhâl.
Mahilen *sâde* â jâ, asî levenge sâr."

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Sâman barse meghlâ, barse jhîmbar lâ.
Rukh ḍûbe san kombalî, hâthî mal mal nhâ.
Ghaṛâ ḍûbâ san chapnî, chiṛî tihâî jâ!
Baniâ âsî maṭ kuṭiâ, kapṛe liṭe lâ.
Eh pahelî bujh le, mere chhej par â!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Eh pahelî 'ôs' dî: hor navîṅ koî pâ!"

Rânî Kokilân.

"Jamî thî saṭh gaj: bharjoban gaj châr!
Bâp beṭe ram lî karke iko nâr!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Eh pahelî 'chhâûṅ' dî: hor navîṅ koî pâ!
Je tere bîch hai dharam, chhejî apnî chaṛhâ."

Rânî Kokilâṅ

"Ambar bel, agâs phal; jo seve so khâ!
Mâṅ kuârî, pitâ dhḍ put biyâhwan jâ!
Eh pahelî bujh le, tâṅ tainûṅ chhejî chaṛhâ."

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Maiṅ te nahîṅ bujhî jândî!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Tû meri chhejî â!"

"Chûrî kûtâṅ phut khâṇḍ dî, bahke dastî khâ.
Mûî mainâ mar jân de, tere biyâh karâ dûṅ châr.
Mainâ dâ kî mârnâ? Oh de bich sarîr jind nâ!
Mârâṅ tere bargiâṅ, khaṛî karke bich madân!"

Mahiloṅ se totâ uṛ giâ, uṛâ pankh sambhâl.

Totá.

"Mainûṅ Dhart najar na âwandî, pahunchâ tere pâs,
Mahile tere dhâṛ lag gaî, tainûṅ sujhde shikâr!
Akhiṅ chalke dekh le, tere mandir kîte khwâr!"

Rájá Rasálú.

"Aṭh khûî, nau bârîâṅ, bârî bârî mor:
Itnî pâhrû hundiâṅ, Totâ; mahile kidâ lâge chor?"

Totá.

"Ik jo â giâ Râjpût, mâr karaindâ mâr,
Torâ dhuniâ ṭamak pâṛiâ, ṭukre kîte châr.
Ik kamand siṭiâ Rânî Kokilâṅ, mahile liâ chaṛhâ.
Ohneṅ khede bâjî sâr dî, badhî bhâr uṭhâ."

Rájá Rasálú.

"Kis ne khûâ geriâ? Kaun phirâ bich bâr?
Kis ne pâṛi dâṅtan? Kis ne siṭî khungâr?
Kis ne khâḍî ambalî? Phûṭak siṭâ bûhe bâr!
Kis ne chhejâ mâniâṅ? Ḍhîlî paṛi niwâṛ!"

Age Kokilâṅ boldî:

Rání Kokilán.

"Sun le merâ jabâb.
Maiṅ âpe khûâ geriâ totâ shâmi phirâ bich bâr:
Maiṅ âpe pâṛî dântan, âpe siṭî khungâr:
Bhûkî ne khâḍi ambalî, phûṭak bûhe bâr:
Maiṅ ûnandî ne chhejâṅ mânîâṅ, dhilî paṛi niwâṛ.
Sikar do-pahrâ â giâ, â gaî totâṅ dî ḍâr.
Mainâ totâ laṛ mare, maiṅ hî chhuḍâwanhâr.
Tote ne paṭîâṅ mendhîâṅ, mainâ toṛâ hâr.
Bharte jinhâṅ de mar gae, bure unhâṅ de hâl:
Mainûṅ kallî nûṅ chhaḍ giâ, mere kîne na paî sâr."

Ranî jâdûkhori Râjâ liâ bharmâ:
Hoḍî Râjâ lakû ditiâ, ditiâ saf bich pâ.
Râjâ thâṇḍâ kar liâ, chheji liâ bahâ.
Khânâ kaṭṭhâ khânde, dârû liâ piâ.
Tote ne Hoḍî kaḍhiâ, ijjat chhoḍi nâ.

Totá.

"Ghar âiâ na mariye, lage sagâ bharâ."

Râjâ Rasâlû te Hoḍî ṭur pie, gae bich ujâṛ;
Lagâ tîr ghazab dâ Râjâ Hoḍî siṭiâ mâr.
Mâs oh dâ kaḍh liâ, Rânî Kokilâṅ khândî âp:
Mâs yârâṅ de khândî, khâke pûchhe suwâd.

Khanḍâ, ghoṛâ, istrî; tînoṅ be-îmân.
Khanḍâ na rakhîye mânjke, muṛke pawe kapâl.
Ghoṛâ mahelâ na pâ lîye, oh madân bich dindâ hâr.
Ran na karîye lâḍlî, jad kad kare khwâr.
Mâs yârâṅ de khâḍiâṅ, khâke puchhan suwâd!
Chhaṭṭâ Qâdir Yâr eh banâiâ, âp pâ Bhagwân!

TRANSLATION.

On the day that Kokilâṅ was born may no one else be born.*

She stood in her courtyard looking at her face in a mirror.

Rânî Kokilâṅ.†

"Take back thy jewels, I have not let them soil.‡
I will sell my youth to the first purchaser!"§

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"If thou wouldst sell thy youth take a hut in the *bâzâr*:
Thy beautiful face will get thee a place in the *bâzâr*.
Putting on a little lampblack drive a trade with thy eyes.
Make thy ears into a balance and thy locks into strings.
Weigh out with unbalanced scales and thy customers shall be in hundreds and thousands!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ‖.

"When thou goest a hunting take me with thee.
Mount thy dark grey horse and take me up behind thee.

* It was so inauspicious. † To Râjâ Rasâlû.
‡ *i.e.*, hardly worn them. § Because Rasâlû neglected her.
‖ Scene changes: to Râjâ Rasâlû.

Look, the deer are grazing under the shade of the hills!
Dismount from the horse and shoot and let me see thee shoot.
(Thy shot) pierceth from hoof to lip!
The deer thou strikest runneth forward four paces:
The deer that I strike* stand at my door!"

Putting on her necklace she sat down and the lord of the deer came up to her
Rânî (Kokilân) took off her necklace and put it on the deer's neck.
Râjâ Rasâlû (then) called him up (and said):

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Hîrâ,† come up to me.
I will give thee a pasture to graze, and sink for thee a well."

He then cut off his ears and tail and made him tailless!‡

Hîrâ, the Deer.

"I am a deer of the dark mountain and have come down from it.
I have not drunk the water of thy well, nor have I eaten the grass of thy pasture.
Without fault hast thou shorn ears and tail, for no fault is proved against me.
Thou shalt know my name to be Hîrâ, the deer, when I bring a robber to thy palace."

Then the deer went thence and came to his herd.

* By attracting them by my beauty.

† The name of the deer.

‡ Treacherously out of jealousy.

Herd.

"Whither have gone thy ears and tail? Thou hast shamed the herd!
When bread is cast out of the hearth, can it be taken back?"*

Then spake Hîrâ:

Hîrâ, the Deer.

"Hear my say:
Let us go into the garden of Râjâ Hoḍî and lay it waste."

Going into the garden the herd took up its abode there.

The Gardener.†

"Râjâ, a (robber) herd of deer is in thy garden:
And a destructive deer is laying waste thy garden.
The *marwâ*‡ and the jasmine he has eaten and ruined the mangoes and pommegranates.
A most destructive deer is in the herd:
Strong trees in the garden is he destroying and throwing to the ground.
Come and see with thy own eyes; he hath laid waste the garden."

Hîrâ, the Deer.

"Thou art Râjâ of Ṭhanṭhor§ and thy sword is bright!
I will bring thee to Rânî Kokilâṅ, (bright) as gold."

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"O maker of false promises, that hath lost thy ears!
A (wise) old man does not lose his cow, and the thief goes disappointed away!"

---

* Allusion to the Hindû custom of cooking and eating only within a fixed spot (*chaukâ*) made temporarily sacred for the purpose.
† To Râjâ Hoḍî. ‡ The sweet-scented *artemisia elegans*
§ See below, line 74.

Hirâ, the Deer.

"The huntsman cometh full of hope, but I, the deer, am not to be caught!
Up and spur on thy horse and come with me."

*Râjâ Hoḍi.**

"O parrot of the mountains, that dwellest on the dark hills,
Where was thy birth-place? Where thy city and home?
What Râjâ's parrot art thou? What is thy name?
Who giveth thee to eat and drink? Who is thy protector?
I thirst for water; give me a bucket to drink from.
I am come from afar, hearing thy praises!"

Parrot.

"I, the parrot, dwell in the mountains, in the dark hills:
I was born on Gorakh's hill,† which is a steep place.
God giveth me to eat and drink: He is my protector!
The daughter of Râjâ Sirkap is left in this palace.
If thou wishest thy good, turn thy horse home, or (Râjâ Rasâlû) will bring thee to trouble.
With joined hands I say it, and I tell thee truth!"

Rânî Kokilân.‡

"O wanderer beneath the palace, art a true man or a thief?
Hast thou lost men? or hast thou lost cattle?"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"I have not lost men, nor have I lost cattle.
A thief of a tailless earless deer hath entered thy palace:
Either catch me the thief, or show me his tracks.
Thieves wear dirty clothes; true men are otherwise.
Thou hast turned a wealthy man into a thief!
I thirst for water, give me a bucket to drink from."

---

* To Râjâ Rasâlû's parrot: he has now reached Kokilân's palace.
† See Vol. II. p. 546. Better known as Gorakhnâth's Ṭillâ.
‡ From the palace, seeing Râjâ Hoḍî below.

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Drink thy water and be off: nor look with thy eyes (at me) nor forget thyself!
Whose wife I am, his very shoes are beyond thy value!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"The price of a pair of shoes is six half-pence or four pence at the outside:
Come and see my house, where there are fourteen sixties of water-bearers!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"There *may* be a doe as beautiful as I in the forest!"*

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Why praise the doe that jumps about the bushes?
If she fall into the hands of the huntsman her life is gone!
(Verily) the huntsman shall take thy skin and spread it under him!"

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Where is thy country? Where thy city and home?
What Râjâ's son art thou? What is thy name?"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Badnâ City is my home, that is my city and home.
I am Râjâ Haṭiâ's son, and Hoḍî is my name."

Rânî Kokilâṅ.

"Come to my palace, that I may hear about thee.
Tie thy horse to the mango tree in the beautiful garden."

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"Women are (sugar-)stalks full of poison, one should eat them carefully.
Come to *my* palace, that I may hear about thee."

* But nowhere else.

*Rânî Kokilân**

"The August clouds are raining, raining in torrents.
Trees and their branches are sunk (in the flood) and the elephants are bathing themselves.
The pot and its cover are sunk (in the flood), but the bird still thirsts!
The shopman is robbed in his house and his clothes taken from him.
Solve me this riddle and then come to my couch!"

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"This riddle means 'dew': give me a newer one!"

Rânî Kokilân.

"At birth she was of sixty yards: at full age of four yards!
Father and son both enjoyed the same wife!"

Râja Hoḍî.†

"This riddle means 'shade': give me a newer one!
And if thou art honest, admit me to thy couch."

Rânî Kokilân.

"The stalk in the earth, the fruit in the sky; who follows shall eat.
The mother a virgin, the father the womb, and the son present at the wedding!
Solve me this riddle, and I will admit thee to my couch."

Râjâ Hoḍî.

"I cannot solve it!"‡

Rânî Kokilân.

"(Nevertheless) come to my couch!"

---

* She now commences to ply him with riddles: see Vol. I. p. 42 and Vol. II. p. 335.

† Compare the riddles about Râjâ Rasâlû at p. 307, Vol. XII. of the *Indian Antiquary*.

‡ The stock answer to this riddle is *Kusum* or safflower.

"I will give thee sugared cakes to eat, sit on my hand and eat them.*
Let the dead *mainâ* go, I will give the four to wife.
What use is there in kicking the *mainâ?* She hath no life in her body!
I would strike such as thee in the open plain!"

The parrot flew from the palace, flying with careful wings.

Parrot †.

"Without seeing the earth (very quickly) have I come to meet thee.
Robbers are in thy palace and thou art a hunting!
Come and see with thine own eyes, they are ruining thy palace!"

Râjâ Rasâlû.

"Eight wells, nine windows, and a peacock at each window:
So many guards, Parrot; how can thieves have entered the palace?"

Parrot.

"A mighty Râjpût warior came
And broke thy (challenge) drums‡ and made them into four pieces.
Rânî Kokilân threw down a rope and brought him up into the palace.
They played at *chaupur* together."

Râjâ Rasâlû.§

"Who threw down my well-bucket? Who came in at my door?
Who used a tooth-brush here? Who spat about the place?

---

* Rânî Kokilân says this to the parrot. For explanation: see Vol. I p. 54ff.
† To Râjâ Rasâlû who is out hunting. ‡ See Vol. I. p. 44
§ He has now reached home and is questioning Kokilân.

Who ate these mangoes? The stones are thrown down by the door!
Who lay on my bed? The strings are loose!"

Then said Kokilân:

Rânî Kokilân.

"Hear my answer.
I threw down the well-bucket: the parrot and *mainâ* wandered in at the door.
I used a tooth-brush, and spat about the place:
I was hungry and ate mangoes, and threw the stones about the door:
I was sleepy and lay on thy bed, and so the strings are loose.
At midday there came a flight of parrots:
And the parrot and *mainâ* fought together and I simply separated them.
The parrot dishevelled my locks and the *mainâ* broke my necklace.
Whose husbands are dead are in sad case:
Thou didst leave me alone and no news came to me."

The bewitching Rânî deceived Râjâ (Rasâlû),
And put Râja Hoḍî into a mat and set him up in a corner.
She cooled down Râjâ (Rasâlû's rage) and sat him on her couch.
They ate together and drank wine.
(But) the parrot discovered Hoḍî, and (destroyed his honour).

*Parrot.**

"Slay not thy guest, he is as thy own brother."†

So Râjâ Rasâlû and (Râjâ) Hoḍî went into the wilds,
And there wounded by an arrow Râjâ Hoḍî was slain.

---

* To Râjâ Rasâlû.

† Allusion to the custom of granting sanctuary to any person who has eaten of the householder's food.

(Râjâ Rasâlû) took of his flesh and gave Rânî Kokilâṅ to eat.
Eating her lover's flesh, she remarked on its taste.
"Sword, horse and woman; these three are faithless.*
Keep not thy sword sharp lest it return on thy head.
Feed not thy horse on *mahelâ* beans† or he will turn on the battlefield.
Make not thy wife a darling or she will some day bring thee to sorrow."
Eating her lover's flesh (Rânî Kokilâṅ) remarked on its taste!
Qâdir Yâr Chhaṭṭâ made this poem, by the help of God!‡

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* See Vol. III. p. 225.

† *Phaseolus radiatus*: said to be the most heating of all kinds of pulse.

‡ The name of the Bard: note that by his name he is a Musalmân, while he invokes the Hindû God Bhagwân.

No. L.

AMAR SINGH OF GARH MERṬÂ,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALÂ STATE.*

[The following is the bardic version of a startling incident at the Court of the Emperor Shâhjahân, which once created an immense sensation.]

[In A.D. 1638 the celebrated Râṭhor Râjâ Gaj of Mârwâṛ or Jodhphûr died, leaving two sons—the elder Amar Singh, the hero of this tale, and the younger Jaswant Singh, who succeeded him and became famous in the days of the Emperor Aurangzeb. The turbulent and impracticable temperament of Amar Singh induced the assembled nobles of Mârwâṛ to exclude him from the succession even during the lifetime of his father by the ceremony of *deswâtû* or banishment. Tod, in his *Râjasṭhân*, describes this as consisting of mounting the victim on a black horse, clothed in black with black accoutrements, and turning him out of the State as a perpetual exile. Amar Singh after this betook himself with the following that always hangs on to a Râjpût chief to the Mughal Court at Âgrâ, where he was taken into favor, granted Nâgaur in Bîkâner, a Râṭhor feof,—but never apparently Merṭâ as the bards think—and made a commander of 3,000. On one occasion he had absented himself from duty and was called to task and fined by the Emperor Shâhjahân. The Mîr Bakhshî (Controller of Military Accounts) Sayyid Salâbat Khâṅ was sent to recover the fine, but was told by Amar Singh to go away. On this the Emperor sent for Amar Singh to his presence in the *Dîwân-i-khâs*, (Hall of Private Audience) at Âgrâ, where the irritated Râjpût stabbed Salâbat Khâṅ before the assembled Court. He was thereupon pursued and cut to pieces with many of his retainers near a gate of the fort known to this day as Amar Singh's Gate. This tragic event occurred on the evening of Thursday the 30th of Jumâdîu'l-awwal 1054 A.H. or 25th July 1644 A.D.]

[Tod states that the feof of Nâgaur was nevertheless continued by Shâhjahân to Râî Singh, Amar Singh's son, after whom it devolved successively on Hâthî Singh, Anûp Singh and Indar Singh, which last was dispossessed by the then head of the Râṭhors, and Nâgaur once again annexed to the Jodhpûr State. The descendant of Amar Singh, the head of the Râṭhors by right of birth, after this became and is still but a petty *ṭhâkur* or baron of the Mârwâṛ feudal system.]

TEXT.

Râg Râjâ Amar Sîngh sakna Gaṛh Meṛtâ 'ilâqa Bîkâner.

Sháhjahán Bádsháh se ahilkároṅ ne chughalí khâí, ke 'Rájá Amar Singh muddat se áp ke salám ko nahíṅ áyá,' jis par Sháhjahán ne ḥukm díyá, ke 'sát lákh ke dastak jáve.' Rájá Amar Singh Sháhjahán Bádsháh ke salám ke wáste chalá. Rání ne kahá, ke 'Rájá mat jáo?' Is par Rájá Amar Singh Rání par ghussa húá.

Bhaṛkâ Râjâ Amar Singh mânge hathiâr:
"Rânî, merâ tarkash lâ de zarrî dâ, geṇḍâ dî ḍhâr."
Uṭhî jo Rânî Hâḍiâ, phaṛ lindi bâg:
"Kaun wakt Darbâr dâ? Gâî adhî rât!
Shîsh bharûṅ sharâb de, piâlâ merâ hâth.
Bhar bhar piálâ piâwandî, kartî mushtâk.
Pî le, Râjâ Amar Singh, nâ hove udâs.
Rang mahiloṅ sej bichhâwandî; kar le do bât.
Piû de maiṅ chihṭṭî bhej dûṅ, âveṅ nau lâkh:
Gal kâ hâr jo bech dûṅ, kaṭ jân chhah mâs.
Âj baso rang mahil meṅ, Bâdshâh ko milnâ parbhât."
Ghussâ hoke Rânî ne ik araz sunâî:
"Mar jâ merî mâtâ, jinheṅ Hâḍî jâî!
Mar jâṅ tâî aur chachiâṅ, jinheṅ god khilaî!
Mar jâṅ nâî Brahmanâṅ, jine ne karî sagâî!
Maiṅ beṭî Rajpût dî châkar gal lâî!
Châkar ho te naukarâṅ le pallâ pâî!
Beṛâ rah giâ bîch meṅ, nâ pâr langhâî.
Haṭke ḍolâ phir do bâbal ghar tâiṅ:
Ab dî jâwan phir piû de, dewâṅ Râm duhâî.
Adh-purush Râṭhor de nâ koî kare sagâî!
Pânâṅ jihâ rang thâ, phir gaî zardaî.
Kyâ tujhe dukhṛâ mâl dâ? Kyâ zahmat âî?
Barjûṅ, Râjâ Amar Singh, milnâ nâ jâe:
Âge zulmî Bâdshâh degâ marwâe:
Pairoṅ beṛî, hâthoṅ thokṛî, gal tauk pahinâe!"
Barjâ Râjâ nâ rahâ, ghoṛî chalâî.
Khushî ho Râjâ Amar Singh chalâ Darbâre:
Moharâṅ lîâṅ pesh kar le panj aur châre;

Hâzir leke râkhiâñ Shâhjahân Darbâre.
Dekhkar Shâhjahân Bâdshâh bhartâ hankâre:
Kahâ Salâbat Khâñ nûñ: "Kâm karo hamâre.
Âge âunâ nâ do, Râjpût rakho aṭkâre."
Salâbat Khâñ un Bakhshî dîdâ ṭâre:
"Adab mânke kharâ raho, Râjpût bichâre!
Terî bât ḍigî Darbâr meñ, maiñ kharâ sidhâre."
"Merî tû kyâ bât sañwârdâ? Kartâr sañwâre!"
Amar Singh ḍigâiâ, nâ ḍige, jaisâ parbat bhârî.
"Haṭke kharâ, gañwâriâr! Kyâ kare gañwârî?"
'Gañwâr' kahe se khijtâ bhartâ hankâre:
"Âj kahâ gañwâriâr, kal degâ gârî!
Parsoñ nûñ bâñh pakaṛke kaḍh de Kachahri bârî!"
Jabbal kâḍhî misrî nikalî do dhârî:
Mâre Salâbat Khâñ dî jâ khillî pârî:
Lagî mard de hâth dî nâ rahî wo dhârî.
"Eh le apne sât lâkh, Salâbat piâre!
Kâñṭe dharke jânch le, hor ghâṭ hamâre!"
Khaṛe pukâreñ umre Bâdshâh de piâre:
"Bhalâ kiâ, re Amar Singh, Salâbat mâre!
Bhale bure dâ chughal thâ, taiñ âj guzâre!
Ḍerâ pakaṛo, Râjpût, mere mît piâre;
Mansab likhiâ suber nûñ pakkâ sât hazâre!"
Chaṛh bolâ Shâhjahân Bâdshâh: "Sun, umro, mere:
Khûnî jâne na pâve, mâro tum ghere.
Sab meñ sher kahâute, tum mard badhero!
Hindû mâr Salâbat Khâñ nûñ jâ legâ ḍere."
Râo dî ujaṛ tale na âiâ, ho giâ parere.
Dûr jâ bolâ: "Dillî de Bâdshâh, ab darwâjâ kyûñ bhere?
Kaul deke Rabb de â ḍhokâ nere."
Arjun, duhe Bûṛâ, sâtî shamshere;
Tan lâ de Amar Singh dî, tan gaî udhere:
Paṛdoñ Râjâ Amar Singh lîe jaunḍhar phere.
Sât amîroñ nûñ mârke Râjâ surgdhârî.
Oṛak Amar Singh de laṛde kahârâñ:
Ikkî amîrâñ nûñ mârke, jûjhe chhah kahârâñ.
Râjâ dâ Brahman Râî Gokal Dâs:

Gokal ne sûtî misrî, chokhî Gujrât:
Mârî Mallûko jo ânke jâ kâṭâ mâs:
Chandan rukh kaṭke talwâroṅ ghâiâ.
Râjâ dâ nimak halâl kar Brahman Baikuṇṭh nûṅ dhâiâ.
Kishan Dâs Masalchî ran pherâ changâ:
Mîr Khâṅ de tan nûṅ lâ dîâ kuwat kar jhaṇḍâ.
Dûje mâriâ Hasat Khâṅ dil kar lîâ changâ.
Umre yûṅ lîṭe Darbâr meṅ, jûṅ paṛe Malangâ.
Phuâre* ghâû yûṅ paṛe bhakâbhak, jûṅ bahe Gangâ.
Khâ lî bhajiâ bhâng, yâr, jûṅ chaṛhe tarangâ:
Pachîs amîrâṅ nûṅ mârke nâî dâ ban chalâ sarangâ.

Laṛkâ pûchhe Râm Singh: "Sun, Kishan Dâs,
Tum gae Darbâr meṅ châchâ de nâl.
Mere kyâ châchâ se namṛe? Kyâ milâ inâm?"
"Kyâ kahûṅ, mere Kaṅwarjî? Nâ pûchhe bât!
Râjâ Amar Singh nûṅ us ne kahâ 'gaṅwâr'!
Loth paṛî, Kaṅwarjî, Kachahrî pâs.
Ṭhokar mâreṅ Mughal, yâr, gal kaṭeṅ mâs!"
Sun sun bâtâṅ Râm Singh ho gîâ udâs.
"Merî dharî rahin do pâlkî, ghar jâo, kahâr:
Apne mahaloṅ so raho, jis se piârî nâr.
Mere dhore woh rahe bânḍhe talwâr."
Ghoṛe kâzâ kar dîe kîle† de bâr.
Darwâze toṛe kîle de kuhâṛe nâl.
Kîle de andar jâ baṛâ pân sau jawân.
Misrî bajî kîle meṅ paṛte jhankâr;
Saudâ tole sarohîoṅ nar kare bampâr.
Kesrânî jâmâ ho gaî, jihâ khenḍâ gulâl.
Pân sau meṅ se laṛkâ Râm Singh lâiâ do sau sâṭh.

Kahe Rânî Hâḍiâ: "Merî bândî, dauṛ;
Mahiloṅ sej bichhâ de, thoṛî post ghol.
Âge Râjâ Amar Singh â gae Râṭhor!"
Unche chaṛhke dekhdi bândî nâdân.

---

* For *fawâre*, a jet, spring of water.

† For *qila*

"Rânî, nâ Ḍomâṅ dî joṛîâṅ, nâ lâl abâb!
Khâli tarkash bâjdî, dal geṇḍâ ḍhâl!"

Jad bândî ne Rânî se kihâ, ke "Sab chîzâṅ dikhlâî dindî haiṅ, magar Râjâ nahîṅ dikhdâ." Rânî ne eh bât sunke apne man meṅ ghussa karke kihâ, ke "Merâ Râjâ baṛâ bahâdur hai." Jad sabh mardmâṅ mahil meṅ âkar jamâ hoe, tâṅ Rânî ne puchhiâ, ke, "Hamârâ Râjâ kahâṅ rihâ?" Tâṅ sipâhîâṅ ne jawâb dîâ, ke "Râjâ tâṅ Surg sidhâre!" Itnî sunke Rânî zâr zâr rone lagî, aur tamâm mahil meṅ shor ghul hoiâ. Rânî ne bândî se kihâ, ke "solâh singâr merâ utâr lo, sârî khushî Râjâ de nâl gaî!" Rânî ne solâh singâr battîs abran, sabh utâr lîâ aur kihâ ke "sîṭ katâṛâ lâo, maiṅ khâkar mar jâûṅ. Râjâ merâ mar gîâ, Pâdshâh mainûṅ pakaṛke dîn se be-dîn karegâ, aur chakkî piswâkar dânâ dilwâ degâ. Us biptâ se bihtar hai, ke âp hî mar jâûṅ." Itnî kahkar Rânî ne apne hâth se gale meṅ talwâr mârî aur foran mar gaî. Jad Bâdshâh ne eh hâl sunâ, nihâyat afsos kîâ, aur jo kuchh ke jâgîr Râjâ Amar Singh dî thî, us dî fauj nûṅ bakhsh dî.

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Râjâ Amar Singh of Gaṛh Merṭâ in Bîkâner.

His courtiers told tales to Shâhjahân, the Emperor, saying that Amar Singh had not been to pay his respects for a long while, on which Shâhjahân issued an order that a demand for seven lâkhs (of rupees) was to be made upon him. So Râjâ Amar Singh went to Shâhjahân, the Emperor, to pay his respects. His Rânî, however, said to him, 'Go not, Râjâ,' on which Râjâ Amar Singh became angry with his Rânî.

At once Râjâ Amar Singh ordered his arms, (saying):
"Rânî, bring me my jewelled quiver and my golden shield."
Up got Rânî Hâḍiâ and seized his reins, (and said):
"Is this a time for the Court? It is past midnight!
I fill thee a flask of wine, the cup is in my hand.
I fill the cup for thee to drink and make merry.
Drink it, Râjâ Amar Singh, and be not sorrowful.

I spread a bed in the painted palace, let us talk together there.
I will send a letter to my father* and he will send nine *lâkhs* (of rupees).
And I will sell my necklace from my neck, on which we can live for six months.
Stay to-day in the painted palace and go the King in the morning."
In her anger prayed the Rânî:
"May the mother die, that bore me Hâḍiâ!
May the aunt and uncle die, that brought me up!
May the barber and the Brâhman die, that arranged my marriage!
For I the Râjpût's daughter have embraced a servant!†
Have been given to the servant of a slave!
My boat hath remained in the midst (of the stream) and hath not crossed over.‡
Send me back to my father's house.
Now would I return to my father, and claim the protection of God.
No one should marry into the Râṭhors, the first of men!
Thy hue was fresh as betel leaves and has now become pale.
What loss is there in property? What evil hath come?
I entreat thee, Râjâ Amar Singh, go not (to the King):
For the cruel King will slay thee:
He will put fetters on thy feet, handcuffs on thy hands and a weight round thy neck!"
The Râjâ would not listen to her entreaty and urged on his mare.
With pleasure Râjâ Amar Singh went to the Court:
And presented four or five gold *mohars*,

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* She was the daughter of the Râjâ of Bûndî.

† A taunt levelled at her husband for coming under the power of the Musalmâns.

‡ Idiom: I am in great trouble.

And laid them before Shâhjahân in Court.
As soon as he saw him Shâhjahân the King called out,
And said to Salâbat Khân: "Do my bidding.
Let not the Râjpût come forward, keep him back."
Salâbat Khân, the Controller, cast his eyes on him,
(And said): "Stand and be respectful, thou wretched Râjpût!
Thy fame hath fallen in the Court, and I keep watch (over thee)."
"How can'st thou watch over me? God shall watch!"
Amar Singh, like a great mountain, was not to be kept back.
(Said Salâbat Khân): "Stand back, thou boor! What wilt thou with thy boorishness?"
Incensed at the word 'boor' (Amar Singh) called out!
"To-day he calls me a boor to-morrow he will abuse me!
Next day he will take me by the arm and put me out of Court!"
In his wrath he drew his dagger and struck twice:
He struck Salâbat Khân and went through him:
Struck by a warrior's hand the blow stayed not.
"Take this for thy seven *lâkhs*, friend Salâbat!
Take thy scales and weigh them out!"
Called out a trusty noble of the King:*
"Well hast thou done, Amar Singh, to slay Salâbat!
To-day hast thou slain a tale-bearer!
Go home, Râjpût, my beloved friend,
I will have thee made in the morning commander of a good 7,000!"
Up came the King Shâhjahân and spake: "Hear, my nobles:
Let not the murderer escape, surround him and slay him.
Ye are lions among all men, and great warriors!
The Hindû hath slain Salâbat Khân and hath gone home."

---

* Arjun Ghor according to Tod's account: he was Amar Singh's brother-in-law. This was said to quiet down Amar Singh.

The Râjâ's (Amar Singh's) blow did not reach (the King) and he went within.
From a distance (Amar Singh) exclaimed: "King of Dillî, why hast shut thy gates?
I came to thee deceived by the oath in God."
Arjun* and Burâ drew their swords,
Struck at Amar Singh and pierced his body,
And Râjâ Amar Singh lay stretched (upon the ground).
After slaying seven nobles Râjâ (Amar Singh) went to heaven.
Afterwards Amar Singh's litter-bearers took up the fight,
And slew twenty-one nobles with the loss of six bearers.
The Râjâ's priest was Râî Gokal Dâs,
And Gokal drew his sword, forged in Gujrât.†
And struck Mallûko,‡ who came up, and cut into his flesh,
And having cut down this splendid tree he was destroyed by swords.
True to the salt of the Râjâ the Brâhman entered Heaven,
Then Kishan Dâs the Torch-bearer rushed into the fray
And inflicted a mighty blow on Mîr Khâṅ,
And next he struck Hasat Khâṅ with a brave heart.§
The nobles strewed the Court, as fall Malangs.||
Blood gushed forth in a bubbling stream, as flows the Ganges.
Like one who is filled with *bhang*, my friends,¶ when the intoxication rises,
After slaying twenty-five nobles, the barber became famous.

Said the youth Râm Singh: "Hear, Kishan Dâs,**

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* See above, line 48.
† Meaning Gujrât in the Panjâb, famous for its cutlery.
‡ A noble of the Court according to the bard.
§ Door-keeper of the palace according to the bard.
|| Malangs are militant Muhammadan fanatics.
¶ To the audience.
** Amar Singh's Torch-bearer: See above, line 71.

Thou wentest to the Court with my uncle.
How fared my uncle there? What reward obtained he?"
"What shall I say, my Prince? Ask me not!
Râjâ Amar Singh was called a boor!
And his body lies, Sir Prince, near the Court.
The Mughals spurn it, my friend, and cut its flesh!"
Hearing these words, Râm Singh became sorrowful.
(Said he): "Put down my litter, and go you home, my bearers:
Let them stay at home that have cherished wives.
Let those stay with me that fasten on swords."
They rested their horses at the fort gate,
And broke open the fort gate with axes.
Five hundred warriors entered the fort.
Swords flashed in exchange in the fort;
And dauntless warriors struck bargains with their swords.
Their robes became red, as if they were playing with *gulâl*.*
Out of five hundred the youth Râm Singh brought back two hundred and sixty.

Said Rânî Hâḍiâ: "Run, my maid;
Spread the couch in the palace, and mix a little opium.
For Râjâ Amar Singh the Râṭhor cometh!"
The silly maid went up to the roof to see (and said):
"Rânî, I see not the drums of the musicians, nor the red lutes!
The quiver rattles empty and the yellow shield is in the crowd!"

When the maid said to the Rânî that she could see everything except the Râjâ, the Rânî heard her and became angry, saying, "My Râjâ is a great warrior!" And when all the warriors collected in the palace the Rânî asked them, "Where hath my Râjâ

* A red powder thrown over each other by the revellers at the Holî festival.

stayed ?" Then the men answered, "Thy Râjâ hath gone to Heaven !" Hearing this she wept bitterly and there was a cry through all the palace. Said the Râni to the maid; "Take off my sixteen ornaments, for all my joy hath gone with the Râjâ !" The Rânî took off all her sixteen ornaments and her thirty-two jewels* and said, "Bring me a dagger that I may stab myself and die. My Râjâ is dead and the King will seize me and despoil me of my faith† and giving me a hand-mill to grind will make me live on it. To kill myself is better than such misfortune." Saying this the Rânî struck her own neck with a sword and died at once.‡ When the King heard of this he was very sorrowful and gave to Râjâ Amar Singh's following all the lands he had held.

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* See Vol. I. p. 452.

† Several Râjpût princesses had before this been forced into marriage with the Musalmân Emperors.

‡ Tod says that Amar Singh's body was removed by his wife and burnt.

No. LI.

RÂJÂ PIRTHÎ SINGH OF JODHPÛR,

AS TOLD BY A BARD AT AMBÂLÂ.

[The following legend is the Panjâbî bardic version or rather distortion of the tale of the tragic death of Pṛithivî Singh, son of Râjâ Jaswant Singh of Jodhpûr and nephew of the Amar Singh whose story has just been related. As usual the bard has managed to confuse the history he has undertaken to preserve, and perhaps the best way to account for what he has recorded is to give a plain version of the historical facts as they really occurred.]

[Râjâ Gaj Singh of Jodhpûr left two sons Amar Singh and Jaswant Singh, of whom the younger, Jaswant Singh, succeeded him in 1638 A.D., under circumstances explained in page 242 *ante*. Râjâ Jaswant Singh's son and heir was Pṛithivî Singh, the hero of this tale, who died in so sudden and startling a manner in 1680 A.D., that his death has caused a deep impression on the native mind of having been occasioned by the treachery of the Emperor Aurangzeb—a monarch who has left behind him an unenviable reputation for unscrupulous guile.]

[Râjâ Jaswant Singh bitterly opposed Aurangzeb when the latter was striving for the throne of his father Shâhjahân, and was moreover a friend and officer of Aurangzeb's opponent and elder brother Dârâ Shikoh. He also soon after the accession of Aurangzeb, at the battle of Kajwâ in 1658 treacherously seized the Royal camp and carried off its treasure to Jodhpûr. The story of the subsequent relations of Aurangzeb and his powerful vassa' is that of a succession of mutual intrigues, during which they were ostensible friends, the Râjpût holding several governments in succession from the Crown, ending with the mission of keeping the turbulent Paṭhâns of Kâbul in proper check. On this expedition Jaswant Singh started in 1670, leaving behind him, as his representative, his son and heir Pṛithivî Singh. In 1680 Aurangzeb sent for Pṛithivî Singh and received him with much courtesy, giving him a *khila't* or robe of honour, which by etiquette he was obliged to wear on leaving the Court. On reaching his house he died suddenly in great pain that same evening, and from that day to this his death has been attributed to the poison in the robe. There is, however, of course, no evidence to show that the robe was poisoned and how it came to affect his health so rapidly. Jaswant Singh died soon afterwards in 1681 at Kâbul heart-broken, it is said, at the news of the death of Pṛithivî Singh, which came on top of that of his two other sons, Jagat Singh and Dalthamnâ Singh, at Kâbul. He was succeeded by a posthumous son, Ajît Singh, who afterwards became famous and was finally murdered in 1725 by his own son Bakht Singh. This crime was the cause of the break-up of the Râṭhors from the intestine strife it gave rise to.]

[While Ajit Singh was still a babe, Aurangzeb made an attempt to seize his person, but was foiled by the fidelity of Durgâ Dâs, a servant, who carried him safely to Mârwâṛ in a basket of sweetmeats. Durgâ Dâs is alluded to in the following legend, though wrongly.]

[In line 29 of the legend the version told by Tod of the last interview between Aurangzeb and Pṛithivî Singh seems to be alluded to. The bardic story of the lions is naturally pure tall talk. Tod's story is this. When Pṛithivî Singh went to see Aurangzeb in Court the great Emperor took him firmly by both his folded hands and said, "It is told me that you possess as nervous an arm as your father: what can you do now?" "God preserve Your Majesty," he replied, "when the Sovereign of mankind lays the hand of protection on the meanest of his subjects, all his hopes are realized; but when he condescends to take both mine I feel as if I could conquer the world!" His vehement and animated gesture after this speech gave full force to his words and Aurangzeb quickly exclaimed: "Ah, here is another *khuṭan* (villain)"—a term he always used towards Jaswant Singh. However, out of policy he gave him a *khila't* and honoured him as above stated.]

[Two other persons of note are alluded to in the legend.—Sarbuland Khâṅ and Dârâ Shikoh. Sarbuland Khâṅ belongs to times posterior to those of the legend and so the allusion to him is wrong. He was Governor of Gujarât under the Emperor Muḥammad Shâh and was dismissed; Râjâ Abhai Singh, son of Ajit Singh and so grandson of Jaswant Singh and nephew of Pṛithivî Singh, being appointed his successor. They had a fight in 1727 in which Sarbuland Khâṅ was defeated. That is all the connection he really has with the house of Jodhpûr.]

[Dârâ Shikoh's defeat, capture and execution in 1659 are well known matters of history and there is nothing to show that Jaswant Singh had any concern in them, as the legend presumes.]

Qissa Râjâ Pirthî Singh Pisar Râjâ Gajjâ Singh Wâlî Jodhpûr.

Bayán kiá giá hai, ke Rájá Pirthí Singh, birádar Jaswant Singh, Naurang Sháh Khándán Sháhán Dehlí ke 'ahad meṅ húá, jis se is ne laṛáí kí, magar maghlúb húá.

Simrûṅ Sâhib apnâ, bhaj Nandî Mâî.

Bakhshî Sher Buland Khâṅ ne chughlî khâî.
Khojâ ne hukam dîâ: "De jâ chilam tarâe."
Misrî sûtî miyâṅ se khojâ ko bâheṅ:
Do dhaṛ nâcheṅ dharan par Kachahrî mâṅh.

Dekhe Bâdshâh chambhe ho jâe.
Baiṭh takht par Bâdshâh Jaswant bulâe:
"Tumhâre baghal meṅ Râjpût, Rânî kâ jâe:—
Tumhâre is bîran kâ nâm kyâ? Do hameṅ batâe."
"Mâṅ bâp ne kîâ chââ, nâûṅ baṛâ badhâyâ.
Mere bîran kâ nâûṅ Pirthî Singh Gobind kâ pâyâ:
Chhoṭe kâ Partâp Singh, sûrat kâ sâyâ."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh man meṅ khunsâyâ:
"Tum Pirthî Singh ke yâr, maiṅ kaun kahâyâ?
Mere bâis sher âe; umukte ik kehrî âyâ!
Pirthî Singh ko do jatâ: 'Bâdshâh ne farmâyâ!'"
Itnî sunke Jaswant man meṅ ghabarâyâ;
Apnâ ghoṛâ chheṛkar bhâî pe âyâ:
"Bhalâ kîâ, re Pirthî Singh, Bâdshâh ne bulâyâ,
Bâdshâh ne sher kâ tere gail jang karwâyâ."
Itnî sunke Pirthî Singh man meṅ ghabarâyâ:
"Abhî kaho Bâdshâh ko, sher ko le âve."
Sher Kachahrî Bâdshâh âyâ, âm tamâshâ.
Pirthî Singh, sûrat sohnâ, bharîâroṅ sâchâ,
Ik hâth meṅ lîe tegh, dûjâ dhulwâsâ;
Dîâ pukârâ sher ko, talwâr nikâsâ.
Kehrî âyâ zor meṅ; toṛ dîe dhulwâsâ.
Dûjâ kehrî bâhwâ, bhar zor nikâsâ.
Punje pakaṛe hâth meṅ, kar sidhâ rakhâ;
Mârî bagothî sher ko, gaî kalam tarâshî:
Ik sher ke do kare, jaise patar nâche.
Dekhke Naurang Badshâh chambhe ho jâtâ:
"Âj mârâ merâ kehrî sher, kal hameṅ binâse!
Pirthî Singh ko deûṅ siropâ sunerî."
Uṭh chalâ thâ Bâdshâh, sang chalî Kachahrî.

Râjpûtâṅ se karî bâd Naurang Shâh bairî:
Bholâ Kaṅwar jâne nahîṅ siropâ jo pahrî:
Jaise amlî ghûme amal meṅ, ḍang lâe gîâ zahrî;
Kul chhote Râjpût kî kâyâ ho gaî ḍharî.
Khidmatgâr lagâe do sewâ kario gahrî.
"Bîran bîran," kûkiâ, "mera"; bîr ne bolâ.

Dhore khaṛâ Partâp Singh ; muṅh kholâ pallâ :
"Merî ṭûṭ gaî bâṅh dûrî, maiṅ rah gîâ akelâ.
Maut nimânî bag gaî, ghâû do gaî jholâ."
Dhore khaṛâ Partâp Singh, bhar âṅsû royâ:
"Mere baṛe bîran Pirthî Singh kis nindra soyâ ?
Merâ ran maṇḍal, kul kâ singâr, kahâṅ ân chhipâyâ ?"
Jamnâjî ke nikaṭ ghât le chandan dhoyâ ;
Pirthî Singh ko dîâ dâgh ; Râjpûtâṅ ne nahân rachâyâ.

Itnî sunke Bâdshâh parwânâ mangwâyâ ;
Jabhî to Naurang Bâdshâh likhkar bhajî fardî :
"Jis din kâ mar gîâ Pirthî Singh bâdshâhî merî adhî.
Merî dil kî dil meṅ rah gaî, man hûâ bairâgî."
Fardî bânchî Jaswant Singh ; jhaṭ fardî phâṛî :
"Tum aisî bâteṅ likheṅ ; kîâ kapṭî be-ḍardî ?
Log dikhâwâ karo, kîâ matbal ke garjî !
Pirthî Singh ke marâṅ te nau kûṇṭî larzî !"

Âskaran ke Durg Dâs ne Kachahrî lâî.
"Hai koî dil meṅ sûrmâ mukh bîṛâ khâve ?"
Jis ke tan meṅ lag rahî, nâ bujhan bujhâe :
Bîṛâ uṭhâyâ Partâp Singh ne ; bhâîyân nûṅ jhukke sîs niwâe.
Nau kûṭî chaṛh gaî Mârwâṛ, ayânâ syânâ,
Shekhû Shâhzâdâ ke sîs par bâh dîâ tang tânâ.
Haude se nîchhe dîâ ger, jaise burj purânâ.
Dekhke Naurang Bâdshâh dil meṅ ghabarâyâ :
"Tum, bhâî, haṭ jâo, jo Rabb ne châhâ !"
Itnî sunke Jaswant Singh ghoṛâ mangwâyâ ;
Begameṅ lûṭeṅ kile meṅ, khizânâ luṭwâyâ.
Bâdshâh kâ Khizânâ lûṭkar nukârâ bajwâyâ.
Râjâ chale gharâṅ nûṅ ṭamak bajwâyâ.

Manziloṅ manziloṅ chalke Jodhpûr meṅ âyâ.
Rânîâṅ châroṅ bhâîoṅ kî chaukîâṅ bichhwâyâ :
Râjâ chaṛh gae chaukîâṅ, hâth thâl diwâî.
Bolî Rânî Ranrûp Kaṅwar, bhar araj lagâî :
"Râjâ Pirthî Singh nâ dekhtî, tumhâre bhâî.

Yâ bîran ko marwâe? Sach deo batâe!"
Itnî sunke Jaswant Singh mukh âṅsû lâyâ:
"Pirthî Singh mar gîâ, kile meṅ Dillî jahâṅyâ."
Itnî sunke Rânî ne bolî lâe:
"Aise Râjâ Pirthî Singh hâth na âe!"
Itnî sunke Rânî ko de dîâ duhâg;
Chandar Kaṅwar Rânî ko dîâ suhâg.

The Story of Râjâ Pirthî Singh, son* of Râjâ Gajjâ Singh, Lord of Jodhpûr.

It is said that Râjâ Pirthî Singh, brother† of (Râjâ) Jaswant Singh, lived in the days of Royal House of Naurang Shâh (Aurangzeb) of Dehli, with whom he fought and by whom he was defeated.

I (first) worship my Lord‡ and praise Mother Nandî.§

Sher Buland Khân|| the Commander told tales.
Said the (Royal) eunuch (to Râjâ Pirthî Sing): "Do thou light the (Royal) pipe."
(The Râjâ) drew his sword and thrust it through the eunuch,
And the two halves leapt upon the ground in the open Court.
The King saw it and was astonished.
Sitting on his throne the King sent for (Râjâ) Jaswant,
(And said): "The Râjpût by thy side, the son of a Queen:—
What is the name of this thy brother?¶ Tell me."
"His father and mother for love of him gave him a great name.**

---

* Properly grandson. † Really son. ‡ Krishna in this case.
§ *i.e.* Yasodâ, the wife of Nanda, the foster-father of Krishna.
|| For Sarbuland Khân: see introduction to the tale.
¶ Prithvi Singh was the son, not the brother, of Jaswant Singh, as this legend makes him out.
** Prithivî Singh means Lion of the Earth, and the name moreover was very famous as being that of the celebrated Râi Pithaurâ of Dehlî in the 12th Century A.D.

My brother's name is Pirthî Singh, granted him by Gobind :*
The younger one is Partâp† Singh, the pride of beauty."
Hearing this the king grew furious in his heart,
(And said) : "You would be a partisan of Pirthî Singh; what do you think of me?
I have two and twenty lions just arrived, one stands roaring now!
Go and warn Pirthî Singh that the King hath said this!"
Hearing this Jaswant was anxious in his heart
And gallopping his horse to his brother, (he said):
"The King hath done well to call thee, Pirthî Singh.
The King hath made up a battle between thee and a lion."
Hearing this Pirthî Singh became anxious in his heart, (and said) :
"Tell the King to have the lion ready at once."
The lion came to the King's Court and (there was) a public show.
Pirthî Sing, beautiful of form and true to his master,
Took his sword in one hand and in the other his shield,
And calling out to the lion drew his sword.
The lion came on with great force and broke the shield.
But the other lion‡ confronted him in his strength.
He seized his paws in his hand and stood him up straight,
And he struck the lion a blow, which went through him;
And the two parts of the lion danced (apart) like leaves.
When Naurang Shâh§ saw this he was astonished,
(And said to himself) : "To-day he hath slain my lion, to-morrow he will ruin me!

---

* *i.e.* Kṛishṇa, *i.e.* God.

† This hero does not seem to be otherwise known to history. He was really a younger brother of Jaswant Singh.

‡ *i.e.* Pṛithivî Singh, the hero.

§ The usual bardic and vulgar form of the name of Aurangzeb.

I will give Pirthî Singh a golden robe."
Up gat the King and his Court followed him.

Naurang Shâh had henceforth a great enmity with the Râjpûts.
The foolish prince knew not the robe he wore,
And the poison of it entered him, as drunkenness encompasses the drunkard,
And all the body of the young Râjpût fell down.
His attendants did him all service.
His brother (Partâp Singh) called out "my brother, my brother."
Partâp Singh stood by and removed the sheet from his face, (and said):
"My other arm is broken,* and I am left alone.
Cruel death hath wounded me, and the bag (of life) is burst."
Partâp Singh stood by and wept tears, (saying):
"With what sleep doth my elder brother Pirthî Singh sleep?
Where hath my hero in the field and the glory of my house hidden himself?"
They placed his sandal-wood pyre by the banks of the Jamnâ,
And burning Pirthî Singh, the Râjpûts bathed.

Hearing of this the King sent for paper,
And Naurang the King sent a letter at once:—
"My kingdom is injured from the day Pirthî Singh died.
My heart is sad† and my soul bereaved."
Jaswant Singh read the letter and tore it up at once (saying):
"You that write such words have acted in cruel hypocrisy!
You deceive the people, and have done your desire!

* Conventional phrase for "my brother is dead."
† *lit.*, (the desires of) my heart have remained in my heart.

At the death of Pirthî Singh the nine divisions (of Mârwâṛ) tremble !"

Durg Dâs,* the son of Âskaran, held a Court,
(And said): "Is there any hero at heart here that will put the betel leaves to his lips?"†
He in whose body rage (the heroic fires) that cannot be put out,
Partâp Singh took up the betel leaf and bowed his head to the brethren.
All the nine divisions of Mârwâṛ advanced, old and young,
And struck off the head of Prince Shekhû‡ and hung it up.
They threw him down from his elephant-litter as (one would) an old tower.
When Naurang Shâh saw this he was agitated in his heart,
And said: "Do you, my brethren, retreat; it is the will of God!"
Hearing this Jaswant Singh sent for his horse,
And robbed the ladies in the fort and the treasury.
Robbing the Royal Treasury he sounded his drums (of victory).
The Râjâ returned home sounding his drums.

Stage by stage he travelled and came to Jodhpûr.§
The Queens of the four brothers‖ spread seats for them,
And when the Râjâ sat thereon, they put a platter into his hand.
Spake Rânî Ranrûp Kâṅwar,¶ saying:
"I do not see thy brother Râjâ Pirthî Singh.

---

* The uncle of Jaswant Singh according to the bard, but see introduction.

† See Vol. I. p. 43, etc. ‡ Dârâ Shikoh: see introduction.

§ All this is a mistake. Jaswant Singh died at Kâbul, and never returned home after his son's death.

‖ *i.e.* of Jaswant, Amar, Pirthî and Partáp.

¶ The chief of Jaswant Singh's Queens according to the bard.

Hast had thy brother killed? Tell me the truth!"
Hearing this Jaswant Singh wept:
"Pirthî Singh died and was burnt in the fort at Dehlî."
Hearing this said the Rânî:
"Such an one as Râjâ Pirthî Singh shall never be again!"
Hearing this (Jaswant Singh) made this Rânî a widow,*
And made Rânî Chandar Kanwar into a wife."

---

* *i.e.* Being displeased at this speech, he displaced Rânî Ranrûp from being his chief Queen and set up Rânî Chandar Kanwar in her place. This is the bard's story.

No. LII.

THE SONG OF GÛGÂ,

AS RECORDED BY MIRZÂ HUSSAIN OF DEHLÎ FROM A LOCAL BARD.

[This important variant of the Legend of Gurû Gûgâ has been most carefully taken down, and represents faithfully all the vagaries of the local bardic dialect. It should, of course, be read with the version given at pp. 121-209, Vol. I.]

[The chief point about this poem is that it brings the story of Gûgâ into history in the *usual* bardic fashion of Râjpûtânâ, divesting it, as far as possible, of the miraculous and giving it a specific date *St.* 1369 or 1312 *A.D.* The history is naturally a little 'mixed,' but not more so than is ordinarily the case of such compositions when meant to be historical.]

[The usual version of Gûgâ's story—so far as it may be called historical—is that he died defending his country against Maḥmûd of Ghaznî in the latter's last expedition into India in 1024 *A.D.*; whereas this legend makes him out to have conquered Firoz Shâh of Dehlî, when that monarch took the part of the Saint's twin half-brothers Arjun and Sarjun in a characteristic quarrel over the division of the ancestral property, and to have died afterwards in 1312 *A.D.*]

The Firoz Shâh of Dehlî, who, according to the bard, was thus defeated by Gûgâ, would chronologically be Firoz Shâh Khiljî, who reigned 1282-1296, but the indications contained as to the bard's meaning in verse 27ff point to his intending Firoz Shâh Tughlaq (Bârbak), who reigned 1351-1388, to be his hero. As to the other prominent persons mentioned in the tale by name, those who figure as partisans of the Dehlî king do not need mention here, the bard having, so for as the names can be identified, apparently drawn on Indian Musalmân history generally; but those on Gûgâ's side are very interesting. Bâlâ Ghâzî *alias* Sâlâr Ghâzî, the well-known hero of the ballad given at pp. 99-120 of Vol. I., appears as Gûgâ's partisan and nephew (sister's son), though beyond all doubt he was really the nephew of Maḥmûd of Ghaznî. He was most probably, however, a contemporary of Gûgâ. Nar Singh the family priest of Gûgâ and a Brâhmaṇ, Bhajjû his household scavenger, and Fatteḥ Singh Chauhân his kinsman, also appear as partisans. Now at the shrines of Gûgâ in the Panjâb are commonly to be seen associated with him figures of Nar Singh, Bhûre Singh and Kâle Singh, the last two being identified by the bard with Bhajjû and Fatteḥ Singh. This poem, therefore, is valuable as explaining who these personages are in the popular estimation. Fatteḥ Singh is called by the bard the *pagarî-badal bhâî* of Gûgâ, *i.e.*, a man who, by exchange of *pagarîs* or turbans, had sworn a close offensive and defensive alliance with him.]

TEXT.

Gît Gûge kâ.

Joṛe.

"Mâtâ kahoṅ ki Mâusî? Tû lage Dharam kî Mâ.
Yĕ Dadreṛe gâm meṅ thoṛâ biswâ ham ko dîwâ:
Âdhâ kûhâ bâorî;* âdhâ khet aur kiyâr;
Âdhâ ṭaṭṭû ṭâirî; âdhâ dhan aur mâr."

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Âwan do ghar Pîr ko; âdhâ lo dhan mâr;
Âdhâ lo ṭaṭṭû ṭâirî; lo âdhâ khet kiyâr."

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Gûgâ.

The Twins.†

"Shall we call thee Mother or Aunt? Thou art our sworn mother.
Get us a small share in this village of Dadreṛâ.
Half the wells and reservoirs; half the fields and beds;
Half the horses and mares; half the wealth and goods."

Queen Bâchhal.

"Let the Saint‡ come home, and then take half the wealth and goods,
Half the horses and mares, and half the fields and beds."

---

* For *bâolî*: *l* is frequently interchanged with *r* throughout this poem.

† To their aunt Bâchhal and mother of Gûgâ: See *Legend of Gurû Gûgâ* in Vol. I., which also see as to Arjun and Sarjun, the twin half-brothers of Gûgâ.

‡ *i.e.* Gûgâ and so on throughout the poem.

Jore.

"Tû Mâtâ, tû Mâusî; ham âe tere dwâr.
Purjâ* ham ko lekh dîe; tirâ likhâ rahe parwâr."

Harapht† shiâhî‡ ḍâlne, kalam dawât mangâe.
Kaheṅ§ Sitâbî:—se dhanî kismat gaî palṭâ khâe.
Khabar hûî us Auliâ; le Lîlî bâg uṭhâe.
Âwat dekhâ Pîrjî, purjâ lîâ lukâe.

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Gûgâ, ye mausîr haiṅ, bhum-bhâî kar le:
Yâ Dadreṛe gâm meṅ biswâ in ko de."

The Twins.

"Thou art our Mother and thou art our Aunt; we are come to thy door (as suppliants).
Give us a document: thy writing will ever avail."

For (writing) the letters in ink, they sent for pen and ink.
Saith Shitâbî:||—the fate of the wealthy changed at once.
The Saint heard of it and gave rein to Lîlî.¶
(When the Twins) saw the Saint coming they hid the document.

Queen Bâchhal.

"Gûgâ, these are my nephews,** make them brethren†† in the land.
Give them a share in this village of Dadreṛâ."

---

* For *purza*: z and j are frequently interchanged throughout the poem.
† For *harf*, f and ph is also a constant interchange.
‡ So is s for sh: here *shidhi* is for *sidhi*.
§ For *Shitâbî*: see preceding line.
|| Shitâbî, a bard, is the author of the poem.
¶ The dark-grey mare identified with Gûgâ and with Rasâlû and Sarwar as well.
** *i.e.* sons of her sister Kâchhal.
†† *i.e.* shareholders.

Gúgâ.

"Kâkâ ke, na tâû ke; gotî bhâî nâe.
Sun, he Mâtâ bâwarî, tû biswâ kaise diwâe?
Biswe baten kupût ke: hînâ ho so de!
Ye biswe Chauhân ke koî tarwâran bal le!"

Joṛe.

"Jâhir, toe mâreṅ jîû se, len Dadreṛe chhîn!
Ham Joṛe âṛ ke dhanî: tire Bâgaṛ baseṅ amîn."

Gúgâ.

"Jâte raho, re Joṛîyo: nâhakk na audas lûṅ.
Hukm nahîṅ gur pîr kâ. Kahâ binâsoṅ dûṅ?"

Gúgâ.

"They are not sons of my father's elder or younger brother: they are not brethren of my family (name).
Hear, foolish Mother, how can you give them a share?*
A bastard might give a share, or the conquered!
Let them take the share of the Chauhân by the power of the sword!"

The Twins.

"Zâhir,† we will slay thee and seize Dadreṛâ!
We twins are strong of purpose: we will dwell in thy Bâgaṛ as officers (of the king of Dehlî)."

Gúgâ.

"Go, you Twins: I would not be a sinner‡ for nothing.
It is against the orders of (religious) teachers and saints. Why should I slay you?"

---

* *i.e.* Under Hindû notions they could not possibly have a claim.

† *i.e.* Gûgâ and so throughout the poem. Zâhir Pîr is a common name for him.

‡ By having to kill them for attacking him.

Bhagwân kînî kâ kapre, lîe masâl jagâe,
Majil majil ke châlne pahunche Mâdîpur âe.
Gau charâvon gawâlie apno hi ban mâhe.

Jore.

"Dillî kitnâ phâsilâ? Deo nidân batâe."

Gawâlie.

"Dillî kos pânch ik hai: Killâ Purânâ tîn.
Âge Tuklâbâd hai, jahân basen hain amîn;
Jûrbâg, Makbara Humâyûn, Sâh Najâmuddîn.
Âge kâ bewarâ nahîn; wahân Gûjar lete chhîn."

(The Twins) put on red (*jogî's*) clothing and lighted torches.
Going stage by stage they reached Mâdîpur.*
Cowherds where tending their cows in the forest.

The Twins.

"How far is Dehlî? Tell the ignorant."

The Cowherds.

"Dehlî is about five miles off and the Old Fort three.
Then comes Tughlaqâbâd, where the officials dwell;
And Jûrbâgh and the tombs of Humâyûn and Nizam-u'ddîn Shâh.
Beyond we have no knowledge, as Gûjars rob there."†

---

* A village near Dehlî.

† This local geography clearly shows that the bard is well acquainted with *modern* Dehlî, but very little with history. The Qila' Purânâ (or Indrapat) was Humâyûn's capital and was commenced about 1530 A.D. Tughlaqâbâd was the capital of Ghiâsu'ddîn Tughlaq and was founded 1321-1325 A.D. Jûrbâgh is a village close by Humâyûn's Tomb, which itself was not commenced till 1565 A.D. The tomb of Nizâmu'ddîn Auliâ, the celebrated saint of Dehlî, is not very far from this in the village of Ghiâspûr, and he died in 1325 A.D. The next reference is apparently to the modern Gûjar villages in the Qila' Purânâ and Firozâbâd, Firoz Shâh Tughlaq's (Bârbak's) town. Now if this Firoz Shâh was the king with whom Gûgâ fought in this poem, and as he reigned in Firozâbâd from 1351 to 1388, it is clear that the Qila' Purânâ, as *now* known, did not then exist, nor did Humâyûn's Tomb, nor could the Twins have *gone on* to Dehlî, which, in its modern position, was built by Shâh Jahân between 1638-1658. If Firoz Shâh Khiljî was the king meant as Gûgâ's opponent then none of this geography is correct, as he reigned 1282-1296.

Kadam uṭhâe Joṛe kar Dillî kâ dhyân:
Râjghâṭ par âeke, kîe Jamnâ ashnân.
Arjun se Sarjun kahe:

Sarjun.

"Pakaṛ chalo samser.
Âm khâs men baiṭhkar, rang ko deo bakhor.
Araj karo: 'He Bâssâh*!, bhum diwâo beg.'
Jo Bâssâh mâne nahîn, rosan kar do teg."

Joṛe.

"Dadreṛâ âkhî hûâ, aur Bâgaṛ chale na râh.
Bhum dâbî Chauhân, Bâssâh, chalkar bhum diwâh!"

With uplifted foot the Twins made for Dehlî,
And going to the Râjghâṭ† they bathed in the Jâmnâ.
Said Sarjun to Arjun:

Sarjun.

"Seize thy sword.
Let us mix with the people and take off our (*jogî*) coloured robes.
Let us say: 'O King! Give us the land quickly.'
If the King heed us not, let use our swords (upon him)."

The Twins.‡

"Dadreṛâ § is a robber, and the high-way to Bâgaṛ is stopped.
The Chauhân (Gûgâ) has usurped the land: go and give us back our land!"

---

* For *Bâdshâh*.

† This probably means merely large bathing place.

‡ They have now reached the Court and are addressing the King.

§ *i.e.* Gugâ: the name of his property is here given to the owner. Dadreṛâ is in the Sirsâ District.

Firoz Sháh Bâdshâh.

"Kaun kaum âkhî hûâ? Kin lînî bhum chhîn?
Thârî bhum diwâe do; mire le jâ saug amîn."

Joṛe.

"Nagar dînî phûnk; mâr* sâhoṅ ke lûṭe;
Biswe lîe dabâe; dirib dîe, Râjâ, chhûṭe.
Arab-kharab dal joṛ, dinoṅ diṇ hoe bhârî.
Chito, Pirossâh;† takhat kî kare tayyârî.
Naubat bâje bâr; kîe bâssâhî ḍere.
Takhat-rawân par baiṭh, yahîṅ gaj sikkâ phere!"

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"What tribe hath robbed you? Who hath taken your land?
I will give you back your land: take my officer with you."

The Twins.

"He hath burnt the cities and robbed the merchant's goods.
He hath taken our shares; give money, O King, and release them.
He hath collected a countless host and it increaseth day by day.
Hear, O Firoz Shâh; he is preparing for (the capture of) thy throne.
Drums are beaten at his gate,‡ and he hath a royal camp.
He sitteth on a throne, and is minded to strike (his own) coins!"

---

* For *mâl*.
† For *Firoz Shâh*.
‡ A sign of royalty.

Firoz Shâh Bádshâh.

"Joṛo, yeh kâ jhak lagî? Miro kyâ Kachahrî sor?
Jamîndâr jag ik hai: maiṅ dekhûṅ wâ kâ jor!"

Joṛe.

"Bâgaṛ dal pûre jiṛe jiṛe singhânî bân.
Dillî paṛ dâwe dhare, kep rahâ Chauhân."

Bâdshâh kâ Khatt.

"Kyûṅ, Rânghaṛ, Bâgaṛ sajâtîṅ? Kyâ pakaṛî yeh bân?
Jar* lekar jo na milâ, tire ulaṭ dharûṅ Hindwân!
Kyûṅ, Rânghaṛ, Bâgaṛ sajâtîṅ? Baṛâ machâyâ sor.
Jamîndâr jag ik hai: toeṅ dekhûṅ kittâ jor.
Kyûṅ, Rânghaṛ, Bâgar sajâtîṅ? Baṛâ machâyâ dhand.
Hâth bândh joṛ na milâ, mirî Dillî hove band."

King Firoz Shâh.

"O Twins, what is this noise? What this cry in my Court?
He is only a farmer: I will see what he can do!"

The Twins.

"Bâgaṛ is full of armies armed with powerful arrows.
They will attack Dehlî: the Chauhân is wrathful."

The King's Letter.†

"O Rânghaṛ,‡ wilt thou lose Bâgaṛ? Why dost thou act thus?
If thou do not bring money and visit me I will overturn thy Hindwânâ.§
O Rânghaṛ, wilt thou lose Bâgaṛ? Great is the cry (against thee).
Thou art but a farmer, and I will test thy power.
O Rânghaṛ, wilt thou lose Bâgaṛ? Great is the cry (against thee).
If thou meet me not with joined hands, I will imprison thee in Dehlî."

---

* For *zar*. † To Gûgâ.

‡ *i.e.*, inhabitant of Bâgaṛ: the name implies an insult to a true Râjpût, as the Rânghaṛs are of bastard origin. § *i.e.*, Râjpûtânâ.

Jawâbnâma.

"Jar nahîṅ to â milûṅ, aur bhâjat lâgî lâj.
Maiṅ tere sir kâ nahîṅ, Phirossâh Mahârâj.
Niyâû kare, to na chârhe: jor kare, charhe âo.
Pâsâ Rabb ke hâth hai; pare kaun kâ dâo?
Gharo charhantâ pal charho; man kî man mat râkh.
Jo, Bâssâh, mâne nahîṅ, likh de tîn talâkh.*"

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Kaisâ Bâgar des? Kaisâ jag Hindwânâ?
Kaisâ Jâhir Jindâ? Kaisâ Râṭhorî Rânâ?"

Qâsid.

"Dhan mâyâ dekhî nahîṅ: apne ḍiloṅ bhûp.
Woh nar ko bhirâ nahîṅ, dekhe sâdh surûp."

The Reply.

"I have no money or I would visit thee, and I feel ashamed to fly from thee.
I am not thy equal, O King Firoz Shâh.
If thou art just thou wilt not attack me: if thou art tyrannical thou wilt attack.
The dice are in the hands of God; who can (of a certainty) win?
If thou wilt attack, attack quickly, and hesitate not.
If thou heed not, O King, I will dismiss thee."

King Firoz Shâh.†

"What is the land of Bâgar like? What is Hindwânâ like?
What is Jâhir, Jindâ‡ like? What is the Chief of the Râṭhors§ like?"

The Messenger.

"I saw no wealth nor goods, but he appears to be a king.
He is no enemy to mankind and looks like a saint."

---

* The expression *tîn talâq* is borrowed from the Muhammadan law of divorce and is commonly used to mean an irrevocable vow or oath.

† To the messengers who brought the answer.

‡ For Zâhir Zinda: two titles of Gûgâ inferring that he still lives.

§ Meant for Gûgâ, but incorrectly.

Chaṛhe sahansar bân ; chaṛhe haude ambârî ;
Chaṛhe ṭiḍḍî dal phauj ; chaṛhe sab darbârî ;
Châṛhe amîr umrâo ; chaṛhe râjoṅ kî râî ;
Mugal chaṛhe dal joṛ ; chaṛhe Joṛoṅ se bhâî.
Sâṭh sahansar bân, jarb woh chhak hajârî ;
Sâṭh piyâde pâûṅ ; ittâ dal chaṛhiâṅ bhârî !
Sutar sahansar assî, kurang sâṛe lâkh châr !
Kaheṅ Sitâbî :—ik jîû par, ittâ chaṛhâ lâkh bhâr !
Barsan ko badrâ chaṛhe, rahe ind jûṅ chhât.
Bhân gagan meṅ chhup gae, din se ho gaî rât.
Nau-mahile Siriyal khaṛî ; khaṛî sukhâve kes.

A thousand archers advanced, and so did elephants with litters.
An army (as numerous) as grasshoppers advanced and so did all the nobles.
(Muhammadan) nobles and chiefs advanced and so did (Hindû) chiefs and nobles.
The Mughal (King) advanced with his army together with the Twin brethren.
Sixty thousand archers and six thousand guns,
And sixty foot armies : so great an host advanced !
Eighty thousand camels and four hundred and fifty thousand horses !
Saith Shitâbî :—So many hundreds of thousands to advance against one man !
The clouds gathered for rain as when they cover the sky.
The sun was hidden in the heavens and the day tuned into night.
Siriyal* was on the top of the palace, standing and drying her hair.

---

* Gûgâ's wife : see the version in Vol. I.

Rânî Siriyal.

"Sâso, phirke dekhîyo, tirâ luṭṭâ âve des!"

Nau-mahilo se utarî Siriyal nûn nûn kare awâj:

Rânî Siriyal.

80 "Bhaunre sove pîtam merâ; kyâ main karûn ilâj?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Sâîn âp soe rahen: wahî hamâre Râo.
Beṭî Râjâ Sanjhâ kî, mirâ Jâhir Pîr jagâo."

Rânî Siriyal.

"Bâgaṛ bâje ranjhane; pauṛî men hensâ ṭâr!
Uṭh, Saîyân, hathiyâr le; tee kaise nind bahâr?

---

*Rânî Siriyal.**

"Come and see, mother-in-law, thy land is being pillaged!"

And Siriyal came down from the palace roof with a great cry.

Rânî Siriyal.†

80 "My husband sleepeth beneath the palace‡: what shall I do?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Thy Lord sleepeth: he is our King.
Daughter of Râjâ Sanjhâ,§ wake up my Zâhir Pîr (Gâgâ)."

Rânî Siriyal.||

"There is a tumult in Bâgaṛ, and the horses are neighing at the (palace) steps!
Up, my Lord, and arm: how heavily thou sleepest!

---

* To Bâchhal, Gûgâ's mother. † To Rânî Bâchhal.
‡ A *bhaunrâ* is a pit or sunken chamber used for coolness.
§ Râjâ Sanjhâ was the father of Siriyal: see the version in Vol. I.
|| Going to wake up Gûgâ.

Surhî khedî sât sau, aur Mohan Jaimal gawâr.
Khaṛe pukâroṅ gawâlie tire dâdâ Amar ke bâr !
Khûṇte tuṛâwaṅ bâchhaṛû phaujoṅ rânheṅ gâe.
Mûndhe paṛe balone, phir phir jâeṅ chhachhâe !

Aisâ putr taiṅ jauâ aur baṛhke nâm dharâ !
Ham kâheko lâjte ? Tirâ hotâ kyûṅ na marâ ?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Mario pâpî dâliddarî ; mario pâpî sûm !
Merâ to Jâhir balî, jis par dal âe jhûm.
Jâhir ke sir sehrâ ; use laṛan kâ châo.
Beṭî Râjâ Sanjhâ kî, ab ke pher jagâo."

Seven hundred cattle have been captured and Mohan and Jaimal the herdsmen.
The herdsmen are wailing at thy grandfather Amar (Singh's) gate !
The calves are restless at their tethers, and the cows are lowing in the midst of the host.
The churns are overset, and the milkmen are returning (empty) !

Such a son hast thou* borne and given so great a name !
Why am I thus shamed ? Why was he not slain at his birth ?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Let the wicked sinner die : let the wicked miser die !
But my Zâhir is strong, against whom a great army hath come.
On Zâhir's head is a chaplet, and his delight is in the fight.
Daughter of Râjâ Sanjhâ, wake him again."

---

* Having failed to wake up Gûgâ she runs back to his mother.

Rânî Siriyal.

"Bhum bhâiûñ dî nahîñ aur bhâî dîe bidâr.
Kâil ho, kone luke; ab chaṛhiâñ kaun pukâr:
Woh mosas ke Joṛe lâe phauj chaṛhâe.
Uṭh, Saiyâñ, hathiâr le: ab kyûñ jân chhipâe?

Aisâ putr taiñ janâ jâyâ pût kupût.
Lakh khoî Chauhân kî: in kyûñ bândhâ sir sût?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Aisâ putr maiñ janâ, Gorakh sâ jis kâ pîr!
Lakh râkhe Chauhân kî; in yûñ bândhâ sir chîr!
Merâ to pût supût hai! Merâ to Jâhir Rão!
Beṭî Râjâ Sanjhâ kî, merâ Jâhir phor jagâo."

---

*Rânî Siriyal.**

"Thou gavest not thy brethren the land and sent thy brethren away.
If thou be a coward hide in a corner; and who will meet them now?
The pilfering Twins have brought an army against thee.
Up my Lord and arm: why hide thyself now?

Such a son hast thou† borne; a worthless son is thine.
He is losing the honour of the Chauhâns: why is a turban‡ wound round his head?"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"Such a son have I borne that he is a saint like Gorak (Nâth)!
He will uphold the honour of the Chauhâns and thus is the turban bound round his head!
A worthy son is mine! mine is the Zâhir Rão!
Daughter of Râjâ Sanjhâ, wake up my Zâhir again."

---

* To Gûgâ again. † Back to Bâchhal again.
‡ The turban is often synonymous with honour and valour.

Rânî Siriyal.

"Sâng gharâî shân kî, aur bândhî gajgâo :
Yâ bândhe kî birg baho ; nahîn jogî ho ramjâo.

De moe pânchon kâpre ; de pânchon hathiyâr,
Maiñ paltî pî ke larûñ ; mirî Sâsur, karo sahâr !"

Rânî Bachhal.

"Sânwant bin sâkhâ nahîn, aur nârî sahe na ghâo.
Betî Râjâ Sanjhâ kî, mire Jâhir ab ke jagâo."

Rânî Siriyal.

"Chûrî pahro, Sâiyâñ, aur karo janânâ bhes !
Apne pâkh moe de ; mirâ kharâ tamâsâ des !"

---

*Rânî Siriyal.**

"Thou hast a staff of (royal) dignity, and turban bound upon thee.
Preserve the honour of thy turban, or become a *jogî*.

Give† me the five (manly) garments : give me the five arms.
I will fight for my husband : Mother-in-law, do thou support me !"

Rânî Bâchhal.

"It wants a brave man to be brave, and a woman cannot brook a wound.
Daughter of Râjâ Sanjhâ, wake up my Zâhir now."

Rânî Siriyal.‡

"Put on bracelets, my Lord, and a woman's robes !
Give me thy armour and see what I shall do !"

---

* Again to Gûgâ.
† Back to Rânî Bâchhal.
‡ Back to Gûgâ again.

Lagâ kalîjâ bol; uṭhe woh singh sanî.
Girwar kampehâr, mahil kî chhnṭ gaî ri.
Ṭûṭe sâl palang, balî kî phûlî di.

Gûgâ.

"Kahâñ gaî woh nâr, khaṛî moe tânâ dî?
Kahâñ karûñ hathiyâr? Suno tû nûr kî betî
Lâ mirâ tel phulel; bîg mirâ lâve nâî.
Ghuṛlâ lâo sañwâr; khaṛî kyâ deve tânâ?
Lâo pâñchoñ hathiyâr; sahîdî palṭûñ bânâ!
Chandan chaukî, buṭṭnâ âke rang lagâe.
Duddh-hil merâ karo, merî mâñ ko bîg bulâo."

The taunt entered his heart and the ferocious lion was up.
The mountains shook and the palace trembled.
The bed broke down as the warrior's (body) swelled (in his wrath).

Gûgâ.

"Where hath the woman gone that taunted me?
Where shall I use my arms? Hear, thou daughter of a wretch.
Bring my oil and scents and quickly call my barber
Make ready my horse: why dost stand taunting me?
Bring my five arms; I will put on the martyr's robes!
(Bring) a sandal-wood stool and anoint me with cosmetics.
Give me some (mother's) milk and quickly call my mother."*

---

* This is a Muhammadan ceremony performed on departure to battle. The warrior sucks three times at his mother's breast, while she says "I grant thee the milk thou hast sucked of me." She thus releases him from his obligation to serve her all his life in return for the milk granted him in childhood.

Rânî Siriyal.

"Jâgâ kul-rosan hûâ; uṭhâ munâ ke tant.
Dal moṛan birî-dhant uṭhâ tant meṅ kant.
Chandan chaukî buṭṭnâ chalkar rang lagâî.
Duddh-hil us kâ karo, big bulâe, Mâî."

Gugâ.

"Mâtâ, merî madat karo; terî sût pîc battîs.
Ṭek bandhâo din kî; mirâ duddh karo baksîs."

Dâd lagî Dargâhî meṅ: gaibî chaṛhî pukâr:

Gugâ kî Dâd.

"Na jâṇûṅ ib kyâ kareṅ; in Joṛoṅ ṭhâî râṛ."

Rânî Siriyal.

"The glory of the house is awake; in a twinkling he is up.
My husband is up in a moment, the slayer of enemies, to turn back the army.
(Bring) the sandal-wood stool and anoint him with cosmetics.
Give him of thy milk; he calleth thee quickly, Mother."

Gûgâ.

"Mother, aid me; I put my thirty-two (teeth) to thy breast.
Be true to the faith and give me of thy milk."

His prayer reached to the Court (of God): his cry to the hidden (heights).

Gûgâ's Prayer.

"I know not what they will do: the Twins have begun the quarrel."

Rání Báchhal.

"Yàhî dinâ ke kàrne sat sahiâ Darbâr!
Saran Gurû Gobind ke, tum Singh, chaṛho lalkâr."

Jab nar kinâ nahân, aras* se utarî pîrî.
Mukh paṛhâ kalâm, chaṛhe dolâ ko sîrî.†
Hûr lagâveñ buṭṭnâ, parî chaṛhâveñ tel:
Jab dûlhâ dal ko chaṛhâ, sâkhî ârtâ kel.
Khûb banâ aswâr, banâ kesariyâ bâgâ:
Jis kî madat Imâm gaib kâ chaṛhâ chirâgâ.

Rání Báchhal.

"I prayed to the true Court (of God) for this day!
Under the protection of Gurû Gobind (Singh),‡ go my Lion, shouting (to the fight)."

When the hero had bathed the saintship descended on him from heaven.
He spake prayers with his lips and ecstasy entered the bridegroom.
Hûrîs put on the cosmetics and fairies rubbed in the oil.
When the bridegroom went to the army the maidens brought the *ârtâ*.§
Handsomely was he dressed in saffron garments.‖
To whom the Imâm¶ gives help his lamp is in the hidden (heavens).

---

* For *'arash*. † For *shîrîn*.

‡ This great Sikh hero flourished 1675-1708 and is by the bard placed anterior to Gûgâ!

§ Reference to a ceremony for receiving the bridegroom at the bride's house.

‖ These are all metaphors drawn from the marriage ceremony: Gûgâ the hero going to join the army being likened to a bridegroom going to his bride's house.

¶ Probably meant for 'Ali, the successor of Muhammad.

Jab dal ke dàhau chhuṭe balî bhare hunkâr.
Kahen Sitâbî so:—dhanî phauj lie lalkâr.
Bâven ko lakh dâhne, aur dahine chhatr amîr.
Lakh bâis Bâssâh charhe, pânch paeh Pîr.
Hâth joṛ Jâhir kahe:

Gûgâ kî 'Arzî.

"Arjî hamârî mân!
Tû Bârî Tâlâ mirâ; tu mirâ Pâk Subhân!
Kadhî na dekhâ jang; kadhî na bhâyâ bhâlâ!
Maiṅ bâlak nâdân: râṛ na jânûṅ lâlâ.
Hâth kangan, sir sehrâ, gal muttîṅ kî mâlâ.
Ab kâ jang jitâe de; tu dhan mirâ Bârî Tâlâ!"

Dal umage dariyâo, jûṅ âte jaṛe aswâr.

When the hero, the slayer of armies, went out he raised a great cry.
Saith Shitâbî:—the hero challenged the army.
On the left were a hundred thousand men and on the right the (royal) umbrella-bearing chief.
Twenty-two *lâkhs* had the king: about five had the Saint.
With joined hands prayed Zâhir:

Gûgâ's Prayer.

"Hear my prayer!
Thou art my God Most Holy; Thou art my Wise and Holy One!
Never have I seen a fight: never have I used a lance!
I am but an ignorant child: knowing nought of bloody quarrels.
On my wrists are bracelets, round my head a chaplet, and on my neck a garland of pearls.*
Win me this fight; and glory to Thee, my God Most Holy!"
When the warriors collected the army surged like the sea.

---

* *i.e.*, a child's dress.

Gúgá.

"Choṭ chhatar par kîjîyo: pahilî kî terî wâr."

Bâlâ kînâ bal, jâdî jâ bâg uṭhâî.
Kûd paṛâ dal bîch, phaṭî jûñ jâl so kâî.
Jâ mârâ Sultân tek* mastak par bhâî.
Dekhat rahe amîr aur sârâ Turkâî.
Kaṛhâ pukâre dal Bâlâ, aur dhîrî dhare na ko

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Palṭâ le Sultân kâ, koî terâ jo dal ho!"

Gúgá.†

"Strike down the umbrella-bearer:‡ thine is the first (turn to) attack."

Bâlâ (Ghâzî) took up his reins and used his strength.
When he leapt into the army, it scattered like the scum on the waters.
He struck the forehead of the Prince§ with his sword.
All the nobles and the Turks (Mughals) saw it.
Bâlâ (Ghâzî) cried out to the army, and none had courage (to face him).

Bâlâ Gâhzî.||

"Be revenged on the Prince, if thou have an army!"

---

* For *tegh.*

† Speaking to Bâlâ Ghâzî: see introduction.

‡ *i.e.*, the King.

§ *i.e.*, the son of Firoz Shâh Sultân was the title of the Dehlî Royal Princes.

|| To the King.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Bhîm, Bhiwânî ke dhânî, chet Jâṭû Bhân,
Iklâ dal Bâlâ laṛe, mirâ mâr liâ Sultân."

Chetû Jâṭû Bhân Miyâń se sanmukh diyâyâ,
Giyâsî lînî hath tabal* ghoṛâ chhaṭkâyâ.
Nek na lâyâ ḍhîl, hankâ Bâlâ par âyâ.
Kewar se dîno kâṭ, bân âtak dikhâyâ.
Âbhî kaisî bijlî bah gaî ik hî sâth:
Phaljhar to mâyyar giro, ḳabjo rah gae hâth.
Phenk dîe kabje mayyar un donoń aswâr.
Kaheń Sitâbî:—paṛ gaî donoń ko khâlî wâr!

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Up Jâṭû Bhân, lord of Bhiwânî† strong as Bhîma,‡
Bâlâ (Ghâzî) fight y army and hath slain my (son)
Sultân."

Jâṭû Bhân the hero faced the Miyâń (Bâlâ Ghâzî),
And took a spear and an axe in his hand and gallopped
his horse.
He lost no time and rushed on Bâlâ (Ghâzî).
Split on his bracelet the arrow seemed as nothing.
And then (the swords) flashed all at once like lightning.
The blades fell to the ground and the handles remained
in their hands.
Both horsemen threw the handles on the ground.
Saith Shitâbî:—The attack of each came to nought!

---

* For *tabar*.

† Bhiwânî is an old town in the Hissâr district, which district was formerly called Hissâr Firoza after Firoz Shâh, with whom it is intimately connected both by history and tradition.

‡ Reference to Bhîma the Pandava, the conventional strong man of Indian fable.

Bálâ Ghâzî.

"Man meṅ dhubdâ mat karo: dil bich rakho karâr.
Â, Jâṭû, donoṅ laṛeṅ, kamaroṅ bich kaṭâr."

Jâṭû Bhân.

"Sîle palṭo dal meṅ aur bano dîn ke yâr.
Âkbakhat* ham tum milaṅ, yahî kalam gahî Kartâr."

Gûgâ.

"Kaho, Bâlâ, kaisî banî? Kyûṅ khâlî paṛ gaî wâr?
Bhûp laṛe, man ghâ gae, toe dagâ daî tarwâr!
Woh Dillî kâ Bâssâh; maiṅ ugdî Chauhân.

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Have no hesitation in thy mind, but keep courage in thy heart.
Come, Jâṭû (Bhân), let us fight with the daggers at our waists."

Jâṭû Bhân.

"Change sides in the army and become the friend of thy slave.
We two shall meet at the Last Day, as hath been ordained of God."†

Gûgâ.‡

"Say, Bâlâ, what hath happened? Why was thy attack fruitless?
Kings fight and hearts tremble when thy sword deceives thee!
He is King of Dehlî, and I a true Chauhân.

---

* For *'âqibat*.

† According to the bard at this point the fight was brought to an end for the day by the darkness, under cover of which Jâṭû Bhân fled altogether.

‡ To Bâlâ Ghâzî on his return to the camp.

Baṛe laṛenge súrmâ, baṛe paṛeṅ ghumsân.
Chûrâ pahrî dânt kâ; kaun us kâ uṭhe sarâp?
Jâ, Bâlâ, ghar apne, Rânghaṛ kî kartî jâp!"

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Mâmâ, man merâ bujh giâ, bîch kaṭak amboh.
Pher madat merî karo, moe dagâ dikhâyâ loh."

'Bismillah' kar teg lî, râkh Dhanî se dhyân.

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Aj bakhat îmân kâ; bakhat shahîdî iân!"

Paṛhke nek salâh Pîr kâ hûâ isârâ:
Gharhiâ bâlâ bhûp; hâth meṅ lîe dudhârâ.

Great warriors shall fight and terrible shall be the trouble.
She weareth ivory bracelets, and who can bear her curse.*
Go, Bâlâ, home, the Rânghaṛ's† daughter awaiteth thee."

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Uncle, my heart was agitated in the midst of the army.
Help me again, for my aim failed me."

'In the name of God' he seized his sword, and put his trust in God.

Bâlá Ghâzî.

"To-day is a day for the faith; a time for martyrdom!"

Saying the prayers for safety the Saint gave the sign,
And the young king‡ advanced with a two-edged sword in his hand.

---

* *i.e.*, thy wife at home will curse thee for not winning the fight.
† See line 51. ‡ *i.e.*, Bâlâ Ghâzî.

Kûd paṛâ dal bîch, paṛâ lâkhoṅ par bhârâ.
Bagad uthâe bâg, kîâ lothoṅ ambârâ.
Haude ki hadd toṛke Adalî liâ Paṭhân.
Dal bich Sâh Piroj ke Bâlâ ḍâlâ ghân.

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Woh nar to jag meṅ sahe, suno, Pirohaj Sâh!
Ikle dal Bâlâ laṛûṅ: tere dekhe lâkh sipâh!"

Phire Bukhârâ Pîr Bâssâh tânâ mârâ.
Khotâ-khânî hâth, kamar se jaṛe ridân.
Sahaj gaî samser, gagan jûṅ tûṭâ târâ.

He leapt into the army, into the hundreds of thousands.
Taking the reins he made a heap of corpses.
He threw down 'Adalî the Paṭhân* from his (elephant) *haudâ.*
Bâlâ caused a massacre in the army of Fîroz Shâh.

Bâlâ Ghâzî.

"Hear, Fîroz Shâh, that man has distinguished himself in the world!
I, Bâlâ, fight the army alone: behold thou hast a hundred thousand soldiers!"

Then the king taunted the Saint of Bukhâra.†
He took a large spear in his hand and fastened a dagger to his waist.
His sword flashed like a star shooting through the heavens.

---

* This probably represents Muhammad 'Âdil Shâh Sûr of Dehlî, who played a prominent part in India about the time of Akbar's accession and who reigned 1554-1556. He is generally known as 'Adalî.

† *i.e.* Bâlâ Ghâzî: see introduction. But it should be remembered that to the bards Bukhâra, like Balkh, stands for all the lands west of India.

Pakaṛ pakaṛ bhujle, paṛe khanjar ik sârâ.
Bhîm bhîm tan ho gae donon jeṛe án.
Hûr piyâlâ de gaîn, dono kî le gaîn jân.

Gûgâ.

"Baṛe bâṛe kunjar khaṛe, âge khaṛe harol.
Nar Singh, terâ jâng hai; tum pûre kar do kol.*"

Singh chaṛhe Nar Singh: singh kar dîno belâ.
Bamman chaṛhe bapkâr, Bhûp dhâr lîâ ruhelâ.
Chaukî palṭî châr laṛe sânwant akelâ.
Kunjar dîe girâe: lîe bâssâhî chelâ.
Muṇḍ ḍhule; ghînwar gire; chele lînî mâr.

Seizing each other's arms, they thrust their daggers at the same moment.
Their bodies went apart when the pair came (together)
Hûrîs gave them the cup (of death)† and took the lives of both.

Gûgâ.‡

"Huge elephants are standing (there) and before them the standard-bearers.
Nar Singh, it is for thee to fight, and fulfil thy promise."§

Forward went the lion Nar Singh: the lion did valiantly.
The Brâhmaṇ went forward shouting and attacked the king.
Against four divisions the warrior fought alone!
The elephants fell down and the royal followers took him.
Headless he fell to the ground and the followers slew him.

---

* For *qaul*.

† Muhammadan warriors who die on the battle-field are presented just before death with a cup of *âb-i-Kausar*, water of Paradise, by *hûrîs* to enable them to enter heaven at once.

‡ To Nar Singh Brâhmaṇ, who now joins the fight.

§ This according to the bard refers to a promise to Gûgâ made by Nar Singh that he would on this occasion mak exhibition of great strength.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Tumheṅ balî ko ans ho, mirâ phiro, Sayad Jauhâr."

Phire Sayad Jauhâr Bâssâh mârâ tânâ.
Turkî sajo kumet, turt dhar lîâ nisânâ.
Teg Sayad Jauhâr, kar dîâ sahîdî bânâ.
Nar Singh sâng chalâe: lare bin sir kâ dânâ.
Jab Nar Singh khanjar ghâ, ulaṭ gîâ tan chîr.
Bâheṅ gal meṅ bâhke, hûe jîûte pîr!

Gûgâ.

"Teg gaho, Bhajjû balî: uṭho balî ke ser.
Mutâ ḍhaleṅ; ghînwar gireṅ; dal ko deo bakher."

Firoz Shâh the King.

"Thou art a son of mighty warriors, now charge, my Sayyid Jawâhir."

Then the King taunted Sayyid Jawâhir.
Mounting his bay Turkish (horse) he quickly upraised his standard.
Sword (in hand) Sayyid Jawâhir put on the robes of martyrdom.
Nar Singh hurled his javelin, for headless he fought on.
Then Nar Singh thrust his dagger, and it entered his body.
It fell into his arms and they became living saints!

Gûgâ.

"Seize thy sword, O warrior Bhajjû*: up thou warrior lion.
Let heads fall off and fall to the ground, and disperse the army."

---

* Bhajjû Chamâr: see introduction.

Bhajjû uṭhe bhunjag teg bândhe baldhârî.
Kûd paṛâ dal bîch; phauj Mugaloṅ kî bhârî.
Sîs dhare thâ khud Turk kî takî ambârî:
Bâṅheṅ gerâ, bân lîâ Dâûd Hajârî.
Bhâl diâ bapkârke, aur girwar kampehâr.
Mugaloṅ meṅ halchal paṛî is Mirzâ lîâ Kamâr.
Gir gae kâl Kamâr Khâṅ; dhale kit ik naumûd.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Phiro, Sayad Brahîmjî, mirâ mâr lîâ Dâûd."

Phire Sayad Brahîm dekh Mugaloṅ kâ khârâ.
Khotâ-khâuî hâth, kamar se jaṛâ kaṭârâ.

Up gat Bhajjû hastily and fastened on his mighty sword.
He leapt into the army, the mighty army of the Mughals.
He aimed at the head and quilted (elephant) litter of the Turk.
He encompassed (Sayyid) Dâûd, the Hazârî,* with his arms and seized him.
He shouted the war cry and the mountains shook.
There was confusion among the Mughals when Mirzâ Kamâl was captured.
Death fell upon (Mirzâ) Kamâl Khâṅ and many of his companions.

Firoz Shâh the King.

"Come up, Sayyid Ibrâhîm, they have slain my (Sayyid) Dâûd."

Then Sayyid Ibrâhîm viewed the Mughal forces.
He took a large spear in his hand and fastened a dagger to his waist.

---

* Probably a vague reminiscence of Dâûd Khân Pannî, a celebrated warrior of the last century whose exploits are still fresh in the popular mind.

Mall laṛeṅ bhuj-bang, mall jûṅ muṇḍhà akhàṛà.
Jhapaṭ ik ko ik lage, aur pal meṅ dukh bàṛhâ.
Bagad bagad bâhe balî: khurag khà gae ang.
Kaheṅ Sitàbî:—se dhanî do gire ik hî sang.

Gûgâ.

"Dekh, surkh yeh pâlkî; âge khaṛe harol!
Fatteh Singh, yâ dal meṅ tû bhale nibhâo kol!"

Fatteh Singh Chauhân baṛâ dil bhûp gumânî.
Bastar palṭe kos Râjâ kî phauj amânî.
Singh chalâî sang: pâlkî bhî uṭânî.
Lià bair se jodh, arth* meṅ kúkî Rânî.

The warriors wrestled, as wrestlers in the field.
They seized each other at once and then the trouble increased.
The warriors fought together and the bodies were wounded.
Saith Shitâbî:—both the warriors fell together.

Gûgâ.†

"Behold, yon red (royal) litter with the standard-bearers in front!
Fatteḥ Singh, it is well that thou fulfil thy promise in this field!"‡

Fatteḥ Singh was a great and proud king.
He changed his dress and entered the Râjâ's§ army.
The lion hurled his lance and the litter was broken.
The warrior seized the enemy and the Queen‖ cried out in her chariot.

---

* For *rath*. † To Fatteḥ Singh Chauhân: see introduction.
‡ Compare line 196.
§ Apparently meant here for the Mughal King's army.
‖ i.e. the Mughal Queen.

Jâjiṛo sirohi ṣîs jab kîâ Fatteh Singh wâr.
"Paṛ gae dal meṅ tît Fatteh Singh lîâ mirâ itbâr."
Jodhâ lîâ bapkârko aur dal kâ ghaṭâ gumân.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Tumheṅ bali ko ans ho, mire phiro Sayad Burhân!"

Phiro Sayad Burhân; uṭho be-jân sipâhî.
Uṭho balî ko ser sûnt lî miyânâ sâhî.
Bhûp laṛe maidân, daloṅ meṅ rahî nâ kâhî:
Jodhâ sakal bahû bîr giro giro iklâhî.
Bagad bagad bâhe balî, khuṛag khâ gaî ang.
Kaheṅ Sitâbî: se dhanî do gire ik hî sang.

When Fatteh Singh attacked the enemy's head trembled.
"There was trouble in the army when Fatteh Singh seized my pride."*
The warrior gave the war cry and the courage of the army failed.

Firoz Shâh the King.

"Come, my Sayyid Burhân, thou art a descendant of warriors."

Up came Sayyid Burhân and the lifeless soldiers stood up.
The lion warrior came up and drew the sword from the royal scabbard.
The King† fought in the field and none remained in the army (to fight him),
For all the warriors, and many heroes fell together.
The warriors fought together and their bodies were wounded.
Saith Shitâbî:—the two warriors fell together.

---

* Said by the Mughal mentioned in line 230.

† That is Fatteh Singh.

Aisà jag moṅ kon nà hai mâyâ ko châho :
Bin mudh lâlach kâm kon barâho?
Woh birle sansâr jîû parmârat khoeṅ :
Har dam râkhen dhyân jatî woh dil ko dhoeṅ.
Jin ke jîû hirdê nahîṅ, ândhî ginoṅ na dhûp.
Kaheṅ Sitâbî :—He Dhanî, taiṅ bhale banâo bhûp!

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Kahâṅ woh dâyedâr?* Kahâṅ mâyâ kâ lâhâ?
Sote singh jagâe: aulioṅ kînâ bâhâ!
Kahâṅ woh khâṅ amîr? Kahâṅ woh lashkar merâ?
Kahâṅ woh lâl nisân? Kahâṅ bâssâhî ḍerâ?
Merâ to châyâ nahîṅ: woh thârâ upgâr!
Jâhir karo piyân, nahîṅ to jî se ḍârûṅ mâr."

Who is there in the world that desireth not riches?
Without greed of wealth who is there that worketh?
Few are they in the world that would give their lives for others:
That every moment give their hearts to contemplation and holiness.
Who feareth not for his life heedeth not storm nor sun.
Saith Shitâbî:—it is well that God hath made kings!

Firoz Shâh the King.†

"Where are the claimants? Where the lusty after wealth?
Ye have waked the sleeping lion: roused the saint!
Where are the *khâns* and the nobles? Where my army?
Where my (royal) red standard? Where my royal camp?
I had no desire for this: it is your doing!
Slay ye Zâhir, or I will slay you."

---

* For *da'wedar*.

† To the Twins.

Joṛe.

"Jo Jâhir ham mâr leṅ, Bâgaṛ dîjo moe:
Jâhir jo ham mâr le, lâj kuṭam kî toe!"

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Bâgaṛ tumhârî ho chukî: lo, Joṛo, tarwâr.
Jo Jâhir ko mâr lo, to biswe likh dûṅ châr."

Sârat* kînî Sâh; charhe gînwar hat tâṅkâ.
Bâje turhe bam: charhe Ainat Khâṅ bâṅkâ.
Châr aur chaunkî charhe, bîch Joṛe bapkâr:

Joṛe.

"Ab chotâ Jâhir Jatî, tire âe dâyedâr!"

The Twins.

"If we slay Zâhir, give us the Bâgaṛ land:
If Zâhir slay us, the duty of (supporting) our families is on thee!"

Firoz Shâh the King.

"Yours is Bâgaṛ: seize your swords, O Twins,
If you slay Zâhir, I will give you four† shares."

The King gave the signal, and they drove forward their chariots.
Drums were beaten and the noble 'Inâyat Khâṅ went with them.
Four divisions also came up and in the midst shouted the Twins:

The Twins.

"Have a care, Holy Zâhir, the claimants against you are come!"

---

* For *ishârat*.

† i.e., a double share each

Gûgâ.

"Suno, bhâî mausîr, tum kaise kirpâe !
Dillî kâ dal joṛ bhale milne ko âe !
Bhale dikhâe daur; kiâ Mugaloṅ kâ châyâ !
Kahâ mile jâgîr? Kahâ kuchh mansab pâyâ?
Merâ to châyâ nahîṅ, woh thâre upgâr.
Man dhokâ rah jâegâ; tum karo pahil kâ wâr!"

Sarjun lînî sâng, sûrmâ sanmukh chhûṭâ.
Jâe liâ Dûvîd, tang tâjî kâ phûṭâ.
Dûj wâr so bhan giâ khainch khainch man sâe:
Kar le châbuk Pîr, tîr dîno gagan uṛâe.
Kabjo dhare kumân goṛ Arjun lalkârâ:

Gûgâ.

"Hear, O sons of my aunt; ye have done me a kindness !
In that ye have collected the armies of Dehlî in order to visit me !
A good disposition have ye shown in urging on the Mughals !
What lands have you received? What rank have ye attained?
I had no desire for this: it is your doing.
The deceit will remain in your hearts: make ye the first attack!"

The warrior Sarjun seized a spear and rushed forward.
He seized Dûvîd, and the girths of his horse broke.
His next aim failed when he drew:
For the Saint sent the arrow to the heavens with his whip.
The warrior Arjun adjusted his bow and cried out:

Arjun.

"Âjoṅ hi bhum bâṇṭ: mân le kahâ hamârâ."

Sir se bândhâ tîr, khainch Lîlî ko mârâ.
Surkhî âî na ang, dudh kî chhûṭî phawârâ.
Dûjâ bân so bhan gîâ khainch khainch man sâe.
Kar le châbuk Pîr, tîr dîno gagan uṛâe.
Jâb kopke Dâvîd kamar se lînâ khâṇḍâ.
Lîne jor giṛâe, ḍhalâ nâhakk we ṭâṇḍâ.
Sîs kaṭe Joṛe gire, ran bâje tarwâr!
Ainat Khâṅ bânkâ lîâ, aur chaunkî bach lî châr.
Bhak bhak nain baleṅ Joṛoṅ ko, mûchho rahe bal khâe.
Donoṅ sîs uṭhâe, Pîr lîe hâne laṭkâe.

Arjun.

"Give us the land to-day: hear my say."

He drew the bow to his head and struck Lîlî.
No blood came from her body, a fountain of milk gushed forth.
His next aim failed when he drew:
For the Saint sent the arrow to the heavens with his whip.
Then Dâvîd in his wrath drew his sword from his waist,
And with force threw him down, and so the family was broken up for nothing.
With severed heads the Twins fell and swords were used in the field.
'Inâyat Khâṅ the brave was slain, but the four divisions escaped.
The eyes of the Twins were wide open and their moustaches stiff.
Lifting up both their heads he hung them to his saddle.

Nautankî Multân, bhân sobhan sâ dhyâyâ.
Hâthî dînî hûl, sabhî umrâo jhukâyâ.
Le lo misrî hâth chhuṭe Sayadâne jâyâ.
Sîl, tabil, bandûk, bân, ghoṛoṅ garmâyâ
Lakh bâr Arjun khaṛâ kûk pahârî bân.
Sâîṅ, Sitâbî, sak nahîṅ rakhanhâr Subhân.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Maiṅ Dillî Bâssâh; jag meṅ phire dohâî.
Terî kyûṅ kînâ jûjh? Tirâ kyûṅ sâmat âî?
Hâth bândhke na milâ, aur na pûchhî salâe.*
Dal ke bândhe â phaṅsâ: ab kahâṅ bhâjkar jâe?"

Taking his bow of Multân† he sped like the sun's rays.
Goading on the elephants all the (Mughal) nobles were conquered.
Sword in hand the son of the Sayyids went forth (to the fight)
With battle-axe and spear and gun and arrow he gallopped his horse.
A thousand times Arjun cried out, and sent foth his arrows.
Of a truth, saith Shitâbî, the Lord was not with him.

Firoz Shâh the King.‡

"I am King of Dehlî and my power is throughout the world.
Why hast thou opposed me? Why hath (the time of) thy trouble come?
With joined hands thou hast not come to me, nor asked my advice.
Thou art caught in the net of my army: whither shalt thou flee now?"

---

* For *salâh*. † *i.e.* one of special excellence. ‡ To Gûgâ

Gúgâ.

"Takht dîâ Kartâr: kaisâ tû niyâo chukâve?
Bâgaṛ bâlû ret; yehâṅ kyâ mâyâ pâve?
Karo pîr so jûjh: tire kyûṅ sâmat âve?
Ulaṭ ab bhî pher: hon ko mat kaṭwâve.
Bâg kûd ghînwar karûṅ: mirâ aur pâs lakh châr.
Man dhokâ rah jâegâ; tu kar le pahilî wâr."

Nautankî Multân karaṛ khainchî hankârî.
Pîṭâ paṭko kâṭ kamar kî uṛî kaṭârî.
Dûjî wâr Wajîr kâ khainch khainch man sâe;
Karo châbuk Pîr, tîr dîno gagan uṛâo.
Kînî cheṭ kumet kamad se kînâ jhaṭkâ:
Sagan pat sânwant jâe ghinwar se aṭkâ.
Mastak bâje pauṛ, Pîr ko âwâ laṭkâ.

Gúgâ.

"God gave thee a throne and how hast thou dealt justice?
Bâgaṛ is a land of dust; what riches wilt thou find here?
Opposing the saints: why hath (the time of) thy trouble come?
Better turn back now and cut not short thy fate.
I will leap upon thee and throw thee down, for I have four *lâkhs* more (of men).
The deceit will remain in thy heart: do thou make the first attack."

The owner of the bow of Multân drew it and shouted;
Taking off his belt he drew the dagger at his waist.
The (Mughal) Minister made the next attack with drawn bow,
But the Saint with his whip sent the arrow to the heavens.
Gallopping his bay horse he hurled his lasso,
And threw his opponent suddenly to the ground.
His face beamed and the Saint was pleased.

Gall meṅ gor kamân chaṭ haudo se paṭkâ.
Bhujâ toṛ Paṭhân kî, bichal gae umrâo.
Champe chaṛhîâṅ sîs pîṭh do bhâje kunjarâo.
Jatî jagâe jot kîâ, kîâ Jâhir ne jhanjar.
Jâ pakaṛâ Dâvîd, hâth meṅ le lîâ khanjar.
Lakh bâîs bhaj gae aur bhaj gae woh lakh khâṅ.
Dekh sakal Jagdîs ke larjâ man Chauhân.

Gûgâ.

"Mujh ko nibâlâ jânke tû chaṛhîâṅ sah jor.
Sâîṅ gat jâne nahîṅ: bîtâ gae kuchh hor.
Lâ mirî surhî sât sau; Mohan Jaimal mat râkh.
Jab chhoṛûngâ, Bâssâh, moe likh dîe tîn talâkh."

Putting the lasso round his neck he threw him from the (elephant) litter.
The arms of the Paṭhân were broken and his nobles dispersed.
There being trouble on their backs the elephants fled.
The Saint awakened the goddess (Jatî)* and Zâhir.
They seized Dâvîd and took their swords in their hands.
Twenty-two *lâkhs* of men and a *lâkh* of nobles fled.
The Chauhân's heart wondered seeing the doings of God.

Gûgâ.†

"Knowing me to be alone thou hast come up in force.
Thou dost not heed the Lord, thinking something else.
Bring me my 700 cows and retain not Mohan and Jaimal.‡
Then will I release thee, O King, when thou dost give me thy oath."§

---

* Observe that she also was on his side.
† To Firoz Shâh.
‡ His herdsmen.
§ See line 62.

Firoz Shâh Bâdshâh.

"Le le surhî sàt sau; Mohan Jaimal mat ràkh.
Jân bakhsh, mire Auliâ, tee likh dûṅ tîn talâkh.
Sîkh sunî thî Joṛ kî: dhoke ḍûbâ âe.
Ab kî gunâ bakhsh de, Jâhir: tû Bâmhan, maiṅ gâo."
Dhartî to dehlâ paṛî, lakhtar râche ang.
Kaheṅ Sitâbî:—se dhani pât Auliâ jang!

Harî bâg kî waî par kamtâ Gorakhnâth manâe.
Mahil chaṛhî Kâchhal dekhî thî; woh Joṛoṅ kî mâe.

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Gûgâ re, Joṛe bhî dekhe? bewar un kâ â batâ."

Firoz Shâh the King.

"Take thy 700 cows: I keep not thy Mohan and Jaimal.
Spare my life, my Saint, and I will give thee my oath.
I listened to the teaching of the Twins and have been undone by deceit.
Forgive my fault, Zâhir: thou art as Brâhmaṇ, I as thy cow.*"
The Earth shook and was dyed with blood.
Saith Shitâbî:—(thus) the noble Saint took the field!

He went round the garden green and worshipped Gorakhnâth.†
Kâchhal‡ went up the palace and looked around: she, the mother of the Twins.

Rânî Kâchhal.

"O Gûgâ, hast seen the Twins? Tell me news of them."

---

* A common Hindû expression in asking forgiveness, meaning—treat me as well as a Brâhmaṇ would treat his cow. See Vol. II. p 103.

† The scene completely changes here and Gûgâ has returned home.

‡ The mother of the Twins: see the story in Vol I.

Gúgâ.

"Mausî, maiṅ kal to dekhe the : âj kâ bewarâ nâ."

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Maiṅ jânûṅ taiṅ Joṛe mâre, chele Gorakhnâth.
Dohâî Goraknâth kî, moe sânch batâ de bât !"

Lîlî ke hânî sîs lîe mausî ko dikhlâe.
Bhak bhak nain baleṅ Joṛoṅ ke, mûchh raheṅ bal khâe.

Rânî Kâchhal.

"Chaṛhte kâṭe bel; taiṅ Joṛoṅ ko mâr lîâ.
Dohâî Gorakhnâth kî, mâtâ ko mukh nâ dikhâ!"

Gúgâ.

"Aunt, I saw them yesterday: to-day I have no news."

Rânî Káchhal.

"I think thou hast slain the Twins, thou disciple of Gorakhnâth.
By the justice of Gorakhnâth, do thou tell me the truth"

He showed the heads on Lîlî's saddle to his aunt.
The eyes of the Twins were wide-awake and their moustaches stiff.

Rânî Káchhal.

"Thou hast cut the growing shoots; thou hast slain the Twins.
By the justice of Gorakhnâth, show not thy face to thy mother!"

Gúgâ.

" Burî karî; taiṅ dohâî dînî: phir âûngâ nâ!
Jâ Dhartî maiṅ soûngâ; pachtâvegî mâ."

Bâg pakaṛ Siriyal khaṛî kahe:

Rânî Siriyal.

" Suno, Jangal ke Râo!
Mâî-bâp tû man se bisâre: merâ kaun niyâo?
Tumbî bin râwal nahîṅ: binâ birch nahîṅ chhâe.
Tum châle pardes, sâth maiṅ chhoṛûngî nâo."

Gúgâ.

" Mahil jude banwâe le, tire mahiloṅ âve Pîr.
Mâtâ bolî bolnî: mire lagî kalîjâ tîr.

Gúgâ.

"Thou hast done evil and hast claimed justice (from Gorakhnâth), and I come no more!
I will go and sleep in the earth and my mother will grieve."

Siriyal seized his reins and said:

Rânî Siriyal.

" Hear, thou Lord of the Wilds!
Thou hast put away thy father and mother from thy mind, who will do me justice?
A mendicant is nothing without his begging bowl: a tree is nought without shade.
Thou goest abroad and I will not be left behind."

Gúgâ.

" Take a separate palace and thy Saint will come to thee there.*
My mother† hath spoken evil and the arrow hath entered my heart.

---

* *i.e.* miraculously. There is a well-known story in which Gûgâ visited his wife, after "sleeping in the Earth," by night for 12 years: See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XI., p. 34. † *i.e.*, aunt.

He, Dhartî Mâtâ Jagat, yeh thârâ bastâr.
Kirpâ kare, Karîmji, bistar ham ko darkâr."

Dhartî Mâtâ.

" Kol* bhare main Rasûl se ; Hindû jhilûn nâ !
Jât janam Hindû tirâ : Kâlima bharkar â !"

Phar phar Kâlima bharâ ; Dhartî hûî udâe.
Kirpâ kare Karîmjî : son Lîlî gae samâe.
Parîyân lâîn achrâ, aur hûrîn lâîn hâr.

O Earth, Mother of the World, this (body) is (of) thy bulk.
Have mercy, O Thou that art merciful, I have need of rest."

Mother Earth.

" I have given my word to the Prophet (Muhammad) that I will not tolerate a Hindû !
Thou art a Hindû by birth : fulfil the (Muhammadan) Creed and come !"

He learnt the Creed† and the Earth opened.
The Merciful had mercy and he went to sleep with Lîlî.
Fairies brought him a chaplet and *hûrîs* brought him a necklace.

---

* For *qaul*.

† This bard says that it was Gorakhnâth that taught Gûgâ the Muhammadan Creed ! A very clear instance of the manner in which Islâm and Hinduism are now mixed up in the vulgar Indian mind.

Hûr Parî.

"Pahro, Jâhir Auliâ, Bahist kî bâg bahâr."

Sammat terâ sau unhattarâṅ yeh sâkhâ Chauhân.
Kahte Sîtâbî :—Meo kâ jag jag jîo gawân.

Hurîs and Fairies.

"Don them, O Saint Zâhir, (and enjoy) the spring garden of Heaven."

It was in *Saṁvat* 1369* that the Chauhân died.
Saith Shitâbî :—May the hearers of the Meo† live for ever.

---

* 1312 A.D.

† *i.e.*, the bard is a Meo by caste.

No. LIII.

THE MIRACLES OF SAKHÎ SARWAR,

AS RELATED BY BARDS IN THE JÂLANDHAR DISTRICT.

[These three short ballads each have their own interest and play a part in the elucidation of the story of this great Saint.]

[The first is remarkable for the specific date it gives to Sakhî Sarwar's death, *viz.*, 1174 A.D., and also for the reasonable account it gives of his doings and of the causes that led to his death;—a family squabble over land. The Khors, so often mentioned in these Sarwar legends as his 'brethren,' are probably the Khokhars, into which tribe the Saint's father married (see Vol. II., p. 118), and the quarrel seems to have risen thus. The headman of the Khokhars at Shâkhoṭ, near Multân, had two daughters, one of whom he married to the Sayyid, Zainu'l-'âbidîn, Sarwar's father, probably for the social position thus gained, and the other as usual into his own tribe. On his death a dispute must have arisen over the division of the property inherited through these two daughters: the Sayyids and the Khokhars both claiming a share. This feud ended in the murder of the Sayyids and in the extirpation of their line.]

[The second, while repeating in other words much that is to be found in the first, gives a fairly full account of the matters hinted at in the fragments about Sarwar in Vol. I., p. 91 ff.]

[The third is a 'mixed' legend, and while purporting to give the story of Pherû the Brâhman given in full in Vol. II., p. 104 ff., it repeats mainly that of Dânî Jaṭṭî, (Vol. I., p. 66 ff.), who here appears as Devî the wife of Pherû. As might be expected in an incomplete and obviously muddled legend such as this, portions of more than even two stories have found their way into it. Thus, part of the well-known tale of 'Îsâ, the restorer of Sarwâr's shine at Nigâhâ, re-appears (Vol. I., p. 210 ff.), especially that portion (Vol. I., p. 214) which relates to the three invalids cured at the springs there, from whom the present *mujâwirs*, or shrine attendants, claim descent. Again, in the name Bhâî Pherû, and in the fact of his marrying among the Sikhs, there is an allusion to quite a distinct story. Bhâî is a common title of the holy men among the Sikhs and there was in the beginning of this Century a Bhâî Pherû, whose tomb or shrine is at Miâṅke, near Chûniân, in the Lâhor District, and who is frequently invoked in the well-known sentence "*Bhâî Pherû terî kâr*, may Bhâî Pherû protect thee," used as a charm on seeing one of the small whirlwinds so common in the Panjâb. For an explanation of this phrase see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XI., pp. 31, 32.]

I.

TEXT.

Khâlak sab dâ Allah haigâ Rabb, Karîm, Ghaffâr.
Rasûl Nabbî se is ne bheje bandoṅ meṅ har bâr:
Fazal, inâyat, bhakhshish-bârî sabhnâṅ nûṅ jâ dasan;
Kahir-kahârî, Jabar-jabbârî, lokâṅ nûṅ â dasan.
Bande oh de amar nahî nûṅ khûb tarah se jaueṅ:
Jo koî us toṅ muṅh nûṅ more Dozakh kareṅ ṭhikâne!
Khalkat gunâ-gûn banâe, sab jâ hoe pukâr!
Rizak sab nûṅ rozî dendâ oh Walî Kartâr!

Pânch Sadî de awal, yâ ki Châr Sadî de âkhir,
Mulk Arab meṅ fitna uṭhkar, kâim ho gaî âkhir.
Khûrezî dî hoî sî kasrat; mâr lûṭ chaupherâ:
Aman, salâmat, sukhchain ne apnâ paṭ lîâ ḍerâ.
Zainâbdîn,* bâp Sayyid Ahmad, tarak watan tad kîtâ:
Arab chhaḍ Panjâb meṅ Shaikoṭ sâṅh sâ lîtâ.
Sayyid hone in Sâhib meṅ shubah na shakk hai mûl:
Sayyid Hussainî in ko jâno; mâno âl Rasûl.
Mukaddam Pîrâ Shaikoṭ ne sidak yakîn de nâl,
Laṛkî baḍî biyâhko, Shâh se hoiâ khushhâl.
Chhoṭî laṛkî Pîrâ ne châ Khorâṅ† vichh biyâhî:
Us gâuṅ meṅ rahinde sî, aur karde sî oh bâhî.
Pîrâ dî aulâd te bâkî donoṅ sî oh dhîâṅ:
Apne apne hisse par oh donoṅ kâbiz thîâṅ.

Shâh Sâhib de ghar de andar Sayyid Ahmad jad jâiâ,
Khâlazâd bhâiâṅ dâ tad hasad hoiâ sawâiâ.
Sakhî Sarwar to bhâîâṅ nâle khulak marwat karde:
Bughz wa adâwat dil apne vichh har vele oh bharde.
Lâchârî nûṅ watan chhaḍ Baghdâd Shahr wal chale:
Barkat sohbat Pîr Pîrâṅ te bhar bhar lîte palle.
Shahâbu'ddîn Soharwardî, Shekh wakat kahâve,—

* For Zainu'l-'âbidîn.

† This throws light on the word *khorâṅ* in Vol. I., p. 91, translated, no doubt wrongly, as "enemies" in p. 94.

Un kî sohbat bâ barkat se bahut fâida pâve.
Mandûl Chishtî us vele sâ, Jagat-pîr kahâwandâ;—
Un kî khidmat bâ azmat se faiz bâtanî pâwandâ.

Hubb watan dî Sayyid Ahmad dil meṅ bahut jo âi,
Baghdâd Shahr chhoḍ-chhaḍke Dhaunkal jhuggî pâî.
Kashf karâmât Pîr Sâhib dî jag meṅ hoî mashhûr:
Bahut khalâik faiz bâtanî pâkar hoe bharpûr.
Shaikoṭ jad âe Sarwar bhâîâṅ kahîr machâiâ:
Hasad jabilî un lokâṅ dâ pher josh par âiâ.
Khorâṅ milkar us jâgo par matâ oh pakâiâ:
"Sarjâ mâran in ko bhajo: khud mûâ yâ mâr âiâ."
Ḍhâḍâ Pîr kahre nûṅ mârke sarjâ jind gaṅwâî!
Bhâîâṅ dî tad âg darûnî dûnî hoî sawâî.
Khorâṅ Hâkim pâs jâeke kîtâ yûṅ pukârâ:
"Sayyid Ahmad nûṅ kaid kar lo, tâṅ sâḍâ ho chhuṭkâiâ."
Hâkim Shahr Multân kol jad eh gâl galâiâ,
Hazrat de pakaṛâwan kâran uhdi turt bhijwâiâ.
Sayyid ne jad had Shahr meṅ apnâ kadam ṭakâiâ,
Hâkim nûṅ tad shauk milan dâ jî meṅ bahut samâiâ:
Kyûṅke Hâkim wakat nûṅ eh bishârat hoî:—
'Sayyid dî be-adabî kâran sharûrat jâû khoî.'
Pîr Sâhib Darbar meṅ âkar dâkhil jis dam hoî,
Darbârî lokâṅ, adnâ âlâ, sir kadamâṅ par ḍhoî!
Hâkim wakat ne azmat karke gale turt lagâiâ:
Ghoṛâ Tâzî, joṛâ shâhî, nazarâne dâ lâiâ.
Pîr Sâhib ne nazar lene meṅ uzar bahut sâ kîtâ:
Hâkim ne az râh khushâmad is de gal maṛh dîtâ.
Sakhî Sarwar ne izzat pâî: Khor hoe sharminde.
Khorâṅ de ghar mâtam hoî; Sayyidâṅ de ghar chande.

Râste meṅ ik tolâ fakîrâṅ oh nûṅ âkar miliâ,
Darbâroṅ jad, rukhsat hoke, Sayyid apne gâuṅ nûṅ chaliâ.
Sawâl kîâ; "Ham bhûke haiṅge; sânûṅ kuchh khilâ!
Nahîṅ, asâḍâ jîwanâ haigâ sakht baṛâ."
Pîr boliâ: "Jangal bârhî; nâṅ kardâ maiṅ paj;

Nâl mere Shaikoṭ chalo, aur khâuâ khâo raj."
"Lakhdâtâ terâ nâm hai, Chau Kûntâṅ vichh mashhûr:
Ghoṛâ joṛâ bakhshke sânûṅ kar masrûr."
Mânga un kâ de dîâ, aur ghar de jânib ṭuriâ.
Fakîrâṅ ghoṛâ zibah kar chulhiâṅ utte dhariâ.
Laham ghoṛe dâ khâkar, joṛâ lîrâṅ kariâ:
Kalima shukar Sayyid Ahmad Sâîṅ us vele jâ paṛhiâ.
Khorâṅ eh dekhkar Darbâre bhânî mârî:
"Sayyid tusâḍe bakhsh dî zarâ kadar na jânî.
Ghoṛâ terâ dîâ hoiâ fakîrâṅ nûṅ khilwâiâ.
Âge ham kyâ kaheṅ, jo kiâ Sayyid jâiâ?"
Shâh* ne ahdî bhajke Sayyid Ahmad bulwâiâ.
"Ghorâ Tâzî nâl lâ!," eh Sâhib* farmâiâ.
Pîr Sâhib ne jis ghaṛî eh hukm sun pâiâ,
Donoṅ hâth uthâke boliâ bâr: "Khudâ yâ,
Tûṅ Kâdir Karîm hai, maiṅ miṣkîn nimânâ.
Is ghoṛe nûṅ zindâ kar, kuchh merâ nahîṅ ṭhikânâ!"
Ghoṛâ zindâ ho gîâ; Sayyid hoiâ kushhâl.
Shukar Khudâ dâ bhajiâ hoke bahut nihâl.
Tâzî ghoṛâ leke jad Darbâr jâ wariâ,
Sûbadâr Multan ne kadar bahuṭ sâ kariâ.
Eh karâmât dekhke, aur na kuchh ban âî,
Apnî beṭî Bâî dî us se karî sagâî!

Sayyidzâdâ biyâhke Shaikoṭ meṅ âiâ,
Khorâṅ ral mil baiṭhke eho matâ jad lâiâ:
"Jad tak eh hai jîwandâ sânûṅ nahîṅ ârâm.
Âo, is nûṅ mâr deṅ, te hove achhâ kâm."
Abdu'l-Ghani bhâî thâ Hazrat dâ ik khûb:
Surâju'ddîn nâû̃ laṛke dâ, oh har ik dâ mahbûb.
Sarwar jân de khauf toṅ watanoṅ se hath dhoe;
Makâm Nigâhe jâke kheme zan phir hoe.
Khorâṅ pichhiâ chhaḍiâ othe bhî nâṅ mûl:
Sane kabile Shâh nûṅ kîtâ jâ maktûl.

---

* Observe that *Shâh* and *Sâhib* here mean the Governor, elsewhere in this poem they mean the Saint.

San shahâdat Pîr dâ haigâ panj sau satar.
Sahîh is nûṅ mân le, na kar tûn kuchh chalitar.

Mukâm Nigâhâ piṇḍ hai pahâṛe par âbâd:
Andar us de kabar hai; Sayyid Ahmad ne yâd.
Nîche oh de khad hai barsâtî be-kâl.
Melâ us meṅ hondâ hai Baisâkhî nûṅ har sâl.
Pânî wahâṅ kam yâb sâ; tihaṇṇṅ kitî zârî:
Hazrat dî doâ te chashmâ ho gaî jârî.
Sidak wa yakîṅ se jo koî jâkar is meṅ nahâve,
Fazal Ilahî, yaman Walî te, jald shifâ un pâve.

Ik same ik ghâr jâ Hazrat majlis kî.
Ḍhig phaṭkar sir utte jhab girne nûṅ thî;
Hath apnâ Pîr Sâhib ne nîche se jâ dhariâ,
Shikûf wahâṅ dâ jitnâ hoîâ sâ, utnâ hi rah ghariâ.
Shakal musallis ab hai ghâṭî meṅ maujûd:
Uparoṅ bahut farâkh hâi, âkhir jâ mafkûd.
Panjâ dâ nishân hai is dâ khûb ayân.
Jo châhe, so dekh le, hor shak na âu.

Sayyid Ahmad nâm ûp dâ wâlidain ne rakhiâ;
Lakhdâtâ, Lâlâàwâlâ, lakab hûâ hai achhâ!
Sakhî Sarwar bhî âkhde jag vichhânî log:
Sarwar Sultân kah mâude Jaṭṭ Chamâr har log.
Bhaṭâîṅ eh dê Sayyid dî jân se karan kabûl:
Wâlî apnâ jânde eh firkâ majhûl.

'Abdu'llah eh hî nazm banâî: oh hundâ hai âsî.
Allah oh de hâl par rahmat bhajeṅ khâsî!

TRANSLATION.

The God of all creatures is the Lord, Merciful and
Forgiving.
He hath sent His prophets to His servants at all times,
To show to all His grace and gifts and kindness,
To show them that He is Almighty and Omnipotent.
His servants know well His orders and interdicts,

And he that turneth his face from Him shall dwell in Hell!
He made His creatures of different kinds that all might call on Him!
The Lord, the Creator, giveth their daily food to all!

In the beginning of the Fifth Century, or at the end of the Fourth,*
Disturbances arose in Arabia and afterwards became general.†
There was much bloodshed and robbery on all sides,
And peace, security and happiness struck their tents.
So Zainu'l'âbidîn, the father of Sayyid Aḥmad, left his country,
And leaving Arabia settled‡ at Shaikoṭ§.
There is no doubt nor suspicion at all as to the Saint having been a Sayyid:
Know him to be a Hussainî Sayyid, and of the female line from the Prophet.||
Pîrâ, the head-man of Shaikoṭ, in his faith and assurance,
Gave his elder daughter in marriage to the Saint (Zaînu'l-'âbidîn) with gladness.

---

* *i. e.* A. H.; this gives us the beginning of the XIIth Century A.D.; See Vol. I., p. 66.

† This reference is intelligible: A.H. 467 to 512, or A.D. 1075 to 1118, the period covered by the reigns, more or less nominal, of the 'Abbâsî Khalifas of Baghdâd, Al Muqtadî B'illah and Al Mustazahir B illah, under the real sway of the powerful Saljûqs, Jalâlu'ddîn Malik Shâh (1072-1092) and Sultân Barkayâraq (1092-1104), was indeed a period of disturbance. It saw the rise of the Crusades in Syria owing to the excesses of Malik Shâh at Jerusalam, the struggles there under the Fâtimî Khâlifa of Egypt, Musta'ali B'illah Abû'l-Qâsim Aḥmad (1094-1100), the decline of the great Saljûqî Empire on the death of Malik Shâh, and the rise and power of the Assassins or Ismaîlîas under Ḥasan Sabbâḥ, the Old Man of the Mountain (1089-1124).

‡ *Lit.*, drew breath.

§ Should be Shâhkoṭ; see Vol. II., p. 118.

|| *i. e.* a descendant of Hussain, son of 'Alî, and grandson of Muḥammad through his daughter Fâtima; see Vol. II., p. 154.

His younger daughter Pîrâ gave in marriage to the Khors.*
(The Saint) dwelt in the village and took to ploughing.
Pîrâ's only descendants were through those two daughters,
And they all took their shares through those two.

When Sayyid Ahmad was born in the Saints' house,
The jealousy of the cousins increased apace.
Sakhî Sarwar had kindly feelings towards his brethren,
But they continually kept enmity in their hearts.
In despair (the Saint Sarwar) left his home and went to the City of Baghdâd,
And was filled with the blessing and communion of the Saints.
Shahâbu'ddîn Soharwardî, whom they call the Saint of the day,
Benefited him much with his blessing and companionship.
Maudûd Chishtî lived then, whom they call the World-saint;—
From serving and honoring him he obtained grace in his heart.†
When an eager desire for his home came into his heart Sayyid Ahmad
Left the City of Baghdâd and pitched his tent at Dhaunkal.‡
The miracles and mysteries of the Saint became known to the world,
And the hearts of many people were filled full of grace.
When the Saint went to Shaikot his brethren raised up a disturbance,

* See introduction.

† Shahâbu'ddîn Soharwardî of Baghdâd, flourished A.D. 1145-1232. Khwâja Maudûd Chishtî died at Chisht in 1153.

‡ Near Wazîrâbâd in the Gujrânwâlâ district.

And the natural jealousy of those people again gathered strength.
The Khors assembled at that place and made a plan,
(Saying): "Send him to slay a lion: he will slay or be slain."
The great Saint slew the lion with his slipper!*
Then the inward fire of the brethren increased doubly.
The Khors went to the Governor and thus cried out:
"Put Sayyid Ahmad into prison, that we may be rid of him."
The Governor of the City of Multân, on hearing these words,
Sent a messenger quickly to seize the Saint.
As soon as the Sayyid put his foot within the boundary of the City,
The Governor was seized with a great desire to meet him:
Because a sign had been given to that Governor of the day,
That he would lose his prosperity if he showed any disrespect to the Sayyid.
When the Saint put his foot in the Court,
The courtiers, great and small, laid their heads at his feet!
The Governor of the day honoured him and quickly embraced him,
And brought him as a gift an Arab horse and royal robes.
The Saint greatly objected to taking a gift,
But the Governor persuaded him with sweet words.
Sakhî Sarwar was honoured and the Khors ashamed.
There was weeping in the house of the Khors and joy in the house of the Sayyids.

On the road a band of *faqîrs* met him,
As the Sayyid was returning home from the Court.

* *Cf.* Vol. I., p. 95.

They begged (of him, saying): "We are hungry, give us something to eat!
Else it will be very hard for us to live."
Said the saint: "It is the wide jungle, but I hesitate not;
Come with me to Shaikoṭ and eat your fill."
"Thy name is Lakhdâtâ, known to the Four Quarters (of the Earth),
Grant us thy horse and robes and make us happy."
He gave what they desired and went homewards.
The *faqīrs* slew the horse and put it on their hearths (to cook it).
They ate the flesh of the horse, and made themselves breeches of the clothes:
And then they repeated the prayers for thanks to the Lord Sayyid Aḥmad.
When the Khors saw this they went and told tales to the Court (saying):
"The Sayyid did not at all value the (Governor's) gifts.
He has given the horse to *faqīrs* to eat.
What more can we say of the doings of the Sayyid's son?"
The Governor sent a messenger to fetch the Sayyid.
And the Governor said: "Let him bring the Arab horse with him!"
When the Saint heard the order,
He raised his hands and said again and again: "O God,
Thou art Mighty and Merciful, I am but poor and miserable:
Raise this horse to life; I have no resources (but in thee)!"
The horse became alive and the Saint was happy.
Giving thanks to God he became very happy.
When he entered the Court with the Arab horse,
The Governor of Multân greatly honoured him.
Seeing this miracle, he had no alternative

But to give him his own daughter Bâi in marriage !*

After the Sayyid's son had married he came to Shaikoṭ,
And the Khors met together and made this plan :
" As long as he is alive we shall have no peace.
Come, let us slay him and we shall prosper."
The Saint had a good brother 'Abdu'l-Ghaṇi,
And Surâju'ddîn was the name of his Son, beloved of all.
Sarwar from fear of his life washed his hands of his house,
And went and pitched his tent at Nigâhâ.
Even there the Khors did not cease to follow him,
And slew the Saint with his family.
The date of the Saint's martyrdom is five hundred and seventy.†
Know this for truth and doubt it not.

Nigâhâ is a village in the hills :‡
In it is his tomb :remember, Sayyid Aḥmad's.
Beneath it is a ravine in the rains.
Every year in Baisâkh a fair is held there.
There was a scarcity of water and the thirsty (pilgrims) cried out ;
And a spring arose by the prayer of the Saint.
Who goes and bathes there in faith and assurance,
By the grace of God and the favour of the Saint, will quickly be cured.

Once the Saint held an assembly in a ravine,
And (the rocks) were ready to fall on his head ;
When the Saint placed his hand beneath them,
The ravine remained as it was made.
The triangular appearance of the pass still remains ;

* See Vol. I., p. 95; Vol. II. p. 116ff. and 131.
† *i.e.* 570 A.H. or 1174 A.D.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 66.

Wide at the top and narrow at the bottom.
The mark of the (Saint's) hand is clearly visible.
Those that wish can see it and have no doubts.

Thy parents called thee Sayyid Aḥmad,*
Lakhdâtâ and Lâlâṅwâlâ are thy noble titles!
The people, too, call thee Sakhî Sarwar in the world,
And all the Jaṭṭs and Chamârs worship thee as Sarwar Sultân.
The bards acknowledge thee for a Sayyid with their lives,
The poor bards knowing thee for their patron.

'Abd'ullah made these verses, thy sinful servant.
May God have special mercy on him!

II.

TEXT.

Awal gâwâṅ Sache Allah:
Hazrat lendâ Bahisht muhalla:
Maullâ mâneṅ jeh dî gallâṅ:
    Oh Pîr maiṅ phaṛiâ.
Sarwar Ḍhoḍâ donoṅ bhâî
Nâl Khorâṅ de sâṅj rachâî;
Nadî kinâre kanak bijâî.
Viyâh Nadî de utte rahinde.
    Khet Pîrâṅ dâ hariâ.
Kanakâṅ pakîâṅ Chet Basâkhî.
Khorâṅ Pîrâṅ ghalle râkhe.
Khorâṅ de sab râkhe mâre;
    Sarjâ zor kariâ.
Khorâṅ milke matâ matâiâ:
"Râkh ghallo Sayyid jâiâ;
Sarjâ us nûṅ mâr mukâve:
    Sâḍâ mantar phuriâ!"
Pîr khaṛâwâṅ, hath musallâ,
    Pîrâṅ pahrâ kariâ.

* The bard now invokes Sakhî Sarwar.

Kar 'B'ismi'llah' kharâṅ ik mare;
Sarjâ ḍhere kariâ.
Kanak pakîâṅ; hâle paindî:
Khorâṅ Pîrâṅ de pâs jânde:
"Bâdshâhâṅ de daftar bharnî!"
Shâh dâ pallâ phaṛiâ.
Ralke Khorâṅ dittâ tânâ:
"Nâl sâḍe chalo, Sultânâ;
Bâdshâhâṅ dâ bharo khazânâ;
Dastak sânûṅ phaṛiâ!"
* Âbî, Jodhâ, Sâṅwan, Kakkû,
Chauhâṅ bâr, uṭhâiâ Makkû:
Pîr nûṅ phaṛke nâl le chale.
Eh ki augun kariâ?
Gaṛh Multânoṅ Pîr chale;
Chham chham barsan nûr tajale.
Bâhlâṅ Khorâṅ dâû na chale:
Maullâ hondâ jeh de Walî.
Nâl Khorâṅ de ṭuriâ.
Darbâr vichh jad rakhiâ pair:
Jitho pair ṭe ohte khair.
Nahânî nazaroṅ Ghanâṅ Paṭhânâ:
"Gajjâ Pîr hai, raṭak sadânâ.
Baṛâ karam kîtâ, Sultânâ."
Uṭhke Bâdshâh bhî miliâ.
Ghan Pîr bahoṅ barâbar:
Hor rahan sab khaṛiâ!
Bol Khorâṅ dâ raddî paindâ:
Sayyid ghoṛe chaṛhiâ.
Tâzî ghoṛâ te nâl joṛâ
Pîrâṅ age dhariâ.
Sayyid kahindâ: "Suno, Bâdshâhâ,
Mainûṅ Maullâ de parwâhâ
Maiṅ kî jânâ ṭûṭâ lâhâ?
Tâzî Allah bakhshe:

* This line explains the allusions at p. 95, Vol. I., and at Vol. II., p. 118.

Kam Sâîṅ dâ kariâ!"
Fakîrâṅ ghatte ân sawâlâṅ:
"Ghoṛâ deh Bâdhshâhanwâlâ."
Tâzî ghoṛâ te nâl joṛâ
Pîr te Malangâṅ phaṛiâ.
Sakhî Sarwar dî 'dhan dhan' hoî:
Malangâṅ mile muṅh mangî ḍhoî.
Shukar Khudâ dâ karke Sarwar
Watan des nûṅ ṭuriâ.
Kar 'B'ismi'llah,' paṛh takbîrâṅ,
Fukrâ hukm Sharâ dâ kariâ.
Degâṅ bhariâṅ uthe jawâne:
"Sar-mukh tere dûheṅ jahâne!"
Langâṅ lîâṅ phâr dîwâne;
Rajje fakîr den doâîṅ:
Darûd Nabbî par paṛhiâ.
Khoṛ chughal Darbâre âiâ:
"Tâzî terâ Pîr khilâiâ.
Terâ dittâ yâd na lâiâ:
Chit kisî na dhariâ."
Sayyid utte âhdî thâve:
Sayyid Râo nûṅ Bâdshâh bulâve.
Kakkî chaṛhkar Pîr phir âve;
Oho ghoṛâ tâṅ ban âve:
Nîlâ Tâzî hariâ!
Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ:
"Sunîye, Muhammad, Châroṅ Yârâ,
Eho ghoṛâ hoe sârâ,
Nîlâ Tâzî hariâ!"
Haḍ cham chun kîtâ ḍherâ:
Jânde kalam Malâik moṛâ.
Azrâîl phir ândî jindṛî:
Sâbit ghoṛâ baniâ!
Oh ghoṛâ le âiâ:
Bâdshâh kahe: "O Khudâ yâ!"
Ghaniâṅ wazîrâṅ Shâh nûṅ samjhâiâ:
Bâdshâh ne ḍolâ dekar,

Niyat khair phir paṛhiâ.
Bol Khorâṅ dâ raddî paindâ :
Sayyid ghoṛe charhiâ.
Shakar wanḍî, hoî shâdî ;
Nîyat khair paṛhiâ Pîrzâde,
Bâî bakhshî kaul zabânî.
Sayyidzâde Bâî dî banî joṛî,
Jo rang sabhî-baniâ !
Lâl, jawâhir, motî, hîre,
Lâgîâṅ nûṅ pahinâe chîre.
Sayyid dî jad shâdî hoî,
Ḍhol damâmâ dhariâ.
Shâdâ bharâîṅ nazam banâî :
Bhâîâṅ vichhoṅ hurmat pâî.
Nau nidh, bârâṅ sidh ho gaiâṅ :
Har sâl Nigâhe ṭuriâ !

TRANSLATION.

First I sing the True God :
(Secondly) the Prophet * that dwelleth in Heaven :
(Thirdly) whose prayers God heeds,
I worship that Saint.†
Sarwar and Ḍhoḍâ,‡ these two brothers,
Made a partnership with the Khors,
And planted wheat by the river bank.
They dwelt on the banks of the River Biyâs.§
The field of the Saints prospered.
The wheat ripened in Chet and Baisâkh.||
The Khors and the Saints sent their field-watchmen.
The watchmen of the Khors were all slain,
For the lions were furious.
The Khors met and made a plan, (saying) :

---

* *i. e.*, Muḥammad. † *i.e.*, Sakhî Sarwar.
‡ Ḍhoḍâ was own brother to Sarwar : see Vol. I., p. 75, &c.
§ A gratuitous assumption on the part of the Jâlandhar bard, who seems to know of no other important river.
|| *i.e.*, in March and April.

"Let us send the Sayyid's son as a field-watchmen,
That the lion may slay him,
And our charm prosper!"
The Saint with his sandals on and his praying-carpet in his hand,
Kept the watch.
Saying, 'In the name of God,' with one blow of his sandal
He overthrew the lion.
The wheat ripened and the tax was due,
And the Khors went to the Saint (saying):
"Pay (the taxes) to the King's office!"
And they seized the Saint's skirt.*
Together the Khors reproached him, (saying):
"Come with us, (Sakhî Sarwar) Sultân,
And pay into the King's treasury,
For the summons has reached us!"
Âbî, Jodhâ, Sâṅwan, Kakkû,
The four brethren, took Makkû (with them), †
And seizing the Saint took him (also) with them.
How great a sin they committed!
The Saint went to Multân fort, and
Heavenly glory shone upon him.
The plan of the wicked Khors did not flourish
Against him whose Lord was God.
He went with the Khors.
Wherever in the Court (the Saint) placed
His feet, there was blessing.
Ghanâ the Paṭhân cast a side-look at him saying:
"The Saint is a warrior and hath called up a host.
O Sultân, thou hast done me a great kindness."
And the King got up to greet him.
Ghan and the Saint sat down together,
While all the rest remained standing!

---

* *i.e.*, pressed him to make all the payment.
† These five were the Khors and cousins of Sakhî Sarwar.

The words of the Khors were thrown away,
And the Sayyid mounted a horse.
An Arab horse and a suit of apparel
Were brought before the Saint.
Said the Sayyid: "Hear, O King,
I heed (only) God.
What know I of loss or gain?
God hath granted this Arab horse:
It is God's doing!"
A crowd of *faqîrs* came and begged (of Sarwar, saying)
"Give us the Royal horse."
The Arab horse and the suit of apparel
The Malangs* took from the Saint.
They spake well of Sakhî Sarwar,
And the Malangs obtained what they asked:
Giving thanks to God, Sarwar
Returned to his native land.
Saying 'In the name of God' and the (proper prayers)
The *faqîrs* acted according to the Law.†
Filling the cauldrons they stood up, (saying):
"Mayest thou be honored in both worlds (O Sarwar)!"
The estatics tore up the raiment,
And being satiated the *faqîrs* gave thanks,
And prayed to the Prophet
The Khors told tales in the Court, (saying):
"The Saint hath eaten thy Arab horse.
He hath not remembered thy gift,
Nor valued it at all."
Messengers were sent to the Saint,
And the King sent for the Lord Saint.
The Saint came back on (his mare) Kakkî‡
And then the horse was restored;
The grey Arab was flourishing!

---

* Properly a sect of mendicants who, through one Jaman Jatî, are followers of Badîu'ddin Shâh Madâr of Makkanpûr (1350-1433 A.D.)
† *i.e.*, they killed the horse for food in the orthodox way.
‡ See *ante* in all the legends of Sarwar, *passim*.

The Sayyids had met and called out:
"Hear O Muḥammad, and ye his Four Friends,*
May this horse be made whole,
And the grey Arab flourish!"
They collected the bones and skin into a heap,
And the pen of the Angel (of Death) turned back.
Azrâîl † gave him back life,
And the horse was made whole!
(The Saint) brought the horse:
Said the King: "O my God!"
The ministers together explained to the King (what he should do),
And the King gave him (his daughter) in marriage,
And married her to him lawfully.
The speech of the Khors came to naught,
And the Sayyid mounted the horse.
The sugar was distributed‡ and the marriage completed,
And the descendant of Saints performed it lawfully.
(The King gave his daughter) Bâî§ according to his spoken promise.
A match was made between Bâî and the Ṣayyid's son,
The fairest match of all!
Rubies, jewels, pearls and diamonds,
And bright turbans were given to the hangers on.
When the Sayyid was married
The great and small drums were sounded.
Shâdâ the bard made this poem,
And obtained honor among his brethren.
He obtains the nine riches and the twelve enjoyments,
That goes yearly to Nigâhâ!

---

* See Vol. II., p. 502.
† The Muhammadan Angel of Death.
‡ In token of the completion of a marriage it is usual to hold a feast, but when this for any reason is not practicable, sugar or dates are distributed among the relatives and guests instead.
§ See former stories of Sarwar, *passim*.

III.

TEXT

Bhâî Pherû Bahman thiâ;
Na oh dâ put, na oh dî dhîâ.
Kangâl kalânch ho jâne kâran,
Man vichh nazar manâwandâ:—
"Je Mere ghar dhan put hove,
Terî jag vichh, Pirâ, 'dhan dhan' hove.
Makâm banâwâṅ:
Nit dîve jalâwâṅ:
Eh mere man âwanda."
Jad Allah oh dî âs puchhâî,
Pîr Sâhib ne hurmat pâî.
Jhaṇḍâ gaḍiâ: makâm banâiâ:
Sohle nit oh gâwandâ.
Baṛe put dâ biyâh rachâiâ:
Sikhâṅ de ghar biyâhan âiâ.
Kurmâṅ oh nûṅ tânâ mârî:—
"Bâjh Sat Gur kyûṅ sîs niwâwandâ?"
Daulat dî gharûr se
Na sûjhî oh nûṅ dûr dî.
Ḍhîmâṅ gârâ ḍhuwâke,
Makâm dâ ḅûhâ chanwâwandâ.
Ghar vichh Devî nâr, jî:*
Deve matâṅ tân kari pukâr, jî.
"Oh tâṅ jodhâ Pîr hai,
Jeh dî tûṅ kâr miṭâwandâ!"
Muṇḍe kahinde: "Bâpûâ!
Kâh nûṅ kandâṅ piṭeṅ, pâpîâ?"
Ḍhoḍâ châbuk mârke,
Pherû nûṅ chit âwandâ.
Bahman dî akal mârî gaî:
Har dam oh nûṅ phaṭkâr paî.
Jad oh dî dehî phaṭ gaî;
Kâyâ dâ rang baṭâwandâ.

---

* *Jî*, Sir, addressed to audience has not been translated: see in man previous legends.

Ṛarḍâ pairoṅ gîâ, jî :
Ujâṛe jâke piâ, jî.
Jânde saṇg dekhkar,
Sangâṅ dî wal oh âwandâ.
Âiâ mâh sṇjâl, jî :
Sangâṅ dî paindî châl, jî.
Tobâ kîtî badkâr te :
Sharm âiâ bahut phaṭkâr te :
Darbâre sîs niwâwandâ.
Âwâz âî : "Bâhmanâṅ,
Nâ pâpî honde jâwanâṅ.
Chashme jâke nahâ tûṅ :
Kâyâ dâ rang banâ tûṅ :
Apne karne dâ phâl pâwandâ."
Jâd Bahman achchhâ hoiâ,
Phir zârî karke roiâ :
"Maiṅ khwâr hondâ bahut sâ, jî;
Tuhâ nûṅ raham hun âwandâ."
Phir jab tak rahiâ jîû dâ,
Pîr dî sifat karnîû dâ.
Oh dî sev karan bahir na thîûdâ :
Har sâl Darbâr meṅ jâwandâ.
Nihâlâ, khûb banwâiâ makâm, jî :
Âve mulk jahâṅ, jî.
Tîrath baniâ is dâ thân, jî :
Lâhor ilâkâ jâwandâ.

TRANSLATION.

Bhâî Pherû was a Brâhman,
That had nor son nor daughter.
As he was poor and hungry,
He made a vow in his heart :—
"If a good son be born in my house,*
Thy praises shall resound in the earth, O Saint
I will build thee a shrine,
And light thee perpetual lamps :
This is in my heart."

* Prayer addressed to Sarwar.

When God granted his desire,
There was honor to the Saint.
He raised up a standard and built a shrine,
And songs of praise were perpetually sung.
He arranged for the marriage of his elder son,
And married him among the Sikhs.
His brother-in-law reproached him (saying):
"Why bowest thy head to any but the True Gurû."*
In pride of wealth,
He could not see ahead.
Collecting bricks and mortar
He closed up the door of the shrine.†
He had a wife at home called Devi,
And she called out to him advisedly:
"He is a valiant Saint,
Whose worship thou art blotting out!"
Said his boys: "Father!
Why dost pull down the (shrine) walls, O sinner?"
Ḍhoḍâ beat him with a whip,‡
And made Pherû remember (his vow).
The Brâhman lost his senses,
And was cursed at every breath.
Then his body broke out (into sores),
And his body changed color.§
He crawled on his feet,
And went into the wilds.
He saw a party going (to Sarwar's shrine)
And he joined the party.
It was the cold season,
And the party went on their way.
He repented of his sin,
And was much ashamed of the curse (upon him),
And bowed his head in the shrine.

* *i.e.*, Gurû Govind Singh, the founder of the modern Sikhs.
† That he had built to Sarwar, *i.e.*, he became a Sikh.
‡ *Cf.*, Vol. I, p. 76.
§ *i.e.* he became a leper.

There came a voice, (saying): "O Brâhman,
Be no longer a sinner.
Go and bathe in the fountain,*
And the color of thy body shall be restored,
And thou shalt win the fruit of thy deed."
When the Brâhman became well
He again wept bitterly (saying):
"I was a great sinner,
And now thou (O Saint) hast had mercy.
And now as long as I live,
Will I praise the Saint.
I will do nought but serve him,
Going yearly to his Shrine."
O Nihâlâ,† well did he build the shrine,
Whither all the world goes.
The (Saint's) home he made into a place of pilgrimage
Whither the people of Lâhor‡ go.

---

* *Cf.*, Vol. II., p. 214. The bard explains that to the North-west of Nigâhâ are two or three small springs rising out of the water made by the Saint's horse!!

† The bard addressing himself; see Vol. I., p. 66.

‡ *i.e.*, of the Panjâb.

No. LIV.

THE FOUNDING OF BASTÎ SHEKH DARVESH,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[This is a typical legend of local history and serves to confirm much that has been already said at pp. 158-159 and p. 175ff of this volume as to the history of the Saints of Jâlandhar. It is to be noted that the date of the foundation of Bastî Shekh Darvesh is here given as A.H. 1026 or A.D. 1617, and that this agrees with the usual historical date.]

[The poem also gives a list of the Jâlandhar Bastîs past and present, which is worthy of note.]

TEXT.

Kaifiyat Âbâdî Bastî Shekh Darvesh.

Awal hamd Khudâwand dâ, lâkh darûd Nabbî nûṅ;
Hâl âbâdî Bastî Shekhâṅ pher sunâwâṅ tainûṅ.

Shekh Darvesh, Pîr Paṭhânâṅ, Kânîyûṅ hoe ûdâsî;
Pîr Walî te rukhsat le Jâlandhar hoe bâsî.
Hazîra Bijlî Khâṅ de pâs jo jangal sâ ghanerâ,
Ethe âke Shekh Sâhib ne apnâ kîtâ ḍerâ.
Loḍî log, sharîr âdmî, un se laṛne lâge:
Shekh Sâhib ne apne ḍerâ rawân karde âge.
Theh Lohârî, jis jâ utte hun haigî âbâdî,
Malikâṅ pâsoṅ mol leke dil meṅ kîtî shâdî.
Malikâṅ log sharârat-peshâ aisâ kahir machâiâ,
Jitnâ makân din nûṅ bandâ, râtî âke ḍuhâiâ.
Shekh Sâhib kî naubat nâlish hâkim tak jab âî,
Siâsat shâhî pâkar Malikâṅ akal ṭhikâni âî.
Jahângîr dâ ahad sî, aur san sâ das sau chhabbî:
Târîkh âbâdî Bastî Shekh dî Tazkira vichhoṅ labhî.

Jahângîr dâ baṛâ shahzâdâ jo sâ Shâh Jahân,
Wazîr Âzam sâ us dâ, yâro, Miyâṅ Sâdu'llah Khâṅ.
Murîd sachâ sâ Hazrat dâ eh bandâ Musalmân:

Bâdshâh kî khidmat vichh yûṅ kîtâ us bayân :
"Murshid kâmil merâ haigâ Hazrat Shekh Darvesh ;
Jâlandhar de ilâko vich rahindâ oh hamesh."
Bâdshâh fakir-dost ne us vele farmâiâ :
"Shauk milan kâ un kâ mere dil vich bahut samâiâ."
Ḍerâ shâhî jin dinoṅ Jâlandhar âiâ ne**ṛ**e,
Wazîr Âzam ne araz karî, jâ Hazrat wakt sawere.
Bâdshâh ne hukm hazûrî Shekh Sâhib nûṅ bhejâ :
Shekh Sâhib ne araz kiâ ki, "ânâ merâ be-jâ.
Manne hukm Hazûr Anwar to sânûṅ nahîṅ inkâr :
Darbâr Khudâ da chhaḍnâ buh haigâ dushwâr."
Nuktâ mauzûn fakîr dâ jo suniâ Shâhanshâh,
Jâgîr muâfî bakhshish kîtî us dam khâtirkhwâh.
Mughalâṅ shâhî ahad tak ba-hâl muâfî rahî :
Sikhâṅ shâhî ḍaur meṅ muâfî jâtî rahî !
Rauza masjid Shekh dî umdâ hai tâwîr :
Zâir log âkhde : "Haiṅge be-nazîr."

Pahile Hazrat âe the sane kabîle âp :
Murîd barâdar â gae, karke bahut shitâb.
Bastî Hazrat Shekh vich jad na rahî sarmâî,
Bâhir nikal har ik ne, Basti naî basâî.
Bârâh Bastîâṅ gird Jâlandhar jâg vich haiṅ mashhûr.
Tîn dâ kujh nishân nahîṅ, nau maujûd zarûr.
Bâbâkhel te Dânishmandâṅ, Bastî Ghazâṅ pachhân :
Bastî Naî te Shâh Kulî, Pîr Dâd dî jân :
Satvîṅ Bastî Bahrâm Khâṅ ne apne se basâî :
Matthû Sâhib dî aṭhvîṅ, navîṅ Shekh dî âhi.

Sarbuland ne nazm banâî, Sâhib hukm sâ kariâ.
Rabbâ us nûṅ jîṅudâ rakhâ hazaroṅ wariâ !
Eh mere doâ hai : 'Ai Miyâṅ Shekh Darvesh,
Sidkâ jiviâ us dâ kâim rahe hamesh !'

TRANSLATION.

Story of the Foundation of Bastî Shekh Darvesh.

First praise to the Lord and a thousand prayers to the
Prophet (Muḥammad),

And then I will tell you the story of the foundation of
Bastî Shekh (Darvesh).

Shekh Darvesh, the Paṭhân Saint, wearied of Kânîyûṅ,*
So he took leave of Pîr Walî † and settled at Jâlandhar.
There was a great jungle near the tomb of Bijlî Khâṅ,
And going there the Saint pitched his camp.
The wicked Lodis began quarrelling with him,‡
And the Saint started onward with his camp.
The ruins of Lohârî,§ which are now populated,
He bought from the Maliks,|| and was happy in his heart.
The quarrelsome Maliks raised such a disturbance,
That they threw down at night as much as he built up in the day.
An opportunity of complaint to the ruler came to the Saint,
And the Maliks owing to his punishment came to their senses.
This was in the days of Jahângîr, in the year one thousand and twenty-six.¶
The date of the foundation of Bastî Shekh (Darvesh) is written in the Annals.**
Jahângîr's elder son was Shâh Jahân,

---

* *i.e.*, Kâni Kurâm: see Vol. III., p. 179.

† For this saint see Vol. III., p. 175.

‡ By "the tomb of Bijlî Khân" is probably meant the ruined mosque at Koṭ Bâre Khân, a deserted suburb of Jâlandhar, formerly belonging to the Loḍis in the District. The Loḍi Paṭhâns of the Jâlandhar District were formerly a family of much importance and undoubtedly did sell lands to the present proprietors of those parts.

§ Meaning the lands of the Lohâri Paṭhâns.

|| The Maliks are Muhammadans claiming Râjpût descent and belonging to Jâlandhar town.

¶ *i.e.* A.D. 1617.

** The book meant is the *Tazkirât-i-Raushanîâ*, translated in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1878. This book, however, refers to the doings of another branch of the Ansâri Shekhs, to which family Shekh Darvesh belonged. See the genealogy at p. 159 *ante*.

And his Chief Minister, friends*, was Miyâṅ Sa'adu'llah Khâṅ.†
He was a true follower of the Saint, was this Musalmân servant (of God),
And he thus spake to the King:
"My perfect guide is the Saint Shekh Darvesh,
That ever dwelleth in the Jâlandhar District."
The King, the friend of *faqîrs*, said at once:
"I have a great desire to meet him in my heart."
On the day that the royal camp approached Jâlaṅdhar,
The Chief Minister came early to the Saint to talk with him.‡
The King sent a command of invitation to the Saint,
And the Saint answered: "It would be wrong for me to come.
I have no intention of disobeying the commands of Your Illustrious Highness,
But it is an evil thing to leave the Court of God."
When the Emperor heard the appropriate reply of the Saint,
He at once became his supporter and gave him a free grant (of land).
During the Mughal rule the grant remained free,
But under the Sikh rule it went in a raid!

There is a fine mosque and tomb built to the Saint,
And visitors say that it is unequalled.

First the Saint himself came (to Jâlandhar, only) with his family;

---

* Addressed to the audience.

† Sa'adu'llah Khân is otherwise said to have been a follower of Shekh Bazîd, or Pîr Raushan, a relative in the previous generation of Shekh Darvesh and much better known: see genealogy at p. 159 *ante*. For Pîr Raushan's descendants he procured a feof near Âgrâ, and one of them restored much later the shrine of Shekh Darvesh. That is all the historical connection there really appears to be between Shekh Darvesh and Shâh Jahân's great minister.

‡ This means that he paid him special honor according to eastern custom.

Then his relatives and supporters quickly followed.
When the Bastî of the Holy Saint could not hold them,
They all went away and founded new Bastîs.
There are twelve (such) Bastîs round Jâlandhar famous in the world.
Three have disappeared, but nine remain.
Bâbâkhel, and Dânishmandâṅ, and Bastî Ghazâṅ,
Bastî Naî and Shâh Qulî's, and Pir Dâd's;
The seventh Bastî Bahrâm Khâṅ himself founded;
The eighth is Matthû Sâhib's, and the ninth is the Saint's.

Sarbuland * made this poem, as the Saint directed him.
May God keep him alive for a thousand years!
This is his prayer! "O Miyâṅ Shekh Darvesh,
Mayest thou ever remain in prosperity!"

---

* The name of the bard.

No. LV.

SAYYID ÂSMÚṄ OF BÂRHÂ BÂVÎṄ,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALÂ STATE.

[This legend evidently has reference to the doings of some member of the celebrated Bârhâ Sâdât, or Sayyids of Bârhâ, but which particular Sayyid is here meant I have been unable to find out. It is more than probable that the bard has mixed up several stories.]

[The story in this legend is shortly as follows: Sayyid Âsmûṅ, son of Sayyid Akbar Shâh, Governor of Sarhand (Sirhind), who appears with the *alias* of Mîrâṅ or Mîr Sayyid Bukhârî, was summoned to Court by his master, the Emperor Shâh Jahân (1628—1658 A.D.), on account of his having been absent therefrom for 12 years. A courtier named Qutb Shâh was sent to fetch him, and on the road managed to make him believe that the Emperor was about to imprison him for contumacy. This resulted in a disturbance being created at the Court at Dehlî, and ending in the death of Sayyid Âsmûṅ. The hero is described by the bard as coming from Bârhâ Bâviṅ near Sarhand.]

[This tale in its general outline is one told properly of Khâṅ-i-'Âzim or 'Âzim Khâṅ, otherwise Mirzâ 'Azîz Muhammad Kokâ, or Kokaltâsh, the foster-brother and friend of the Emperor Akbar. 'Âzim Khâṅ was Governor of Gujarât, and after he had been 10 years absent from Court, Akbar sent for him in 1592, but on his way thither he was persuaded that the Emperor was unfriendly, so instead of proceeding onwards he went to Makka. After a while he returned and was received back into favour, and on the death of Akbar opposed the succession of Jahângîr in favour of the latter's son Khusrav. In 1623 Jahângîr had him imprisoned at Gwâlior, but he died eventually at peace at Aḥmadâbâd in his old Government of Gujarât in 1624.]

[Historically Sayyid Mîrâṅ Bukhârî was a scion of the Bukhârîs, a quite distinct family to that of the Bârhâs, being the son of Sayyid Mubârik. His son Sayyid Ḥâmid was a firm supporter of 'Âzim Khâṅ, and his grandson Sayyid Kamâl supported the Sayyids of Bârhâ, and in fact helped to save them from destruction when they attacked Khusrav at Bhairoṅwâl near Jâlandhar in 1605 on behalf of Jahângîr. This is the fight which is apparently alluded to by the bard, the chief hero of which was Shekh Farîd Bukhârî Murtaza Khâṅ. The Bârhâ Sayyids in command that day were Sayyid 'Alî Asghar Saif Khâṅ and Sayyid Jalâl. Sayyid Jalâl was killed.]

[The mention of Qutb Shâh as the deceiver of Sayyid Âsmûṅ takes us to another story of the same time. Qutbu'ddîn Khâṅ Chistî Shekh Khûbû the foster-brother of Jahângîr, was sent in 1607 by the Emperor to induce Alî Qulî Istaljû Sher Afkan Khâṅ to come to Court from Bardwân, so that the Emperor might seize his wife, Nûr Jahân, whom he coveted. It was intended to murder Sher Afkan, but a mistake was made in the plan, and Sher Afkan made a thrust at Shekh Khûbû and cut open his stomach (see legend, line 16). Both Sher Afkan and Shekh Khûbû were killed and the Emperor obtained Nûr Jahân.]

[Reading between the lines of the confused tale presented in this Legend of Sayyid Âsmûṅ we seem to find allusions to all the above facts.]

The Insurrection (Juddh) of Sayyid Âsmûṅ of Bârhâ Bâviṅ in Sarhand.

Sayyid Âsmûṅ's father, Sayyid Akbar Shâh, was appointed Governor of Sarhand (Sirhind) by Shâh Jahân, King of Dehlî, and when Sayyid Akbar Shâh died, Sayyid Âsmûṅ was appointed in his place, though only twelve years of age.

For twelve years he did not go to the King to pay his respects. At the Royal Court there was a Nawâb, Qutb Shâh by name, who told the King that Sayyid Âsmûṅ had not come to pay his respects from the date of his accession twelve years since: nor had he paid any tribute. The King thereupon ordered him by some means to arrest the Sayyid. Qutb Shâh accordingly went to Sarhand and after a while induced Sayyid Asmûṅ to visit him, and told him that out of friendship for his father he warned him that certain persons were speaking ill of him to the King for not having visited the Royal Court from the day that his father had died.

On Qutb Shâh's advising him to accompany him to the Court, Sayyid Âsmûṅ asked him: "Suppose I go there and there is a disturbance, what then?" On this he swore an oath on the *Qurân* that no harm should come to him. But a pigeon's egg had been put into the *Qurân,* so that the oath was rendered valueless.*

Sayyid Âsmûṅ took 500 horse with him and set out for Dehlî with Qutb Shâh, and when he had reached Karnâl Qutb

* This is a noteworthy superstition.

Shâh became faithless to his oath. He placed a pair of silver fetters on a china platter (*chíní kí rikábí*) before the Sayyid and said to him: "You had better put these on when you appear before the King."

"No," said Sayyid Âsmûṅ, "I will not put on the fetters. You must let me go on, even as you induced me by your promises to come so far."

"You have been in fault," said Qutb Shâh, "and without the fetters you will never have audience."

Said Sayyid Âsmûṅ: "If you had said this at my house I would have shown you that there are other kings (than Shâh Jahân), but by the grace of God I have still 500 horse by me."

So he went on towards Dehlî and had a fight with the Royal forces; but they were many, and, despite his bravery, Sayyid Âsmûṅ became a martyr.

KABIT.

*Rákhe taiṅ láj jab sakal Sahadád** *kí, áp raushan húe, Míraṅ Sayyid Bukhárí.*
Áp raushan húe, kalas sab ko díe; kare táríf, Míráṅ, khalk sárí.

Áe Paṭhán; Qurán áge dhare; kháí hai kasam, mil Chár Yárí.
Dín aur duniá meṅ sách Qurán hai: bandhkar kamar kíní tayyárí:
Sáje jawán Darbár ke chalan ko dekhe hai báṭ mardoṅ thárí:
Jurá sanjúe, aur rág, bakhtar jhúleṅ, morichá laṛeṅ sipáhí sáre.
Koṭ dákhil hoíe: samajh man meṅ; paṛí karam kí rekh ná ṭale ṭárí!
Sayyid Âsmúṅ kahe: "Suno, Nawábjí, aur mat karo ham se ar bichárí.
Ham ále Rasúl, aulád haiṅ Alí kí: aṭal ná ṭalenge Sayyid Bukhárí.

---

* For *Sádát* (?)

Tegh kî dhár par mál bhar dúngá, hovegí soî jo honhárí."
Chhú Sayyid kíá Ali ne ḅar díá; kamar se kúḍh, lie kar kaṭárí.
Dîeṅ do chár jab kaṛak Nawâb pe, húe hai hayatí, aur lagí kârî.
Khalkat dekh khaṛí: Sayyid aisí karí; bhágo Nawâb le jân piárî!
Jahâṅ bahut thí bhír, tahâṅ chhír-chhin meṅ karí kyû: ná le saki ánch thárî.
Pinjrá phûṭ aur chhoṭ sûrê paṛê húî; Darbár meṅ már bhárí.
Sanmukh lîeṅ aur dîeṅ mil, âran ke khul gae peṭ, jaise pitáṛe.
Shahîd húe Míráṅ Sayyid Âsmúṅ: balî káb kî sifat ḍháḍî saṅwárî.

VERSES.

When thou didst preserve the honor of all the Sayyids, thou becamest thyself honored, O Mîrâṅ Sayyid Bukhârî.
Thou wert honored and gavest gifts to all, and all the people praise thee, O Mîrâṅ.

Came the Pathân, and placed the *Qurân* before him, and swore an oath (by it and) the Four Friends.*
The *Qurân* (makes an oath) true in both worlds (and so the Sayyid) fastening on his sword made ready (for the journey),
And the people gazed at the great warrior going to the Court,
With chained falcons and music and flags flying and all the soldiers with their guns.
They entered the fort: and understand in your minds that the lines of fate cannot be blotted out!
Said Sayyid Âsmûṅ: "Hear, my Lord, make no more plans with me.

* See Vol. II, p. 377.

I am of the house of the Prophet (Muḥammad) and of the line of 'Alî: the powerful Sayyid Bukhârî draws never back.
I will fulfil my tribute on the edge of my sword, happen what may."
'Alî favoured the Sayyid, and drawing his dagger from his waist he took it in his hand.
He gave the Nawâb four or five blows, which endangered his life.
The people saw that the Sayyid so fought, that the Nawâb fled for dear life.
The crowd quickly fled from where it had collected, for it could not stand the (Sayyid's) attack.
The fort was broken and the warriors fell wounded, and there was a great fight at the Court.
They met and mixed and warriors' bellies were broken open like boxes.
Mîrâṅ Sayyid Âsmûṅ became a martyr, and the bard sings his prowess in verse.

No. LVI.

SISPÂL AND PARDUMAN,

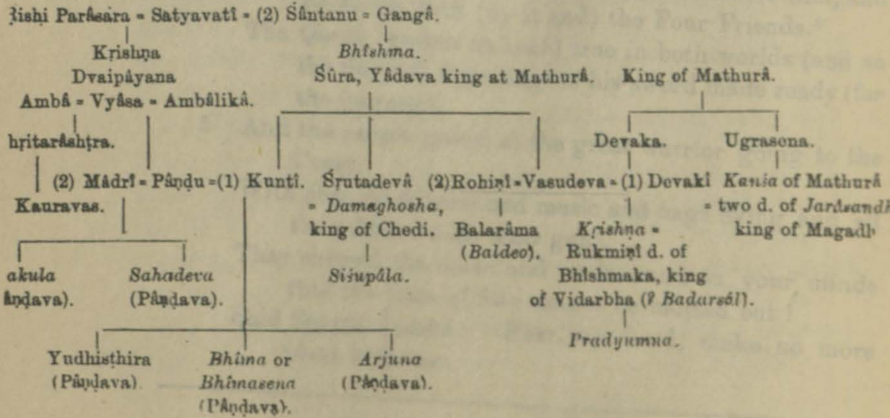
AS TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN BARD OF BHARAUṬ IN THE MEṚAṬH DISTRICT.

[This and the two following legends belong to the Kṛishṇa cycle. This one purports to relate a fight between Pradyumna, the son of Kṛishṇa by Rukmiṇi, and his kinsman Sisupâla, king of Chedi, resulting in the defeat of the latter. I do not know that this particular incident has the support of the classics in any way].

[Rukmiṇî, the daughter of Bhîshmaka, king of Vidarbha (Berâr), was betrothed to Siśupâla, and was carried off by Kṛishṇa; hence the life-long enmity between Siśupâla and Kṛishṇa. Kṛishṇa was the son of Vasudeva, a Yâdava, and Siśupâla was the son of Damaghosha by Śṛutadevâ, sister of Vasudeva.]

[Dwârakâ on the coast of Kâṭhiâwâṛ, and now in the territories of the Gâikwâṛ of Barodâ, was in Kṛishṇa's possession at the time of his escapade with Rukmiṇî, and is or should be the scene of all these legends.]

[The following genealogy will show the relationship between the principal actors in the two Kṛishṇa legends about to be given, and it will also help to explain the sides they took in the family quarrels. It will farther help to prove that the tendency of Indian legendary heroes to become related by blood as time goes on, explained in the preface to Vol. II. (p. ix.), is no new matter. The names in the genealogy which actually occur in the legend are marked in italics.



TEXT.

QISSA LARÂI RÂJÂ SISPÂL WA RÂJÂ PARDUMAN.

Sau jojan meṅ Dwârkâ, kile banâe tîn.
Parduman Râjâ hûâ, khel kare parbîn.
Sone ke mandir bane, hîrâ lâe:
Muktâ aur ratan jaṛe âge pâe.
Swarran ke kalas charhe niyâre niyâre,
Ambar ke bîch, jaise chamakte târe.
Sau jojan meṅ Dwârkâ; darwâza haiṅ châre
Sangal lâgeṅ sâr ke: kaṭhan kile ke bâr.
Râjâ to jît lîe jinne sâre:
Sab kâ bal chhîn, hûâ kaid meṅ ḍâre.
Bâkî Sispâl rahâ iko Râjâ,
Jis ke Darbâr bâje mârû bâjâ.
Parduman ne pâtî likhî: bâkî likhâ hawâl.

Khatt Râjâ Parduman kâ.

"Jor zulam karnâ nahîṅ; rît bhânt se châl!
Rît rît bhânt karo jitnî sârî.
Terî kyûṅ âj gaî akal mârî?
Bâkî hushiyâr adab karke rahnâ.
Râjâ Sispâl, mân merâ kahnâ."

Kâsid le pâtî chalâ, Chanderî meṅ jâe:
Parduman Mahârâj kî kathâ kahe samjhâe.
Kathâ kathâ samjhâî, bât jitnî sârî:

Qâsid.

"Râjâ ne bayân likhî niyârî niyârî.
Chalnâ hai sâth âp, Râjâ, mere.
Âge kis taur rahe marzî terî?"

Pâti dekhî Râo ne, bandan giâ gabharâe.

Jawâb Râjâ Sispâl kâ.

"Jo karnâ Mahârâj kâ dûngâ use dikhâe.
Tû to balwân hûâ kab kâ, bhayyâ?
Acharaj kî bât! Suniye, merî dayyâ!
Zât kâ Ahîr aur nâche gâve:
Râjâ kî rît bhânt kaise pâve?"

Râjâ Sispál.

"Kahnâ us ko jâke mere man kî bât.
Mârûngâ maidân meṅ; din se karûṅ rât.
Din se nmiṅ rât karûṅ; nisî mâyâ.
Mujhe bhî shikâr ik ban meṅ pâyâ;
Ki tû, Mahârâj, âp charhke âo.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr; nahîṅ jâne pâo."

Bidâ ho, kâsid chalâ; khatt likh dîâ nidân.

Khatt Râjâ Sispál kâ.

"Tû bhûlâ kis rît meṅ? dekhe nahîṅ maidân.
Sone ke mandir dekh bal ko tole.
Tiktâ hî bachan aur mukh se bole."

Kâsid ko kahâ:

Râjâ Sispál.

"Jâke gero arzî:
Sunke sawâl merî kâyâ larzî."

Dwârâpûr meṅ â ṭakâ; kâsid kahe banâe:

Qâsid.

"Râjâ, châhîye jang ko, haṭke kabhî na jâe.
Bahut hai samân; nahîṅ bas meṅ âve.
Pânî ke bîch âg baiṭhâ lâve.
Sankâ nahîṅ ik kare, Râjâ gyânî.
Kah rahe anek, nahîṅ us ne mânî."

Parduman Râjâ uṭhe; sâj lîe gaj bâj.
Hukm dîâ sab phauj ko milke karnâ kâj.

Râjâ Parduman.

"Mil-milke kâj karo; sat ko jâno.
Sab kâ ik rang raho; merî mâno.
Milne ko aur koî tum se âo,
Mâro bar wakt: nâm aisâ pâo."

Châr bhânt ki phauj ko karâ balbir.

Râjâ Pardnman.

"Merî mansâ kîjo, jûṭak bândho dhîr.
Bândho sab dhîr aur sir pe bânâ.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr; nahîn haṭke jânâ.
Dakhan ke des karo jaldî tayyârî:
Laṛne kî rît karo jitnî sârî."

Tab Râjâ ran pe chaṛhâ, nikat bahe nishân.
Sakal des kûmpe kharâ, aise mârû bân.
Assi hazâr phauj kînî jârî:
Jitne balwân chaṛhe iko hârî.
Râjâ to Sabar milâ, sarnâ lînâ.
Pahile sab bhîṭ balî âge dînâ;
Tabhî sâth Râjâ chaṛhâ kampû* ek linâ.
Chanderî meñ jâ ṭake bâje bajen anek.
Phaujân to ân paṛe ḍerâ kînâ;
Jab to Mahârâj hukm aisâ dînâ:

Râjâ Parduman.

"Dushman kâ des; nahîñ koî bas kâ:
Mil-milke kâm karo, jitnâ bas kâ."

Khabar hûî Sispâl ko 'Râjâ chaṛhe anek!'

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Mârûngâ, chhoṛûñ nahîñ: kahe lakh kî ek."

Pingal aur Rang pâs us ke âe:
Dekhî sab phauj fikar man meñ khâe.
Râjâ se kahan lage jitnî sarî:

Pingal aur Rang.

"Ab to, Mahârâj, karo ran pe tayyârî."

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Kaho tû; maiñ uṭhke milûñ? Kaho tû; karnâ jang?
Jo tum karo salâî, tû suniyo, Pingal wa Rang.
Pingal aur Rang, mere dil ke piyâre,

* For the English word *camp*.

Dushman ne jor kare jitne sâre ;
Kîjo samân aur dârû golâ.
Râjâ Sispâl hukm mukh se bolâ."

Pingal aur Rang kahne lage :

Pingal aur Rang.

"Jang karo, Mahârâj,
Yeh Râjoṅ kâ dhârm : ab kuchh kar na lâj.
Lâj kî jo bât karo, Râjâ mere,
Kile ko chhoṛ, karo bâhir ḍere.
Bandobast khûb karo jitnâ sârâ.
Bhâî aur band dekho apnâ piyârâ.
Mâl khizânâ bahut se bâhir dîe nikâl.
Jîne kâ shak hai nahîṅ ; âj mâro, chhâ kâl."

Phaujâṅ to nikal bâhir pûr se âî,
Bâdal kî ghor ghaṭâ jaise chhâî.
Garje chhaun aur baje mârû tûrâ :
Sanmukh se choṭ karo sâdat sûrâ.
Parduman Mahârâj se kahan lage Sispâl.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Tû to pût Ahîr kâ, Râjoṅ kî chalî chal !
Râjoṅ kî châl-chalî aisâ karnâ ?
Nâ hakk, Mahârâj, tujhe âyâ marnâ.
Bânjenge bân, paṛe bhârat bhârî.
Terî to âj kahâû akal mârî ?"

Râjâ Parduman.

"Haṭke jânâ nahîṅ : ab kuchh karnâ lâj.
Kûl achânak mâre, jûṅ tîtar ko bâj.
Tîtar pe bâj paṛe bal ko dhâre :
Dushman kî choṭ khaṛâ sanmukh mâre.
Mere ab hâth dekh iko bârî.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr : kahî tujhe sârî."

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Din bîtâ, rajnî hûî ; hone de parbhât :
Mahâṅ jang tum se karûṅ ; dekh hamâre hâth.

Mere to hâth dekh iko bârî:
Karnâ nahîn der; sâjo phaujân sârî.
Dekho maidân; dharo dhîraj man men.
Bâkî nahîn ik rahî mere tan men."

Battîs hazâr phaujân sajî; charh gae Pingal Rang
Do daî kharî barâbarî; hone lâgâ jang.
Hone lâgâ jang; Rang charhke âyâ.
Pingal ne katal karî sab kî kâyâ.
Kaṭ-kaṭke sîs kare, sanmukh dhâven:
Sanmukh se choṭ karen, sobhâ paven.
Uṭhâ Giddh jab kopke, gadâ sambhâle hâth.
Mahâ ghor ran men hûâ; din se sûjhî rât.
Din se to rât hûî, jodhâ mâre;
Kâṭ kâṭ sîs mahî ûpar dâre.
Pingal aur Rang bândh lîâ bânâ.
Bâje hathiyâr, nahîn haṭko jânâ.
Kitne ek mâre? Wâ bas kare aur sûnt rahe talwâr.
Nâlî chal gaî rûdhar kî, sanmukh karo parhâr.
Sanmukh se choṭ karen, ûpar dhâven.
Bânjen hathiyâr baṛi sobhâ pâven.
Pingal aur Rang Giddh ne donân mâre.
Hâ hâ' to kâr parâ ran men, piyâre.
Baḍî debal Râjâ karî, mâre Pingal Rang.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Ab to merî bât men ân parâ hai bhang.
Ân parâ bhang; sîs de de mâre.
Dushman ke hâth kaun ûpar ḍâre?"

Jab to Sispâl charh mâyâdhârî.
Bajat hain bân, parâ bhârat bhârî.
Parduman Mahârâj ne bândh lîe hathiyâr,
Jab Râjâ Sispâl ke sanmukh karâ parhâr.
Mârâ ik bân, jaisâ bâdal garje.
Chau taraf shor hûâ, duniyâ larne;
Jab to Sispâl hosh bhûlâ sârî.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Achraj kî bât! Gae sanîâṅ mâre!"

Mahâ ghor bhârat hûâ; kahan lagâ Sispâl:

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Parduman Mahârâj ke sanmukh darsâ kâl!"

Jab to Sispâl bân aisâ lâyâ,
Toṛ dîâ dhans. Lagî Har kî mâyâ!
Ṭûṭe hî dharan paṛâ, murcha khâî.
Jab to yeh kâl gharî sir par âî!
Agin bân aisâ dîâ, jwâlâ baḍhî apâr!
Bhujâ sîs kaṭke gireṅ barseṅ bâram bâr.
Sanmukh se choṭ kareṅ, ûpar dhâveṅ:
Mâre bar wakt nahîṅ jâne pâveṅ.
Jab to Sispâl chaṛhâ iko bârî.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Achraj kî bât! Gae sanîâṅ sâre!"

Parduman Mahârâj ne sûnt lîe talwâr;
Us Râjâ Sispâl ke sir par rahâ ubhâr.
Mârî talwâr, lagî us ke tan meṅ.
Bhûl giâ hosh; paṛâ mundhâ ran meṅ;
Bhûl giâ rît bhânt jitnî sârî.
Ho gîâ behosh, mân us kî mârî.
Das hazâr phaujâṅ paṛe pûr meṅ ik bâr.
Mahâ ghor biyâpak hûâ; sûnt rahe talwâr.
Darwâzâ toṛ dîâ pûr meṅ dhâe:
Lâkhoṅ ke mâl luṭe mâre khâe.
Garjeṅ ik bâr, khaṛe aggyâ-kârî.
Kâṭ kâṭ sîs zamîn ûpar ḍârî.
Kuchh mâre, kuchh bas kare, dînâ hukm 'biḍâr.'
Mahâ ghor bhârat paṛâ, pâve nahîṅ shumâr.
Bhûl gaî rît bhânt jodhâ sârî.
Râjâ kî mân gaî aisî mârî!

Chhûṭî sab dhâm! Same aisî âi!
Râjâ lîâ jît; fateh âge pâî.
Ratan padârath bhar lîe, swarran ke lîe thâl:
Hâthî, ghoṛâ, khachrâ aur lakhîne mâl:
Bharke sab mâl pûre bâhir âyâ.
Dekhâ sangrâm, lagî kampni kâyâ;
Râjâ ke pâs gîâ mintî kînî:

Râjâ Dhamgos.

"Main to, Mahârâj, saran terî lînî.
Tum to âp mahâbalî, yeh laṛkâ nidân.
Kah rahâ maiṅ, mânâ nahîṅ; ab do us ko jân.
Jâne do âj, saran tere âyâ.
Is ne, Mahârâj, so hî pâyâ,
Jitnâ yeh râj pâṭ, sagrâ lîje.
Bakhsho taksîr un se, jâne dîje.
Hâthî, ghorâ, rath, gahne, bhûkan basan apâr."

Dâs dîe, dâsî dîe, minti karî nihâr.
Âdar sat kâr aisâ bhârî,
Ho gîâ nidân, khapî phaujâṅ niyârî!
Kahtâ Dhamgos ik mukh se bânî:

Râjâ Dhamgos.

"Ab to yeh bât gaî mulkoṅ jânî!"

Râj pâṭ us ko dîâ, karnâ karî nisang.
Sabhî jît Râjâ lîe, rahâ na iko ang.
Râj pâṭ sab dîâ, sobhâ dînî!
Râjâ Dhamgos sâth aisî kînî.
Jît lîâ jang; chale mâyâdhârî:
Dwârkâ ke bîch gae iko bârî.

Gangâ Jamnâ mudh meṅ Bharatkhanḍ hai nâm!
Kishn Lâl Shib Kaṅwar sang atî pavitr nijdhâm!

TRANSLATION.

STORY OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN RÂJÂ SISPÂL AND RÂJÂ PARDUMAN.

Dwârkâ occupies a hundred leagues* and has three forts in it.
Its Râjâ was Parduman, who was very glorious.
He built palaces of gold, studded with diamonds,
And set with pearls and gems.
He mounted golden pinnacles on each,
Shining like stars in the sky.
Dwârkâ occupies a hundred leagues, and has four gates,
Fastened with chains of iron; and strong are the fort gates.
He had defeated all the Râjâs (of the neighbourhood),
And taken away their power, and put them in prison!
But one, Râjâ Sispâl, remained,
Who beat the drums of victory in his Court.
Parduman sent him a letter, and after writing the salutations (he said):

Râjâ Parduman's Letter.

"Thou shouldst not exercise tyranny and force, but walk according to the (royal) customs.
Perform all the (royal) customs.
Why hast thou lost thy senses to-day?
For the rest be careful and respectful (to me).
Râjâ Sispâl, mind my words."

A messenger took the letter and arrived at Chanderî,†
And explained the message of Mahârâjâ Parduman.
He explained all that there was to explain.

The Messenger.

"The Râjâ has written each point of his meaning.
Come with me thyself, Râjâ.
For the rest, what is thy pleasure?"

The King read the letter and his body became agitated.

---

*. *Jojan* for *yojana*: a space of 8 miles.
† This ancient site is now in the territories of Mahârâjâ Sindhiâ.

Râjâ Sispâl's Answer.

"I will show him what the King can do.
Since when hast thou become powerful, friend?
This is a wonderful thing. Hear it, my nurse!*
Ahîr by caste,† a dancer and a singer;
How shall he know the ways of Kings?"

Râjâ Sispâl.‡

"Go and tell him the desire of my heart.
I will slay him in the field, and turn day into night.§
I will turn day into night; such is my power.
I, too, have found a quarry in the forest:
Do thou, my Lord, come with me.
Be careful; I will not let thee go."

Taking leave, the messenger went, and the fool wrote a letter.

Râjâ Sispâl's letter.

"Why hast thou forgotten thyself? Thou hast never seen a (battle) field.
Seeing thy golden palace thou wouldst try thy strength,
And hast spoken evil words with thy lips."

And he said to the messenger:

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Go and throw him my letter.
Hearing his request, my body trembles (with rage)."

Stopping at Dwârâpûr‖ the messenger told his tale:

---

* Idiom: something very unexpected.

† A sneer at Kṛishna, for having been brought up as a cowherd, *i.e.*, of the Ahîr caste, by his foster-mother Yasodhâ.

‡ To the messenger.

§ Idiom: create a very great disturbance.

‖ *i.e.* Dwârkâ.

The Messenger.

"Râjâ, it must be war; he will never draw back.
He has made much preparation, and comes not under authority.
He sits in water and sets it on fire.*
Have no doubt, my wise Râjâ.
I tried to explain the right, but he would not hearken."

Up gat Râjâ Parduman with his elephants and his hawks.
And he gave an order to all his army to collect.

Râjâ Parduman.†

"Work all together, and be mindful of your honor.
Be all of one colour: ‡ hearken to my words.
If any one (of the enemy) approach you,
Slay him at once and so obtain a great name."

The hero collected an army of four arms.

Râjâ Parduman.§

"Do my desire and fasten on courage as a yoke.
Fasten on courage and the (war) turbans on your heads
Be careful and turn not back.
Make ready quickly for the Southern land,
And make all preparations for war."

Then the Râjâ took the field and his banners ever floated (in the air).
All the country stood trembling at his murderous arrows.
He went forward with eighty thousand men,
And all the heroes advanced together.
Râjâ Sabar|| met him on the way and did homage.

* Idiom: professes to be most powerful.
† Proclamation to the army.
‡ *i.e.*, work together.
§ Proclamation to the army.
|| Râjâ of Kachh according to the bard.

First he placed all the gifts before the hero,
And then he joined him with a camp.
They went to Chanderî and beat well the drums (of defiance).
The army arrived and made a halt,
And thus the Mahârâjâ gave an order to all :

Râjâ Parduman.

"It is the enemy's land ; you have no power here :
So work together with all your might."

Sispâl got news that the Râjâ had advanced !

Râjâ Sispâl.

"I will beat him, and I will not let him escape : one word will do for thousands."

Pingal and Rang came to him,*
And seeing all the army became anxious in their hearts.
They spake to the Râjâ all that was in their hearts :

Pingal and Rang.

"Be ready now, my Lord, to take the field."

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Say you : shall I up and meet him ? Say you : shall I fight ?
If you would help me then listen, Pingal and Rang.
Pingal and Rang, beloved of my heart,
The enemy hath brought all his force ;
So make ready preparations and powder and shot.
Râjâ Sispâl hath given the order with his lips."

Said Pingal and Rang .

---

* Ministers of Sispâl.

Pingal and Rang.

"Fight him, my Lord.
This is the way of Kings; bring no shame upon thyself now.
If thou wouldst bring shame upon thyself, our King,
Then leave the fort and take up thy abode outside.
Make well all the arrangements.
Behold, thy brethren are thy beloved (friends).
Bring out much store and money.
Life is uncertain: we die to-day or to-morrow."

The army came out of the city,
As the thunderous clouds cover the sky.
They roared on all sides and the battle drums were beaten,
And heroes and warriors were wounded in front.
Said Sispâl to Parduman the Mahârâjâ.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Thou art an Ahîr* and wouldst tread the ways of Kings!
Should the ways of Kings be trodden thus?
Thou hast come to thy death for nothing, my Lord.
Arrows will fly and there will be a hard fight.
Why are thy senses gone to-day?"

Râjâ Parduman.

"I will not go back, and I must do honourable deeds.
Death strikes suddenly as doth the hawk the partridge.
The hawk falls on the partridge with great force,
And an enemy should strike in front.
Thou shalt see my power to-day once for all.
Be careful: I have told thee all."

Râja Sispâl.

"The day is spent and night hath come: wait till dawn,
And I will fight thee hard, and thou shalt see my power.

* See above, line 29.

Thou shalt see my power once for all.
Make no delay and prepare all thy army.
Behold the field and have courage in thy heart.
I have no other desire in my heart."

With an army of thirty-two thousand Pingal and Rang advanced.
The two armies confronted and began to fight
The fight began and Rang advanced.
Pingal slew everybody (that came in his way).
Cutting off heads he rushed forward,
And giving wounds in front he obtained glory.
Then up gat Giddh* in wrath with a bludgeon in his hand.
There was a great disturbance in the field, and day was turned into night.†
Day was turned into night, as the warrior slew,
And cutting off heads threw them on the ground
Pingal and Rang drew their arrows.
Arms clashed and there was no giving way.
How many they slew! They used their might and they drew their swords.
Streams of blood ran, and faces were not turned.
Giving wounds in front they rushed forward.
Clashing their swords they obtained great glory
Giddh slew both Pingal and Rang.
There were cries of grief in the field, my friends.
Râjâ (Sispâl) was greatly grieved at the death Pingal and Rang.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Ruin hath now fallen on my fortunes.
Ruin hath fallen on me and I dash my head (in grief).
Who will now lay hands on the enemy?"

---

* Minister of Kishn. In the classics Gada is the younger brother of Krishna.

† A common idiom in 'battle pieces,' meaning:—it was a terrible time.

Then the powerful Sispâl advanced.
Arrows hurtled and there was a great fight.
Pardumân, the Mahârâjâ, fastened on his arms,
And confronting Râjâ Sispâl struck him.
He struck him with an arrow like a thundering cloud.
On all sides there was a roar and the earth trembled.
And Sispâl lost his senses.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"It is wonderful! my heroes are slain!"

There was a great roaring fight and spake Sispâl:

Râjâ Sispâl.

"It is death to be in front of Parduman, the Mahârâjâ!"

Then Sispâl drew an arrow,
So that he broke his bow. It was the work of Hari (God)!
It fell upon the ground in pieces.
Then the hour of death* came upon him.
(Then Parduman) shot an arrow, a fiery arrow whose flames burst forth greatly!
Heads and arms were cut off and fell one after the other like rain.
Giving wounds in front he advanced.
He slew them at once and did not let them escape.
Then Sispâl suddenly advanced.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"It is wonderful! all my heroes are gone!"

Parduman, the Mahârâjâ, drew his sword,
And sprang at the head of Râjâ Sispâl.
The blow of his sword struck his body.

* This is here a bardic exaggeration: Sispâl was not killed on this occasion.

He lost his senses and fell on his face in the field.
And forgot all that he ought to have done.
Losing his senses he lost his honor.
Ten thousand men suddenly entered the city.
There was a great disturbance and swords remained drawn.
They broke open the gates and entered the city,
And robbed and destroyed *lâkhs* (worth) of goods.
Roaring together they waited for orders.
Heads were cut off and thrown on the ground.
Some they slew, some they overcame; and orders were given to drive out (the enemy).
A roaring fight took place beyond computation.
All the wariors forgot their customs.
So greatly was Râjâ (Sispâl's) glory destroyed !
They left their homes! Such a time had come upon them!
Râjâ (Parduman) won and gained a victory.
(Râjâ Dhamgos*) took jewels and presents in a golden platter:
Elephants, horses, mules and valuable goods:
And taking all the goods he went out of the city.
Seeing the fight his body trembled,
And he went to Râjâ (Parduman) and besought him.

Râjâ Dhamgos.

"I am come to pay thee homage, my Lord.
Thou art a great warrior, he is a foolish boy.
I warned him and he would not listen : let him live now.
Let him go to-day, I am come to do thee homage.
He hath had his deserts, my Lord.
Take all this realm and this empire.
Forgive him his fault and let him go.
(Here are) elephants, horses, chariots, jewels and clothe. beyond telling."

---

* For Damaghosha, the father of Siśupâla.

Slaves he gave him, maids he gave him, and besought him much.
So great honor and respect,
And all his forces (Sispâl) lost by being a fool!
Spake Dhamgos a speech with his lips:

Râjâ Dhamgos.

"This matter hath now gone through (all) the lands!"

(Râjâ Parduman) gave him back land and rule, and did an uselfish act.
He conquered all the Râjâs, leaving not one remaining.
He gave him all his land, and rule, and gave him honor!
Thus did he treat Râjâ Dhamgos.
He won the fight and went on in glory,
Returning at once to Dwârkâ.

The land of Bharatkhaṇḍ* is between the Ganges and the Jamnâ.
Kishn Lâl and Shibkaṅwar† dwell together in their glorious home.

---

* Bharatavarsha in the classics meant India generally, as being the kingdom of Bharata, the common ancestor of the heroes of the Mahâbhârata. It was divided into nine divisions or *khandas*. The bard here probably makes a confused allusion to this and means merely to say that the 'Holy Land' of India lies between the Ganges and the Jamnâ. This, however, is not the fact.

† See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 157

No. LVII.

SISPÂL AND KISHN

AS TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN BARD OF BHARAUT IN THE MERAṬH DISTRICT.

[This legend, closely related to the last, purports to relate a story well known in the classics as *Sisupâla-badha*, the Slaying of Siśupâla, which is the title of a separate poem by Mâgha, called also the *Mâghakâvya*, and of a portion of the *Sabhaparva* of the *Mahâbhârata*. The present version, however, takes a line of its own.]

[Chedi, the home of Siśupâla in the classics, is the modern land of the Chandel Râjpûts or Bâghelkhaṇḍ. Chanderî, as the bard calls it, is a town in Sindhiâ's territories.]

[Bhishma in this poem turns up as the minister of Siśupâla and the enemy of Kṛishṇa. In the *Mahâbhârata* Bhishma brought up his relatives, the Kauravas or the sons of Dhṛitarâshṭra and the Pâṇḍavas or the sons of Pâṇḍu, and when these fell out and fought, he took the side of the Kauravas. Kṛishṇa took that of the Pâṇḍavas, and hence probably the appearance of Bhishma in this legend and the portion assigned to him. See genealogy at p. 332, *ante*.]

[All the Pâṇḍavas are frequently mentioned in the legend, and the scene of it is laid at Mathurâ. In the *Mahâbhârata* the scene is the great royal sacrifice (*râjasûya*) held by Yudhishṭhira at Indraprastha (Dehli). Sahadeva offers the first *arghya* or oblation to Kṛishṇa, which action Siśupâla strongly resents. This brings on a disturbance, in the course of which Siśupâla becomes abusive to Kṛishṇa about their old quarrel over Rukmiṇi. Kṛishṇa thereupon much enraged strikes off Siśupâla's head in the assembly, with his *chakra* or quoit, a weapon well calculated for such a purpose. It will be seen that the classical story is a far better one than the bard's.]

TEXT.

QISSA RÂJÂ SISPÂL DAR BAYÂN LARÂÎ RÂJÂ KISHN.

Shahr Chanderî bîch meṅ Râjâ bhae Sispâl:
Sab desoṅ ke gaṛhpatî us se chaṛhâveṅ mâl.
Mâne sab âdab Râjâ jîte:
Hâzir har wakt hukm us se lîte.
Mulkoṅ meṅ nâm hûâ us kâ jârî
Mânen sab adab: raheṅ agyâ-kârî.

Wazîr Bhîkham.

"Ik Mathurâ meṅ Kans hai, mahâ-balî balwân.
Us se ûpar Kishn hai : tum se karûṅ bayân.
Râjâ, sab nazar tere âge deveṅ :
Mâneṅ sab adab aur âge raheṅ.
Jâdoṅ ke bans hûâ Kishn Ghanayyâ :*
Ik hai Baldeo pâs us kâ bhayyâ."

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Us ne chhoṛâ âwanâ, bal bhar gîâ gharûr.
Bhîkham, us ko jâeke lâo mere hazûr.
Us ko samjhâeke pâs mere lânâ :
Karnâ nahîṅ der aur jaldî ânâ.
Bharte nahiṅ rît bhânt jitnî sârî.
Rahtâ behosh ; badî kartâ niyârî."

Hukm mân Bhîkham chalâ, Mathuṛâjî† meṅ jâe :
Jab to us ko jâeke, kathâ kahî samjhâe :

Wazîr Bhîkham.

"Râjâ Sispâl ne tujhe beg bulâyâ :
Tere lene kî kâj maiṅ Mathurâ men âyâ.
Bhayyâ Baldeo sâth apne lenâ.
Sab suno hawâl aur utar denâ."

Râjâ Kishn.

"Maiṅ us ko jânûṅ nahîṅ. Kaun des kâ râj ?
Ham se lâgâ bolnâ use na âî lâj ?
Âî nahîṅ lâj ? Karam kâran niyârâ !
Kar le woh sab jatan : kaun kahanhârâ ?
Ham to mahsûl use nahîṅ dête.
Aise Sispâl phireṅ jag meṅ kete ?"

Itnî sun Bhîkham chalâ : karî Râjâ se ardâs :

---

* For Kanhayya.

† The anthropomorphism here is interesting

Wazîr Bhîkham.

"Bal bhar gîâ gharûr se: woh nahîṅ âve pâs.
De nahîṅ mahsûl, na woh kuns mâne.
Kartâ hai mân; nahîṅ tujh ko jâne.
Karnâ, Mahârâj, jaise dil pe tere.
Jang kâ sâmân karo: bândho ḍere."

Itnî sun Sispâl ne man meṅ karî bichâr:
Aisâ magrâ ho gîâ, dîâ lâj ḍar ḍâr.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Bhikham, tum hukm suno: aisâ karnâ;
Phauj kâ samân chahîye ham ko bharnâ.
Kîjo sâmân aur khânâ dânâ:
Le lo hathiyâr aur bândho bânâ."

Sunâ hukm Mahârâj kâ bhartî bharî âpâr:
Hâthî, ghoṛâ, rath ghane; pâve nahîṅ shumâr.
Hâṭ aur bâzâr bhare jitne sâre:
Chhattîs hazâr jawân bhare niyâre niyâre.
Lînî sab bast, aur apne piyâre,
Chandâ ke girḍ jaise hoveṅ târe.
Bâkî to kuchh na rahî: sabhî bharî samân.
Ik lâkh saniyâṅ chaṛho, tan ke pûre jawân.

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Barchhi, bandûk, tîr, sabhî lîjo.
Mat karo abîr; kahan merî kîjo.
Ghankâ to sâth karo jaldî tayyârî.
Le lo sab phauj, haigî jitnî sârî."

Itnî sûn Bhîkham uṭhâ, bândh lîe hathiyâr.
Ik lâkh phaujâṅ chaṛhî; dîâ saban ḍar ḍâr.
Hâthî aswâr hûâ Râjâ aisâ,
Abar ke bîch garje bâdal jaisâ.
Kampû* aur bikiṭ† saje phaujâṅ dhâî:

* For the English word *camp*.
† For the English word *picket*.

Mathurâ ke nikaṭ chalke jaldî âî.
Jagah jagah tambû tane aur pharkeṅ khaṛe nishân.
Jagah jagah jodhâ khaṛe, bândhe dhaus aur bân.
Garje sab sûr, bîr bal ko toleṅ:
Tursh ho, bâr bâr mukh se bolen:

Phanj Râjâ Sispâl kî.

"Ab to, Mahârâjâ, hukm ham ko dîje:
Dushman ko sâth jang hauske kîje."

Kâsid ko bulwâ lîâ aur karne lagâ bichâr.

Râjá Sispâl kâ khatt.

"Kîkar jang samâlke ab nahîṅ kîje wâr?
Yâ nahîṅ, mahsûl âj ham ko denâ?
Yâ yeh juddh paṛe tujh ko lenâ?
Bâjegî talwâr; paṛegâ bhârat bhârî.
Taine be-adab hayyâ kaise dârî?"

Pâtî le kâsid chalâ, Mathurâjî meṅ jâe:
Jo kahnâ Sispâlkâ jâke dîâ sunâe.
Arjun balwân, Bhîm jodhe bhârî,
Nakul, aur Sahdeo, aur agyâ-kârî,
Dehlî meṅ chhatr phire jin kâ kârî,
Baiṭhe balwân aur Bed-âchârî.

Arjun.

"Jâ, Kâsid, apne gharoṅ, aise mârûṅ mekh,
Râjâ ko chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ: kahî lâkh kî ek.
Lâkhoṅ kî ek kahî maiṅ ne tujhe.
'Dete nahîṅ kharâj,' jâke kahnâ us se.
Karnâ hai jang, nahîṅ haṭke jânâ:
Úpar dushman ke paṛâ mujh ko ânâ."

Bachan sun kâsid chalâ; Râjâ se karî jawâhir:

Qâsid.

"Laṛne ko mustâid hai, sanîyâṅ khaṛe tayyâr
Ab to mat der kare, Chhatrdhârî;

Phaujoṅ ko hukm karo, hove tayyârî.
Charhke Mathurâ ko katal karnâ châhîye.
Maiṅ to hûṅ âdhîn; araz mere leiye."

Sunte hî Sispâl ke lagî badan meṅ âg:
Honî to hoke rahe: âge sab ke bhâg:
Râjâ ne hukm diâ:

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Sajke âo:
Dushman ke ik bâr ûpar dhâo.
Karke kamar band chalo milke sâre:
Pahilî karo wâr, sâbhî mere piyâre!"

Sanîyân chalc kopke aur Jamnâjî ke tîr.
Jûn pargas sûrij karo sab sâûwat balbîr.
Bandho hathiyâr, kharî phaujâṅ jangî:
Lakhoṅ talwâr lîe ûpar nangî.
Lag rahî umed;—koî dushman âve,
Mâre ik bâr, jabhî sobhâ pâve.
Assî hazar jodhâ charhe Arjûn linî sâth.
Kishn charhe, bhayyâ charhâ aur din se kînî rât.
Chalke Jamnâ ke nikaṭ Arjûn âyâ:
Tab to ik bân us ne aisâ lâyâ;
Agnî se khel gaî phûṭîṅ kâyâ.
Dusrâ phir wâr karâ Arjun dhâyâ.
Dantbakar Jarâsandh ne gajjâ sambhâlî hâth:
Kop chale Baldeojî laṛne un ke sâth.
Mârâ Baldeo bân un ke tan meṅ:
Dantbakar donoṅ gire âge ran meṅ.
Das hazâr aur us ne jodhâ mâre:
Kaṭ kaṭ sîs un ke nîche ḍâre.
Jarâsandh dhâwâ karâ, sûnt lîe talwâr:
Ûpar us Baldeojî ke sir par kînî wâr.
Lagtoṅ talwâr, khabar na rahî tan kî.
Dekho, us wakt kaun jâne man kî?
Ik hazâr jawân Zarâsand* ne mâre:

* For Jarâsandh.

Ghoṛoṅ ke sawâr paṭak nîche ḍâre.
Dhans bân dhâran kare Kishn uṭhâ ghanghor:
Jaṛâsandh ke bhujâ ko dîâ bân se ṭor.
Pânch bân aur dîe iko bûrî:
Tîjî talwâr ik aisî mârî,
Jarâsandh mâr lîe, bal ko tole.
Jodhâ ik bâr nahîṅ mukh se bole.
Jarâsandh marnâ hûâ aur paṛâ phauj meṅ shor.
Badarsâl dhâwâ kîâ; aisâ kînâ zor,
Golî bandûk chaleṅ, ghankâ* garjen.
Sunke ghanghor phauj sârî larzen.
Loṭheṅ par loṭh paṛe, loṭheṅ ḍholeṅ.
Sîdhi hûî nazar, nahîṅ mukh se boleṅ.
Bân lagâyâ Kishnjî aur dhajâ chhatr dîâ ṭor.
Jaisî bijlî karaktî hûî dhans kî ghor.
Leke talwâr Kishn ûpar dhâyâ:
Mârâ Badarsâl: kari chhedan kâyâ.
Do hazâr jawân aur us ne mâre:
Kâṭ kâṭ sis mahi ûpar ḍâre.
Madan† bân kar meṅ lîâ aur jwâlâ uṭhî apâr:
Jaise bâdal Indar ke barseṅ mûsaldhâr.
Hâthî gajbâj aur ghoṛe mâre:
Dînî das bân aur badan sab jhâṛe.
Jojan meṅ khet paṛâ aisâ bhârî:
Barchhî, bandûk, bân, tan meṅ mâre.
Gajjâ sambhâlî hâth meṅ uṭhâ Bhîm balwân:
Mârâ Madan taṛak de, wahâṅ se dîâ na jân.
Gajjâ ko jo hâth lîâ aisî mârî,
Bhâgi‡ ik bâr gire jitne sâre.

Bhîm.

"Chhatrî kâ dharm nahîṅ haṭke jânâ:
Â koî aur, sis bândho bânâ!"

---

* *Cf.* line 53.
† Probably meant for Mada, the monster whose exploits are detailed in the *Mahâbhârata.*
‡ For *bâghî.*

Dekho tamâshâ jang kâ rath men hûâ sawâr :
Tab Râjâ Sispâl ne karâ Kishn pe wâr.
Mârâ ik bân dhajâ niche ḍârî :
Kaṭe hain turang donon iko bârî.
Rath kâ jo chakar karâ chhedan ran men.
Dûjî ik bân dîâ us ke tan men.
Dûjâ rath mangwâke hûâ Kishn aswâr.
Mahâbân bâjan lage pâve kuchh na shumâr.
Sarkar ik bâr uṛen ; bhûtal larzen :
Ran ke jo bîch jaise kahrî garjen.
Chhorâ ik chakar agin ran men jârî ;
Jab to Sispâl hûâ jînâ bhârî.
Sabhâ dhyân Sispâl hûâ ; rath ko dîâ phirâ :
Patkat dià jab medanî bhû, bal kahân jâe ?
Ik jojan pe rath paṛâ us kâ jâke.
Marâ hai kharak, phir ulṭâ âke ;
Pakarî hai bânh, chakar us ko dînâ ;
Jojan pe phenk diâ : aisâ kînâ.
Bhûtal pe loṭe paṛâ ; aisâ ho gîâ hál.
Sab kâyâ kâmpne lagî, pâve nahîn sambhâl.
Rath men sawâr hûâ, sanmukh âyâ :
Tab to ik bân joṛ us ne lâyâ.
Toṛâ hai dhans bân chhedan kînâ !
Kâmpe sab badan hûâ mushkil jînâ.
Chakar phirâyâ Kishn ne, dînâ sîs uḍâ.
Jeh parbat kundrâ paṛî, gaî phauj ḍhulâ.
Bhâgî chau taraf rahî senâ sârî :
Râjâ kî phauj gaî ran men mârî.
Padmon ke mâl luṭe, kampû sâre,
Jab ke Sispâl gae ran men mâre.
Arjun jîtâ, Bhîm Sen aur bhâî Baldeo :
Jîte ran ko Nakul bhî aur jîtâ Sahdeo.
Mathurâ ke bîch Kishn kînâ bâsâ :
Mârâ Sispâl, hûî pûran âsâ.
Pânchon Pânḍon ne gawan Dehlî ko kînâ :
Jitnâ sab râj pâṭ us kâ lînâ.

Kishn Lâl Shib Kanwar ne kînâ ân bhî gyân ;
Sukh bilâs anand karen ; aisâ upjâ gyân !

TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN RÂJÂ SISPÂL AND RÂJÂ KISHN.

Sispâl was Râjâ of the City of Chanderî,
And the owners of forts* in all the land brought him tribute.
The Râjâs obeyed all his orders with respect,
And always held themselves ready to take his commands.
His name ran throughout the land :
All obeyed him with respect, and were obedient to his commands.

Wazîr Bhîkham.†

"There was one Kans in Mathurâ, a very powerful warrior ;
After him is Kishn, I tell thee.‡
Râjâ, all bring tribute to thee ;
All obey thee with respect and remain in thy presence.
Kishn Kanhayya§ is born of the Jâdû house,
And he hath a brother by name Baldeo."||

Râjâ Sispâl.

"He hath left off coming (to Court), proud of his might.
Bhîkham, go and bring him to my presence.
Make him understand and bring him to me :
Make no delay and return quickly.
He carries out none of the (royal) customs.
He remains without his senses, and does evil every day."

---

* *i.e.*, Râjâs. † To Sispâl.
‡ Kanśa, King of Mathurâ, cousin of Kṛishṇa, (see *ante*, p.332), tried to destroy Kṛishṇa soon after his birth by a general massacre of infants. Kṛishṇa afterwards slew him.
§ Kanhayya is a common title for Kṛishṇa.
|| For Balarâma: See p. 332, *ante*.

Obeying the command Bhîkham started and reached Mathurâ;
And there going to him (Kishn), explained all the message to him.

Wazîr Bhîkham.

"Râjâ Sispâl hath sent for thee early,
And I am come to fetch thee from Mathurâ.
Thy brother Baldeo is also to come with thee.
Listen to the whole story and make a start."

Râjâ Kishn.

"I go not to him. What land does he rule?
Hath he no shame that he should speak to *me*?
Hath he no shame? Doing a strange thing!
Let him make all his plans: who is to stay him?
I at least will give him no tribute.
How many such Sispâls are there wandering in the world?"

Hearing this Bhîkham said to Râjâ (Sispâl):

Wazîr Bhîkham.

"He is proud in his might, and will not come.
He gives no tribute, nor recognizes (thy) authority.
He is proud and will not come to thee.
Thou must do, my Lord, as thy mind desires.
Make preparations for war and pitch thy camp."

Hearing this Sispâl thought in his heart,
And became so haughty that he laid aside shame.*

Râjâ Sispâl.

"Bhîkham, hear my order: thus must thou do;
Thou must prepare for me necessaries for the army.
Make ready the necessaries, the food and fodder:
Take up the arms and fasten on the arrows."

* To wage war against Kṛishṇa is, of course, in bardic eyes downright sacrilege.

Hearing the king's orders he made vast preparations;
Elephants, horses, innumerable chariots without number.
He filled all the shops and *bázárs*,
And got together 36,000 men, each and all.
He provided all the arrangements, and even his own favourite (troops),
Like stars surrounding the moon.
There remained nothing, for he prepared all the necessaries.
A *lákh* of warriors advanced, fully grown men

*Rájá Sispâl**

"Take spears, guns, and arrows and all.
Make no delay and obey my command.
Make cannons also quickly ready.
Take all the army, all that you have."

Hearing this up gat Bhîkham and fastened on his arms.
A *lákh* of men advanced, all of whom laid fear aside.
The Râjâ rode his elephant,
Like a thunderous cloud in the heavens.
Placing camps and pickets the army advanced,
And quickly came near to Mathurâ.
The tents were pitched in their places and the standards floated (in the air).
The warriors stood in their places with bows and arrows fastened on.
The warriors shouted and the heroes vaunted their strength.
In their excitement they continually shouted with their lips:

Rájá Sispâl's Army.

"Give us the order now, Mahârâjâ,
And we will gladly fight the enemy."

(Râjâ Sispâl) sent for a messenger and began to think.

* To Bhikham.

Râjá Sispâl's letter.

"Being prepared for war why dost thou not attack me?
Or else pay me thy tribute to-day?
Or go through with the fight that hath fallen on thee?
Swords will clash, and there will be a hard fight.
How camest thou so disrespectfully to challenge me?"

The messenger took the letter and went into Mathurâ,
And explained what Sispâl had said.
Arjun the hero, Bhîm the great warrior,
Nakul and Sahdeo and the obeyers of orders,
Whose umbrella* was powerful in Dehlî,
Heroes and expounders of the *Vedas* were sitting (in the Court).

Arjun.

Go, Messenger, to thy home, I will so strike the nail,†
That I will not leave thy Râjâ (alive): one word is as thousands.
I have told thee one word that will do for thousands.
Go and tell him that we give no tribute.
There will be a fight and no turning back,
And I will fall upon our enemy."

Hearing this the messenger went and made obeisance to Râjâ Sispâl

Messenger.

"They are ready to fight and the warriors stand prepared.
Make no delay, O thou bearer of the (royal) umbrella,
And give the order to thy army to make ready.
Thou must go and spread death in Mathurâ,
I make obeisance; listen to my say."

As soon as he heard this the fire (of wrath) burned in Sispâl's body.

---

* *i.e.*, symbol of royal authority. † Idiom: to put to death.

What is to be will be: fate is before (us) all.
The Râjâ gave the order:

*Râjâ Sispâl.**

"Be ready:
Spring suddenly on the enemy.
Girding your loins advance all together,
And make the first attack, all ye who are my friends!"

The warriors (of Sispâl) went wrathfully along the banks
of the Jamnâ.
All the brave warriors shone like the glorious sun.
The warlike army stood with arms fastened on,
And drew its thousands of naked swords on high.
They were in hopes that the enemy would come,
That they might slay them at once and obtain glory.
(On the other side) Arjun had with him 80,000 warriors.
Kishn advanced and his brother† advanced, turning day
into night.
Arjun approached the Jamnâ,
And drew such an arrow,
That its fire‡ destroyed bodies.
And making a second attack on went Arjun.
Dantbakar§ and Jarâsandh took clubs in their hands,
And Baldeo in his wrath advanced to fight them.
Baldeo hurled an arrow into their bodies,
And (Jarâsandh)‖ and Dantbakar both fell in the field.
He also slew 10,000 other warriors,
And cutting off their heads threw them down.
Jarâsandh advanced with drawn sword,
And made an attack at Baldeo's head.

---

* Proclamation to his army.

† Most likely meant for Baldeo or Balarâma. See genealogy at p. 332, *ante*.

‡ Compare preceding legend, line 151.

§ Dantavakra was classically a king of Karûsha (Mâlwâ) who was killed by Krishna in a fight.

‖ The bard anticipates a little here: see line 115ff.

The blow fell and no sense remained in him.*
Behold, at such a time who knows what his mind was?
Jarâsandh slew a thousand braves,
Throwing down horsemen instantly.
Preparing his bow and arrows up gat Kishn roaring,
And broke Jarásandh's arm with an arrow.
He shot five more arrows at once;
And next he dealt such a (blow with his) sword,
That he slew Jarâsandh, showing his might; and
Suddenly the warrior said nothing with his lips.†
Jarâsandh was dead and there was a cry in the army.‡
Badarsâl § made an attack with such force,
That gun bullets flew and cannons roared.
Hearing the noise all the army trembled.
Corpse fell on corpse, and corpses writhed about.
Their eyes were open, but no word was spoken with their lips.||
Kishn shot an arrow and broke the umbrella standard (of Badarsâl)
The noise of the bow was like crackling lightning.
Taking his sword Kishn rushed forward,
Slew Badarsâl and pierced his body.
He slew two thousand other warriors,
And cutting off their heads cast them on the ground.
Madan took an arrow in his hand and its flames spread afar,
As when Indra's¶ clouds rain down pestles,**
He slew elephants and falcons and horses.
He shot ten arrows and pierced the bodies of all.

---

* *Lit.* he had no knowledge of his body. † *i.e.* he died.

‡ Jarâsandh, King of Magadha, (South Bihâr), was father-in-law to Kansa, in revenge for whose murder by Krishna, he drove the latter to Dwârakâ from Mathurâ. He was killed eventually by Bhîma (*not* Balarâma) over a quarrel arising out of Yudhisthira's great sacrifice.

§ Meant apparently for Bhîshmaka, King of Vidarbha, (Berâr) and father of Rukminî.

|| *i.e.* they met with a sudden death. ¶ As god of the sky.

** Metaphor from the heavy rain of a thunderstorm, like the English 'raining cats and dogs.' For Madan, see note to p. 354, *ante*.

So great was the battle-field that it spread for a *jojan*,*
And he slew bodies with spears, guns and arrows.
Then up gat the hero Bhîm with a club in his hand
Slew Madan incontinently and let him not go thence.
With his club in his hand he struck so,
That all the rebels fell.

Bhîm.†

"It is the duty of the Chhatrî never to retreat;
Come on, any one who will fasten a turban on his head!"

Seeing the condition of the fight (Sispâl) entered a chariot,
And then Râjâ Sispâl attacked Kishn.
With one arrow he hurled down his standard,
And his horse was cut down at the same time.
He (also) pierced the chariot careering in the field.
Next he shot an arrow into his body.
Kishn sending for another chariot entered it.
Great arrows began to hurtle beyond counting,
Suddenly straws arose (in the air), and the earth trembled;
It was as if lions were roaring in the field.
(Kishn) hurled a fiery quoit‡ in the field,
And then Sispâl found it hard to live.
Sispâl recovered himself and turned Kishn's chariot.
He threw it over on the ground with great force.
The chariot fell at the distance of a *jojan*§ away.
(But) coming back (Kishn) gave (Sispâl) a sword cut,
And seizing him by the arm whirled him round,
And threw him a *jojan* away: thus did he.
He fell as a corpse on the ground; thus it happened to him.

---

* See *ante*, p. 340.
† This is a general challenge to Sispâl's side.
‡ Allusion to the *vajranábha* or magic discus of Kṛishṇa.
§ See above, line 144.

All his body trembled and he could not control it.
(But) mounting his chariot he (again) came to the front,
And drew an arrow with force.
His bow broke and the arrow was pierced!
His body trembled and he found it hard to live.
Kishn (then) hurled his quoit and struck off Sispâl's head.
As a hill slips away, so (Sispâl's) army dispersed.
All the army rushed away on all sides,
And Râjâ (Sispâl's) force was beaten in the field.
Millions (worth) of goods were robbed and all the camp,
When Sispâl was slain in the field.
Arjun and Bhîm Sen, and (Kishn's) brother Baldeo won,
And so did Nakul and Sahdeo.
Kishn dwelt in Mathurâ,
And when Sispâl was slain, his hopes were accomplished.
The five Pâṇḍavas started for Dehli,
And took over all the kingdom and power.

Kishn Lâl and Shib Kañwar,* having obtained knowledge (unto salvation),
Dwell in happiness and joy: so greatly hath their knowledge prospered them!

---

* See *ante*, p. 157.

No. LVIII.

THE LEGEND OF BÂNÂSUR,

AS TOLD BY A CELEBRATED BARD OF BHARAUṬ IN THE MERAṬH DISTRICT.

[This legend is a bardic version of one of the most celebrated stories of the Kṛishṇa cycle, which has been dramatized over and over again. The outline of the tale is that Aniruddha, the grandson of Kṛishṇa, of course a Vaishṇava hero, falls in love with Ûshâ, the daughter of the Śaiva King Bâṇa or Bâṇâsura, whom he carries off from her home at Sonitapura to Dwârakâ, after defeating her father. The celebrity of the story is no doubt due to the sectarian struggle it relates, and the interest in it to the oft-repeated incident of the love of a girl of one party for a member of the other.]

[It is never easy to fix the locality of a Kṛishṇa legend, as places both in Southern and Northern India claim to have been the homes of the heroes of the cycle, and in the present instance the familiar names occur in their usually garbled form. The scene of the legend as told by the bard is, however, clearly meant to be somewhere in the Himâlayas, probably the neighbourhood of Nâdaun in the Kângṛâ District. It is to be noted here that the Râjâs of the Bashahr State in the Simlâ District claim to be descended from Pradyumna, father of Aniruddha, whom Kṛishṇa is said to have left in the Himâlayas as ruler after the defeat of Bâṇâsura.]

[As in the former legends of this cycle the Pâṇḍavas are found helping their kinsman Aniruddha against Bâṇâsura.]

[It will be as well, for the sake of general clearness, to supplement the genealogy given at p. 332, Vol. III., by the following :—

```
Hiraṇyakaśipu
      |
  Prahlâda
      |
  Virochana
      |          Kṛishṇa = Rukmiṇî
    Bali                |
      |                 |
  Bâṇâsura     Pradyumna = Kakudmatî, d. of
      |                 |        Rukmin, brother of
   Ûshâ    =   Aniruddha          Rukmiṇî.]
```

TEXT.

Qissâ Râjâ Bânâsur wa Ûkhâ kâ.

Sunantpûr woh shahr hai aur Badram woh des.
Bânâsur Râjâ mânge jang hamesh.
Mângtâ hai jang.

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Suno, Kartâ merâ,
Râjâ koî aur nahîn kul men terâ,
Aisâ balwân bhujâ de de mâre?
Aisâ koî balî bhâr merâ ṭâre?

Udayast kahne lagâ:

Râjâ Udayast.

"Bholâ hove diyâl.
Chalo, araz us se kare; pal men kare nihâl.
Pal men nihâl kare mâyâdhârî.

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Bânâsur and Ûkhâ.

Sunantpûr was his city and Badram his land.
Râjâ Bânâsur ever wished for war:
(Ever) wished for war.

*Râjâ Bânâsur.**

"Hear, my Creator,
Is there no Râjâ, in thy family,†
So strong as to break my arms?
No warrior to withstand my might?"

Udayâst‡ said

Prince Udayâst.

"Bholâ§ will be kind.
Come and pray to him and he will favour thee in a moment,
The wondrous one will favour thee in a moment.

---

* Prayer to Śiva. † *i.e.*, among thy followers.
‡ Second son of Bânâsur: see below line 229. § A name for Siva.

Mânge soî degâ: gatî us kî hai niyârî.
Karegâ nihâl merâ Shambhû Bholâ:
Nâdiyâ sawâr bail us ke dholâ!"

Sunke itnî bât ko Râjâ kîâ yakîn:

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Is wakt chalnâ wahâṅ, kahtâ ho âdhîn.
Kahtâ âdhîn, dekh us kî mâyâ."

Tab to Mahârâj pâs us ke dhâyâ:

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Râj, pâṭ, mâl maiṅ ne tujh se lînâ:
Mujh ko, Mahârâj, jang koî na dînâ!"

Mahâdeo.

"Beṭî tere mahil meṅ, Ûkhâ us kâ nâm:
Jo mânge soî degî, karo âp bisrâm.

He will give what thou askest; he hath special favour (towards thee).
He will favour thee, will my Shambhû* Bholâ,
That wandereth riding on his bull Nâdiyâ!"

Hearing this Râjâ (Bânâsur) believed in it, and said:

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Let us go to him now and beseech him humbly:
Beseech him humbly and see his power."

So the Mahârâjâ went (to Siva, and said):

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Kingdom, rule and goods hast thou given me,
But thou hast not granted me a war, my Lord!"

*Mahâdeo.**

"There is a daughter in thy palace, whose name is Ûkhâ;
She will grant what thou askest, so be at rest.

---

* Names for Śiva.

Kîje bisrâm, dhîr dharke rahnâ.
Itnâ sawâl jâke us se kahnâ.
Mat kare andesh, mere chhatrdhârî,
Taiṅ ne barbâd kare nagarî sârî."

Bânâsur ne ânke beṭî se kîâ sawâl:

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Mahâdeo mujh se kahe, mile jang tatkâl.
Mujh ko to jang mile, sobhâ pâûṅ.
Bândhûṅ hathiyâr aur laṛne jâûṅ.
Beṭî, yeh araz merî sunîye, bînâ;
Karne ko jang merâ taraphe sînâ."

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Jâe, pitâ, ghar baiṭh le; jatan karûṅ, Mahârâj.
Pûjûṅ Bholânâth ko, bane tumhârâ kâj."

Be at rest and keep patience.
Go and tell her what I say.
Be not anxious, my (royal) umbrella-bearer:
Thou shalt destroy a whole city."

Bânâsur went and said to his daughter:

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Mahâdeo told me that I should obtain a war presently:
That I should obtain a war and become glorious.
I will arm myself and go to the fight.
My wise daughter, hear my say;
My heart trembles (with excitement) for a fight."

Princess Ûkhâ.

"Go, father, and rest at home: I have a plan, my Lord:
I will pray to Bholânâth* that thy desire be fulfilled."

---

* A name for Śiva.

Sunke sawâl chalî Ûkhâ piyârî:
Shankar ke pâs gaî, sundar nârî.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Pitâ ko jang mile; mujh ko piâ,
Taiṅ ne, Mahârâj, nahîṅ mujh ko dîâ!"

Mahâdeo.

"Sahans lâkh das jojanâṅ, nikaṭ samundar tîr,
Tujhe terâ piâ mile; ṭuk ik bâṅdho dhîr.
Mâgh mahîne, badî dwâdas hoî,
Tujh ko bardâṅ milâ, beṭî soî.
Râjâ to phâṛ bhujâ nîche ḍâre:
Sukh jâe tâlâo; mân us kâ mâro."

Khushî mân Ûkhâ chalî:

Hearing (her father's) say the lovely Ûkhâ went (away),
And the beautiful girl went to Shankar.*

Princess Ûkhâ†.

"My father hath obtained his war, but a lover to me,
My Lord, thou hast not given!"

Mahâdeo.

"At a thousand and ten *lâkhs* of *jojans*‡ on the sea-shore,
Wilt thou meet thy love: (so) be patient awhile.
It will be on the 12th of the waning moon of Mâgh§
That thou wilt meet my boon (of a lover), my daughter
(He will be a) Râjâ that will break arms and throw them down,
And dry up the (very) ponds‖ and (at last) his pride shall be destroyed."¶

Ûkhâ went away joyfully:

---

* A name for Śiva. † Prayer to Siva.
‡ See *ante*, p. 340. This merely means a very long way off.
§ January-February. This date would be at the end of January
‖ Conventional phrase, meaning that he will be so powerful as to dry up the very ponds through fear.
¶ All this is a kind of prophecy relating to the tale that follows.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Chirinjio, Mahârâj!
Tum samân dûjâ nahîñ parmârat ke kâj!
Kînân parmârat tain, Nâth, hamârâ!
Sobas basiyo, Ji, Kailâs tumhârâ.
Aisâ bardân sadâ mujh ko deiyo:
Nâdivâ sawâr sadâ hote rahîyo!"

Bachan mâng Ûkhâ chalî; âî apne dhâm.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Mere Bholânâth ne pûran kar dîe kâm!
Pûran yeh kâm karâ, sobhâ dînî!
Pitâ ko jang diâ; aise kînî!
Mujh ko bardân diâ Shambû Bholâ:
Mayâ, dhan, mâl, dîâ sundar dolâ!"

Princess Ûkhâ.

"Blessings on thee, my Lord!
Thou hast no second in blessing!
Thou hast given us the blessing, Lord, (that we sought)!
Be happy, Lord, in thy Kailas.
Mayest thou ever bless me thus,
And mayest thou ever ride thy (bull) Nâdiyâ!"

Having got her oracle Ûkhâ went home.

Princess Ûkhâ.

"My Bholânâth hath fulfilled my desire!
He hath fulfilled my desire and honored me!
He hath granted my father a war, thus hath he done!
He hath granted me a gift (also), hath Shambhû Bholâ:
Wealth, goods and riches, and a beautiful (marriage) palanquin!"

---

* Mount Kailâsa in the Himâlayas is the peculiar home of Śiva.

Kushî guzârî Râo ne, faujâù kâ kîâ samân.
Jang milâ, sobhâ milî. Dînâ gâḍ nishân :
Sûboṅ ko hukm dîâ :

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Bhartî kîje :
Bândho hathiyâr : jang hañske lîje.
Shankar ne hukm dîâ aisâ bhârî :
'Bhânt bhânt bhed karo iko bârî!'"

Adhî rât ke wakt meṅ sove thî parbîn.
Laṛkâ âyâ khwâb meṅ : kahtî hûî âdhîn.
Kahtî âdhîn hûî :

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Bândî merî,
Pûran kar kâm, jaisî marzî terî.

The King was very pleased and got ready his army.
He obtained a war and he obtained honor. He planted his standard,
And gave orders to his generals :

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Collect (your forces) :
Fasten on your arms and go gaily to the war.
Shankar hath given me this strict order :
'Make up your divisions at once.'"

The wise (Ûkhâ) was sleeping at midnight.*
She dreamt of a youth, and spake bashfully,
And said bashfully :

Princess Ûkhâ.

"My Maid,
Fulfil my desire† in what way thou canst.

---

* Scene altogether changes.
† To meet the youth she had dreamt of.

Chande mahtâb jawân mujh ke pâyâ.
Dil pe afsos khwâb aisâ âyâ!"

Kalamdân lîâ hâth meṅ aur kahan lagî sat bhâî:

Bândî Chitrlekhâ.

"Sât dîp nau khaṇḍ kî rachnâ rachî banâî."

Rachnâ rachî banâî Chitrlekhâ piyârî.
Jitne khalak tamâm, sûrat sab ke târî.
Bharatkhaṇḍ Pâṇḍûṅ, Srî Kishn apârâ,
Jâdûṅ kâ bans, likhâ niyârâ niyârâ.
Naksha âge rakh lîâ, dekh rahî man lâ:
Martlok meṅ Dwârkâ pahunchî, us meṅ jâ.
Dekhî chau taraf baiṭh Ûkhâ piyârî:

I have met a youth (as beautiful) as the moon (in my dream).
I grieve that such a dream came (to me)!"

(The Maid) took a pen in her hand and spake truthfully (saying):

Chitrlekhâ, the Maid.

"I draw the picture of the seven worlds and the nine divisions."*

The lovely Chitrlekhâ drew the picture.
She drew the portraits of all the world:
The Pâṇḍûs of Bharatkhaṇḍ, the glorious Srî Kishn,
The race of the Jâdûs,† she drew each separately.
She laid the picture before (the princess), who examined it carefully.
Through it she reached Dwârkâ, (situate) in the mortal world.
The lovely Ûkhâ sat looking all over it.

---

* Of the whole world † See *ante*, p. 356

Karṭî pahchân sûrat niyârî niyârî.
Dekhâ jab Kaṅwar, lâj dil pe âî.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Bândî, ṣun bât; jagah mujh ko pâî!"

Bândî Chitrlekhâ.

"Burî karî yo pakaṛiyâṅ! Âyâ kâl pukâr!
Chhappan karoṛ Jâdûṅ baḍhe; dal kâ ant na pâr
Dâl kâ na pâr; parjâ kâmpe sârî.
Râjâ mahbûb,* baṛe Chhatrdhârî,
Arjun aur Nakul, Bhîm jodhâ bhârî:
Khâk meṅ milegî terî nagarî sarî!"

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Bândî, us ko lâ de, na to gae prân!
Honî ho, to hovegî: yeh nische kar jân.
Jaldi se lâo; karo kâraj merâ:

Examining each portrart separately.
When she saw the Prince (of her dream) shame came into her mind.

Princess Ûkhâ.

"My Maid, hear me; I have found the place!"

Chitrlekhá the Maid.

"It is not well that thou hast taken this one! Death cometh roaring!
The Jâdûs have increased to 56 *karoṛs* and their armies are innumerable.
Their armies are innumerable and their people tremble (at them).
Their Râjâ is brave, and a great King.
Arjun and Nakul and Bhîm are mighty warriors,
And all thy city will meet the dust!"

Princess Ûkhâ.

"My Maid, bring him (to me), or I shall die!
What will be will be; know this for certain.
Bring him quickly and do my bidding:

---

* The sense of this word in this poem seems to be *brave*.

Itnâ ahsân bhalâ hove terâ.
Merî surt lagî, Bândî, aisî,
Chand kî chakor châh kartâ jaisî!"

Kar juhâr bândî chalî, aur gagan-panth men jâî;
Martlok meṅ Dwârkâ utarî hî wahâṅ âî.
Utari hî âî, ik darsan pahohânâ.
Dekhî tadbîr, nahîṅ khâyâ khânâ.
Bhûk piyâs dûr hûî bândî tan kî.
Yeh to pardes, kaun jâne man kî?
Mâlan âî bâgh men, dekhî paṛî nidân.

Málan.

"Kaun des se âunâ hûâ? Kahan hamâre mân.
Kaunsâ hai des? Kyâ hai maksad terâ?
Kahnâ bayân: mân kahnâ merâ."

And thus lay me under a great obligation to thee.
I so love him, my Maid,
As the partridge desires the moon*!"

Making obeisance the Maid went and took the path of the sky,†
And descended to the land of mortals at Dwârkâ.
She descended and made an inspection.
Making her plans she ate not her food.
Hunger and thirst were far from the maiden's body.
This was a foreign land and who knew the desires of her heart?
The gardener's wife came into her garden and found her lying helpless (there).

Gardener's Wife.

"From what land hast thou come? Hear my say.
What is thy country? What is thy desire?
Tell me thy story: hearken to my say."

---

* See Vol. II, p. 57. † *i.e.,* flew through the air.

Bândi Chitrlekhâ.

"Badram to woh des hai; Bânâsur hai Râo;
Ûkhâ to beṭî hûî, zâlim burâ subhâo.
Itnî to ik araz merî lîje;
Us kâ jawâb phir mujh ko dîje.
Sove thî mahil bîch merî piyârî;
Dekhâ hai khwâb, ishk tan meñ jârî.
Jis ko Anrudhar kaho, lene âî.
Kar denî khabar, kasm terî khâî."

Mâlan.

"Terî kaisî kâmnî darsan us ko rât.
Lâkhoñ tabîb bulâ chuke us laṛke ke sâth.
Laṛke ne bahut dawâ dârû khâî;
Dûnâ bimâr: nahîñ fursat pâî.
Rove din rât, nahîñ khâve khânâ;
Mâtâ bhî bilak rahî, maiñ ne jânâ!"

Chitrlekhâ the Maid.

"The land is Badram and Bânâsur is its King.
His daughter Ûkhâ is of a cruel wicked temper.
Hear my petition,
And then answer me.
My beloved (princess) was sleeping in her palace,
And saw (a lover) in a dream and love came into her body.
I am come to fetch him they call Anrudhar.*
Tell me of him, I ask thee by an oath."

Gardener's Wife.

"He (too) saw in the night a beauty like thy (princess).
A *lâkh* of doctors have been called to the youth.
Much medicine and drugs hath the youth taken,
But his malady (of love) hath doubled and hath no relief.
Weeping day and night he eateth not his food.
His mother (too) I know is weeping!"

---

* Aniruddha, son of Kṛishṇa, so called throughout this poem.

Jab Mâlan lekar chalî, gaî mahil darmiyân,
Laṛkâ us se milâ dîâ ; yeh nische kar jân.
Sûrat pahchân lie us kî niyârî :
Man kî jo bât kahî us se sârî.
Kaul aur karâr kare jitne sâre :

Bândî Chitrlekhâ.

"Mat karo âvîr ; chalo, dil ke piyâre."

Pânchoṅ pahine kapṛe, bândh lîe hathiyâr.
Same jo âdhî rât thî laṛkâ hûâ tayyâr.
Palang par biṭhâ lîâ Râjâ gyânî ;
Leke akâs uṛî dil kî jânî.
Tîsâ to Mahil bîch leke âî.

Then taking (the maid) with her the Gardener's wife went into the palace,
And know this at once,* she brought her to the youth.
She recognized him apart (from the rest),
And told him the desire of her heart.
She made him all promises (saying) :

Chitrlekhâ the Maid.

"Make no delay, but come, my heart's beloved.†"

He put on the five (manly) garments and fastened on his arms.
It was midnight when the youth was ready.
She sat the wise Prince on a couch,
And took her beloved‡ flying through the air.
She came to the Tîsâ Palace.§

---

* To the audience.
† *i.e.*, he was beloved by the maid on account of her mistress.
‡ See above, line 120.
§ The name of Ûkhâ's dwelling throughout this poem.

Ûkhâ kî ik soch dil pe âî.
Sundar sakhî bulâ lî aur man meṅ kîâ babek.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Bandobast karo mahil kâ; kahe lâkh kî ek.
Bâbal ko khabar karo mat nâ koî.
Kartâ ke ank likhâ, barte soî.
Mahil bîch ik sîs bândho bânâ!
Rahnâ ik ṭhaur, nahîṅ phirke jânâ!"

Assî hazâr jodhâ raheṅ aur sab ko lîâ bulâe:

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Honî thî so ho gaî: kîjo merî sahâî!
Kîjo sahâî merî, sâwat sâre,
Jitne mahbûb khaṛe, dil ke piyâre.

An idea came into Ukhâ's mind.
She called her beautiful maids and made a plan in her heart.

Princess Ûkhâ.

"Make arrangements as to the palace; let one word do for thousands.*
Let no one give news of this to my father.
The Creator hath written the line (of fate), let it be fulfilled.
Let the turbans (of war) be fastened on in the palace!
Let each remain in his place and let none turn back!"

She had 80,000 warriors and she sent for them all (and said):

Princess Ûkhâ.

"What was to be hath been: be ye my helpers!
Be my helpers, all ye my heroes,
As many brave friends as stand here.

---

* See *ante*, p. 359.

Merâ to hukm mân, bhâî, lîje.
Rahnâ hoshiyâr, kâm aisâ kîje."

Parwânâ Ûkhâ likhâ, dînâ bândî hâth.

Rânî Ûkhâ.

"Merî to mintî* kaho us mâtâ ke pas!
Mâtâ ke sâth bhed merâ kahnâ:"

Rânî Ûkhâ kâ Parwânâ.

"Pâyâ ik lâl mujhe, sundar gahnâ.
Sûrat mahbûb ik larkâ âyâ:
Ûkhâ ne fikar barâ man meṅ khâyâ!"

Hukm mân bândî chalî Sunatpûr meṅ jâe:
Us Ûkhâ ke lâl kâ dînâ hâl sunâe.

Friends, here my orders.
Be wide awake and do as I say."

Ukhâ wrote a letter and gave it to her maid.

Princess Ukhâ.

"Go and tell my prayer to my mother,
And tell my mother all my story."

Princess Ûkhâ's Letter.

"I have found a ruby, a beautiful jewel.
A warrior-like youth hath come,
And a great dread hath come into Ûkhâ's heart!"

Hearing the order the maid went to Sunatpûr,
And told the story of Ûkhâ's ruby.

---

* For binti

Bândî Chitrlekhâ.

"Beṭî ne bhaj dî : tujh pe âî.
Pânî ke bich âg aisî lâî.
Râjâ ko phând lîâ baṛâ jorî.
Kînî nahîn sharm : lâj us ko ṭhorî !"

Râjâ se Rânî kahe :

Rânî Râjâ Bânâsur kî.

"Sun merî ardâs.
Deo, dant, dâûv koî us Ûkhâ ke pâs :
Beṭî ko phând lîâ ; bîdiyâ kînî :
Dâran to bahut ik us ko dînî.
Darwâzâ band kîe jitne sâre,
Assî hazâr giraftâr jodhâ niyâre !"

Râjâ sabhâ lagâ dîe ; kahan lagâ sat bhâe :

Chitrlekhâ the Maid.

"Thy daughter sent me : I am come to thee.
Thus hath she set water on fire.*
She hath entrapped the Prince with great force.†
She hath no shame, and small is her sense of honor!"

The Queen said to the Râjâ:

Râjâ Bânâsur's Queen.

"Hear my say.
Ûkhâ hath a demon, devil or spirit (in her),
That hath entrapped our daughter and is doing evil,
And is giving her much trouble.
He hath closed all the doors (of her palace),
And seized each of her 80,000 warriors !"

The Râjâ held an assembly and spake to them the truth:

---

* *i.e.* created a great disturbance.

† Allusion to the classical story in which Ûshâ brings Aniruddha to herself by magic arts.

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Hai koî jodha balî, us ko pakaṛe jâe ?
Jangî to jawân chaṛho laṛuchâre !
Pakaṛo ik bâr use, mere piyâre.
Merî to lâj gaî, sobhâ khoî !
Yeh to ik bel âi bikh kî boî."

Jab uthke Kachhrâj ne bîṛâ liâ uthâe.
Battîs hazâr faujâṅ chaṛhî; laṛâ mahil pe jâe.
Chau taraf mahil gher lînâ, piyâre ;
Sâwat balbîr khaṛe niyâre niyâre.

Râjâ Kachhrâj.

"Mahil meṅ kaun balî sanmukh âo ?
Karnâ nahîṅ der: baṛâ mansab pâo !"

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Is there any warrior who will go and seize the prince?
Let some warlike fighting youth come forward!
Seize him at once, my friends.
My honor hath gone and my glory is lost!
Surely it is a poisonous plant that hath been sown to-day."

Then up gat Kachhrâj * and took up the betel leaf.†
An army of 32,000 advanced to fight at the palace.
They surrounded the palace on all sides, my friends,‡
Every brave warrior standing in his place.

Prince Kachhrâj.§

"What warrior will confront me from the palace?
Make no delay to obtain a high office!"

---

* Râjâ Bânâsur's eldest son. † See Vol. I., p. 43, etc.
‡ Addressed to the audience. § Challenge to the palace guards.

Sun Chhatrî Anrudhar ne bândh lîe hathiyâr :
Darwâzâ ko kholke gîâ mahil se bâhir.
Mahil se bâhir gîâ Chhatrî bole :

Râjâ Anrudhar.

"Sanmukh se chot karo, bal ko tole.
Chhatrî ran chhoṛ nahîn haṭke jânâ :
Karnâ hai lâj : sis bândho bânâ."

Dhans bân Râjâ lîâ, mârâ iko bâr.
Dhujâ tuṭ rath kî paṛî ; jang hûâ bisiyâr.
Dâran ik bân dîâ Râjâ ran meṅ :
Bâki koî nahîṅ rahe us ke tan meṅ.
Murchhâ to khâî Anrudhar piyârâ.
Karm ke lekhe ko nahîṅ meṭanhârâ !

Hearing this the Chhatrî* Anrudhar fastened on his arms
And opening the gates came out of the palace.
Coming out of the palace spake the Chhatrî :

Prince Anrudhar.

"Give your wounds in front, showing your might.
A Chhatrî will not leave the field and turn back.
Be honorable, and fasten on the turbans (of war)."

Prince (Kachhrâj) took a bow and arrow and made a shot.
The front of (Anrudhar's) chariot was broken and there was a great fight.
It was a terrible arrow that the Prince shot into the field
And he had no desire left in his heart.
The splendid Anrudhar fainted ;
For there is no one to blot out the lines of fate.

---

* Chhatrî here means that he belonged to the old Kshatriya or warrior caste.

Râjá Anrudhar.

"Sabhâ, dhyân chaukas raho. Bachan suno, Mahârâj!
Maiṅ to âyâ mahil se juddh karan ke kâj!"

Pânch bâṇ pûr, lîe kampû* sârâ:
Larzê sab des khaṛâ jitnâ sârâ.
Das das to bâṅ dîe sab ke tan meṅ:
Pâî nahiṅ khabar; paṛe loṭe ran meṅ.
Khurag sûnt Râjâ chalâ, sanmukh pahunchâ jâe.
Tegâ mârâ sûntke; kîjo Râm sahâî.

Râjá Kachhrâj.

"Kîjîye sahâî ik, Kartâ mere!
Âo, balbîr, chaṛho sanmukh mere!"

Prince Anrudhar.

"My army, be attentive on all sides! Hear my words, my Lord (Kachhrâj)!
I am come out of the palace to fight!"

He let fly five arrows and took his whole army (with him),
And all the land stood trembling.
He shot ten arrows each into all their bodies.
They became unconscious and fell corpses in the field.
Drawing his sword Prince (Kachhrâj) advanced and faced him.
He drew his sword and struck him in the name of Râm (God).

Prince Kachhrâj.†

"Be my helper, O my Creator!
Come on, my hero,‡ and meet me face to face!"

---

* See *ante*, p. 351.
† Prayer to Râma, see preceding line.
‡ To Anrudhar.

Sûntî talwâr, ik tan meṅ mârì :
Râjâ ne aṭ lie iko bârî.
Dûsrê bhî wâr kiâ aisâ kârî ;
Dekhe chau taraf khaṛe hai aggyâ-kârî.
Sanmukh se choṭ kare sâwat sûrâ :
Bâje har wakt khaṛâ ran meṅ tûrâ.
Âge ko pair dhare, sastar mâre :
Pîchhe ko pair nahîṅ ulṭâ dâre.
Uthe Aurudhar mahâ balî, dhans bân lîo hâth :
Dharm juddh karne lagâ us Râjâ ke sâth.
Mâre ik bâr bân, faujâṅ larjeṅ :
Kaṭ-kaṭke sîs pareṅ, jodhâ garjeṅ.
Biyâkul Kachhrâj hûâ ; Har kî mâyâ !
Dushman balwân hûâ, kâmpî kâyâ.
Hâthî pe aswâr ho jab dhâyo Kachhrâj :

Drawing his sword he struck at his body,
But Prince (Aurudhar) warded it off.
He (also) thus made a second attack,
And saw (Aurudhar's) followers standing on all sides (of him).
The brave warriors gave their wounds in front,
And all the while the drums were beaten in the field.
(Prince Kachhrâj) advanced his foot and used his arms,
And never did he turn his feet back.
Up gat Anrudhar the mighty warrior and took his bow and arrow in his hand,
And began a pious fight with the Prince (Kachhrâj).
He shot an arrow and the army trembled,
And heads cut off fell down, while the warriors roared.
Kachhrâj was helpless : it was the doing of God !
The enemy was a strong one and his body trembled.
Then Kachhrâj mounted an elephant and charged (shouting) :

Râjâ Kachhrâj.

"Laṛne kî mansâ rahî, suno, hamârî âj!"

Karke ik hâl chaṛhâ Râjâ nîche.

Râjâ Kachhrâj.

"Mâro ik bâr, nahîṅ jâne dîjo!"

Kampû ko hukm dîâ:

Râjâ Kachhrâj.

"Chaṛhke jâo
Râjâ ko pakaṛ, bândh rath ko lâo!"

Jab Râjâ Anrudhar ne bidiyâ lîe banâe:
Chaṛh mârâ Kachhrâj ko; gaî fauj gabharae.
Jodhâ gabharâ gae, uṭhe, dhâe:
Jab to sab dhâm nikaṭ uṭhke âe.

Prince Kachhrâj.

"It is my intention to fight to-day: hear me!"

Thus roaring the Prince went on.

Prince Kachhrâj.

"Slay (Anrudhar) at once and let him not escape!"

He gave an order to his army:

Prince Kachhrâj.

"Advance!
Seize the Prince (Anrudhar) and fasten him to my chariot!"

Then Prince Anrudhar made a plan,
And advancing slew Kachhrâj, and the army was taken aback.
The warriors taken aback fled away,
And all returned to their own homes.

Pûrî meṅ jo shor machâ Rânî roveṅ :
Motî ko ṭor kânch baiṭhî poveṅ.
Jab Anrudhar mahâ balî gîâ mahil darmiyân.
Ukhâ ne mangal paṛhî ; kîâ bahut sâ dân.
Kîâ bahut sâ dân ; bahut sobhâ pâî.
Râjâ kî phauj sabhî chaṛkhe âî :
Sanmukh se sûr bîr bal ko toleṅ.
Man meṅ anand hue, mukh se boleṅ.
Bânâsur kahne lage mahâ balî balwân :

Râjâ Bânâsur.

"Bâkî to chhoḍe nahîṅ ; suno, sabhâ, kar kân.
Suniyo ik bât, bhayyâ mere,
Kartâ kî dât nahîṅ jâtî phere.

There was a cry in the City and the Queen wept,
And tearing off her pearls she made (a necklace) of glass.*
Then the mighty warrior Anrudhar went into the palace.
Ûkhâ sang songs of rejoicing and gave much away in charity (to Brâhmans).
She gave much in charity and was much honoured.
Prince (Anrudhar's) army (also) all came up,
And warriors vaunted face to face with heroes.
They were happy in their hearts and spake with their lips.
Spake the great hero Bânâsur ;

Râjâ Bânâsur.

'Hear, O assembled (warriors), with your ears ; nothing hath been left (of the old army).
Hear a word of mine, O my friends,
The decree of God is not to be turned back.

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* A sign of mourning among Rânîs.

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LEGENDS OF PANJAB

Legends of Panjab was written by a British Officer in India R.C. Temple in 1884. This copious work in three volumes was highly acclaimed by the academic world and it became a legend in itself. The book was also translated into Urdu. The Institute of Folk Heritage has planned to publish the complete book in two volumes and this is the first volume under the reprint programme. The book contains folktales narrated and sung by professional story tellers and narrators. These narrations provided by native people were transcribed and translated into English. The folk stories of Raja Risalu, Sakhi Sarwar. Dani Jatti, Guru Goga, Isa the businessman, Raj Kumari, Sohnis Chief, Naigi the brave and Lal-Beg etc. provide a vivid account of valour, bravery, historical events, religious and spiritual personalities, rituals, beliefs and social system in the Panjab.